

# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

## Foreign Literature, Science, and Art

VOL. CXXXVIII.  
THIRD SERIES, VOL. VII. }

MARCH, 1902.

No. 3

---

### SOME ASPECTS OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

One of the peculiarities of democratic development in the United States is the virtual surrender by the educated classes of their functions of criticism and leadership. To this, more than to anything else, is due the American susceptibility to what are called "crazes." People often wonder why it is that, for all their high average of intelligence, Americans are so apt to get swept away by movements that are opposed to all human experience or contradicted by the most ordinary facts of economics—such movements, for instance, as the "Greenback" agitation in 1875, and Bryanism in 1896. The reason seems to be that those to whom the work of political instruction naturally belongs, the men whose knowledge or position or special study of the subject would entitle them to be heard, prefer to play the part of silent and somewhat cynical onlookers. The preference, it is only fair to say, is one of necessity rather than choice. It has been largely forced upon them by the changes that have come over American politics since the War; more specifically by the great and growing power of the "machine" and the sway of the Boss. It is rather, however, with the fact and its results than with the causes of it that I am now concerned. And the fact is that the American masses get

no such sound and systematic education in politics as is open, for example, to the people of England. It has been rightly noted as a most hopeful sign that Members of Parliament should be constantly appearing on public platforms without reference to electioneering tactics. These meetings are the saving clause of our democracy. They are held when the atmosphere is free of campaign thunder and when in consequence the speaker, not having to worry about his seat, may condescend to an impartiality and thoughtfulness that are hardly permitted to the mere candidate. Nothing worse is expected of him than to unfold the party view of the issues of the day, and even that he need not press too closely, for Englishmen have a wholesome dislike for political zealots. A quite singular chance, in fact, lies before the M.P. who visits his constituents in between sessions of treating public questions broadly and temperately and with nothing more distorting than a merely human deference to the claims of partisanship. On the whole, the chance is admirably seized. The speeches an M.P. delivers on these occasions are, as a rule, far more reasonable and informing than his efforts during the stress of an election or on the floor of the House. It would, for instance, be

almost impossible to rate too highly the educational value of such harangues as Sir Edward Grey's and Mr. Morley's for and against the war, or of Mr. Chamberlain's recent address to the Temperance Party in Birmingham. I have heard Americans complain that English public men speak to popular audiences as though they were professors lecturing a class. They do; and the reason why they do it is the strength of the English democracy. It is because they are there—as every one but Lord Rosebery seems to realize—not to ask advice, but to give it. Instruction is expected of them just as much as a fairly regular attendance at the House; and for this vital work of instruction the average English M.P. is well qualified. He represents a high standard of intelligence, and if, as a rule, he has the English defect of spoiling sound thoughts by a prosy and pointless way of putting them, he has the English merit of coming to close quarters with his subject and the English preference for facts and concrete argument over vapid generalization. In this way, whether a General Election be pending or no, every point of domestic and foreign policy is threshed out on the platform; elections and the machinery of politics are put into their proper place, and public attention and criticism are brought incessantly to bear upon the actual business of government. Under such a system one can hardly conceive any such fundamental absurdity as Bryanism making real headway. It would be instantly challenged and exposed on a hundred platforms by the most respected and best informed men in the kingdom, and it would stand as little chance of developing into a campaign issue as a proposal to abolish the rule of three.

But in America, where men of culture and refinement have been cold-shouldered out of politics, no such barrier

exists against the propagation of popular errors. It is only when these errors have spread over the continent, captured one of the big parties and threaten immediate peril to the Republic, that the politicians appeal to the educated classes for help. Then ensues a "campaign of education," or a feverish attempt to do in three months and amid the blare of an electoral contest what in England is being done quietly, almost unconsciously, and all the time. In general, argument as a weapon of political persuasion tends to disappear in a country that has committed its workings into the hands of professional politicians, and its place is taken by appeals to party loyalty and regularity, indiscriminate abuse of opponents and frothy tributes to "the majesty of the people." The only class that watches the drift of public opinion in America with any real interest is made up of the Boss and the campaign manager and their satellites, and they think less of stemming than of diverting it into party channels. Every American believes that his next door neighbor is only a little less qualified than himself to run the United States, and as one of the first consequences of this belief, he warmly resents any appearance of being dictated to, of being told how he ought to think on such or such a question. No Congressman or Senator dreams of visiting his constituency except at election time for the purpose of addressing a meeting on political topics. He would be thought unwarrantably presumptuous in attempting to give "the people" a lead. The result is that from one campaign to another all the instruction in politics that the "man in the cars" receives is evolved from his own ruminations—the Press he suspects, and the annual "messages" of the President and the State Governors, it is to be feared he takes as read. Except when



his vote is wanted he is not appealed to for an opinion, and any conclusions he may form on matters of national policy have, therefore, the disadvantage of not being submitted to the touchstone of a riper and more experienced judgment. This is a serious omission in a country where the average man is the dominant factor, for while the sum total of American intelligence is undoubtedly impressive, it is more by reason of its quantity than of its quality. I mean that the generous educational system of America has rather raised a great many people to the standard of what is known as middle-class opinion than raised the standard itself. While, therefore, one may say that the operative force of English politics is middle-class opinion revised and corrected by the best, or almost the best, intelligence in the country, that of American politics is middle-class opinion left to its own devices. And middle-class opinion, especially when left to its own devices, is a fearsome thing. It marks out the nation over which it has gained control as a willing slave of words, a prey to caprice and unreasoning sentiment and stamps broadly across its face the hall-mark of an honestly unconscious parochialism. Such at least has been its effect on America. There is no country in which a prejudice lives longer.

It is not fanciful to attribute much of the sanctity which the Monroe Doctrine has won for itself among Americans to the inadequacy of their instruction in the higher branches of politics. Nearly eighty years have passed since Canning suggested and John Quincy Adams drafted the policy which Mr. Monroe announced to the world in his Presidential Message of 1823; yet in all the innumerable essays that have been written upon it since that time, especially during the past two decades, I do not recollect one that did not wholly assume the foundations. In all that

I have read it is taken for granted that the Monroe Doctrine is something so essentially sound and necessary that to discuss its *rationale* would be superfluous. There are articles and pamphlets in plenty on its origin and the developments it has undergone, and the uses to which it has been put from the time of the Holy Alliance to President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message; panegyrics on its beneficent utility abound, most of them couched in the thinnest form of rhetoric; here and there are argumentative treatises for and against its applicability to particular incidents. But no American writer that I know of has allowed his mind to play freely upon the Doctrine itself, has examined its root in reason or national interests, or endeavored to set forth its effects on South America. It is as though we were to accept antagonism between English and Russian interests as axiomatic and incurable, and with that as our sole starting point were then to approach the subject of a Russian port on the Persian Gulf. Our attitude would, of course, be hopelessly colored and overlaid by the predetermined conclusions we had come to on the general question of Anglo-Russian relations. This is very much the stand Americans take towards any violation or seeming violation, of the Monroe Doctrine. It is passionately resented, not after a deliberate weighing of the objections that may be urged against it, but because it runs counter to a formula which accident has elevated into something like a national fetish. Few take the trouble to examine a proposition that finds universal acceptance, least of all in a country where the majority is tyrant and despot in one; and however much subsidiary points of its application may be canvassed, the Monroe Doctrine itself is left untouched even by the hardest. The case against it has never yet been put before the American people by one of

themselves; and to all foreign criticism they are impenetrable. In a word, it has not been *debated*, and except by debate you cannot, in a democracy, touch the average man. Writing, even the best writing in the Press, in magazines or in political pamphlets, passes by him like the idle wind which he respects not. One questions whether "campaign literature" ever yet turned a single vote, but it is not doubted that John Bright and Cobden turned thousands. When all that can be said in praise of journalism has been said, it remains a fact that the orator is still the most impressive and potent agent of instruction and exhortation, and a nation that rarely resorts to the platform except at moments of supreme excitement, when reason is at a discount, dooms itself to political ignorance. This is, in effect, the case with America, and the most penetrating argument on paper, whole tons of published treatises, cannot counteract, can hardly minimize, its bad results. Opinions grow up, to take shape, like the Monroe Doctrine, or Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," in politics that immediate circumstances justify. Sentiment and the mere lapse of time combine to hallow them. They crystallize after a while into national prepossessions, are played upon by vote-hunting politicians and extolled by a Press that has no time, even if it had the inclination, to look too closely into the heart of things; while the few who see that they have outlived their usefulness, and that the policies they produced are no longer necessities but possible dangers, follow the example which all minorities in whatever department of American public life are taught to observe, and monastically hold their peace.

The Monroe Doctrine has not yet been made the subject of a "campaign of education," and the national verdict in its favor goes altogether too largely

by default. Things indeed have reached such a pitch that one hardly does justice to the Monroe Doctrine in describing it as a policy, for a policy usually suggests something in the nature of an opposition with a counter-policy of its own to suggest, or at least active and voluble dissentients. But throughout America there is no opposition to the Monroe Doctrine, and if there is any dissent from it, the five years that I spent in anxious search of some trace of it were evidently insufficient for their task. The conclusion I came to was that a native-born American, who is not a blind and half-ferocious advocate of the Monroe Doctrine, is all but as unthinkable as a native-born American Anarchist. One meets with Germans who have no sort of sympathy with Pan-Germanism, and with Russians who will make a mockery of the ideals of the Pan-Slavists, but—speaking with Dr. Johnson's contempt for puritanical accuracy—one *never* comes across an American who does not subscribe to the Monroe Doctrine. A proposal to abolish it as the guiding principle of American policy would find far less support than, in France, would gather round a resolution to impose an income-tax, or, in England, to upset the monarchy. This universality of acceptance marks it out from any political movement I have heard of. The Monroe Doctrine is not the battle-cry of any one party, but the faith of all. Democrats and Republicans habitually and as a matter of course, express their "unalterable adhesion" to its principles in their quadrennial "platforms." Whatever an American may call himself, Republican, Democrat or Mugwump, whatever he may be, farmer, capitalist, artisan or clerk, he is first and last, I will not say a convinced, for that might imply he had given some thought to the matter, but an instinctive Monroeist. It has come

down to him with all the binding sanctity of a tradition in a country where traditions are few and therefore devoutly held. No one disputes or questions it; no one troubles to inquire into its effects or argue about its expediency; no one tests its workings by the light of reason. It is worshipped by all with a fanaticism that facts, arguments, doubts never move, for the reason that from all such disturbing influences the devotee, as I have tried to explain, is impregably secure. That no European Power shall be permitted to colonize North or South America, and that the present foreign holdings on and around the continent shall never be increased or transferred, are propositions which Americans passionately and unreflectingly accept as political axioms. The Monroe Doctrine is less a policy than a religion, and less a religion than a superstition.

What lies at the bottom of it? Fundamentally, I believe—and Mr. Richard Olney is my authority—the fact that Americans are never quite convinced that George III is really dead. It is their inherited suspicion of monarchy, their taking it for granted that monarchy means to-day what it meant a hundred and twenty years ago, and that modern Europe is still essentially the Europe of the Holy Alliance, that makes them so zealously bent on preserving South America to Republicanism. When some German scholar makes a study of the influence of words on the psychology and even the policies of modern nations, he will give up a chapter at least to tracing the effects on Americans of the blessed word Republic. The comfort they get out of it, the dreamy ecstasy into which it throws them, are among the direst tokens of what may be expected in the realm of intellectual politics from middle-class opinion when left to its own devices. Nothing interested me more when holding up the British end

of the South African war in public debate with American pro-Boers, than to notice how persistently my opponents appealed to popular prejudices in this matter. For the average American the rights and wrongs of the Transvaal war were well-nigh settled when it was put before him as a conflict between Republicanism and Monarchism. Such a conflict could only mean for him a strife between light and darkness, broad freedom and broad tyranny; and this is the interpretation Americans involuntarily put upon the issues involved in the Monroe Doctrine. If one turns back to that supreme specimen of political unctuousness, Mr. Olney's dispatch to Mr. Bayard of July 20th, 1895, one finds its author constantly returning to the idea that Europe "with the single important exception of the Republic of France," is monarchical and therefore hostile to the spirit of "self-government" and "free institutions." The idea utterly bewitches him, and under its hypnotic influence he allows himself to write as though Venezuela, being a Republic, had reached a higher stage of civilization and political development than monarchical England. What other inference can be drawn from this passage, for instance: "The people of the United States have a vital interest in the cause of popular self-government. They have secured the right for themselves and their posterity at the cost of infinite blood and treasure. They have realized and exemplified its beneficent operation by a career unexampled in point of national greatness or individual felicity. They believe it to be for the healing of all nations, and that civilization must either advance or retrograde accordingly as its supremacy is extended or curtailed. Imbued with these sentiments, the people of the United States might not possibly be wrought up to an active propaganda in favor of a cause so highly valued

both for themselves and for mankind. But the age of Crusades has passed, and they are content with such assertion and defence of the right of popular self-government as their own security and welfare demand. It is in that view more than in any other that they believe it is not to be tolerated that the political control of an American State shall be forcibly assumed by a European Power."

Now there was a time when such a rhapsody might have had its point, and that was eighty odd years ago, on the morrow of the Congresses of Laybach and Verona, when the Holy Alliance had placed the old King of Naples on his throne and crushed the insurrections in Piedmont and Greece, and when a French army, in the name of the Allies, had crossed the Spanish frontier, captured Cadiz and restored Ferdinand to power. Then the issue was cleanly cut between absolutism and popular freedom, and it was to prevent the struggle from spreading to South America, where the Spanish colonies had just shaken off the yoke of the motherland, that the Monroe Doctrine was elaborated. But to talk to-day as though similar dangers had to be guarded against, as though any one nowadays wrangled over systems of government, is to ignore the revolution which Europe has undergone in the last eight decades not only in institutions but in national ambitions and purposes, and in the whole spirit of the people towards the office of kingship. But by the great bulk of Americans, mentally as well as physically isolated, nationally self-engrossed to a degree of intensity hardly to be conceived by Europeans, and more insistent on their past than even the Irish, the very fact of this revolution is unsuspected. The apprehensions that moved President Monroe are still alive in them. They still believe the struggle between absolutism and self-gov-

ernment to be a "world-question," and with a quite inimitable unconsciousness of absurdity, they still regard themselves as the sole champion of popular rights. No one who has had the exciting experience of trying to convince an average American that the Canadian, for example, is as "free" as he is, will deny that this is so. "How can he be," is the invariable retort, "when he is the subject of a Monarchy and I the citizen of a Republic?" Ludicrous as it sounds, it is nevertheless the fact that Americans have not the least doubt but that in preserving South America to the Spanish half-breed version of government, merely because it masquerades under the insignia of Republicanism, they are rendering civilization an immense service. They actually conceive themselves to be promoting the cause of the highest public morality both by keeping South America to the straight and narrow path, and by preserving themselves from the taint of monarchical neighborhood. In what way an Italian colony in Argentina or a Germanized Brazil could impair what Mr. Olney calls the "moral interests" of the United States—that is, could weaken its Republicanism—has not been clearly explained. The proximity of Canada has had no such results, and one can only include it among the many other distorted visions to which the Monroe doctrine has given rise, that Americans should descry danger to their institutions in a European lodgment on South American soil.

If Americans could only for a little while free themselves from the bondage to rhetoric and sentiment, and collect themselves for the effort of seeing things as they are, they would, I believe, recognize that to abandon the Monroe Doctrine would entail as little harm to their political and material interests as to their moral. In their present condition they either cannot or



will not see, at any rate they do not acknowledge, what are the obvious effects of their cherished policy on South America. The Monroe Doctrine perpetuates in South America the predominance of a religion which Americans detest, of a race which they despise and of a system of government which in all but the name is a flat negation of everything America stands for. It rules out Teutonic civilization in favor of the religious and military dispositions beyond which, after eighty years' trial, the Spanish and Portuguese *mestizos* have proved their incapacity to advance. In the name of Republicanism it condemns a whole continent to weakness, backwardness and anarchy. It precludes all moral progress as decisively as it hampers material development; it blocks the way to all that might make South America stable and prosperous, that might open up what are perhaps the richest untapped markets in the world, that might stimulate the Americans themselves by contact with neighbors on their own level. On almost every page of Professor A. H. Keane's "Central and South America," though the Monroe Doctrine is never mentioned, one finds the traces of its blighting influence. Here is a colossal continent with a destiny that should rival Russia's, magnificently watered, inhabitable by Caucasians, all of it sparsely populated and much of it barely explored, teeming with mineral and agricultural wealth, and yet lying half-derelict, the prey of revolutionary turbulence—and all for lack of a strong government that would ensure to capital the fruits of its enterprise.

As things are, there appears to be nothing in front of South America but a cycle of revolutions. The hope of a stable, orderly rule ever being evolved under the presidency of half-caste attorneys and guerilla chieftains is one that, after the experience of the last

eighty years, no one entertains. From Patagonia to Panama there broods over the continent the spirit of insecurity, disorder and insurrectionary violence. There is no real guarantee, except perhaps in the case of Chili and Argentina, that what is now happening in Colombia and Venezuela may not tomorrow be the fate of any and every South American State. Such a guarantee can only be forthcoming under a firm, well-established and responsible government, and no such government is possible unless and until either the United States or some European Power takes the matter in hand. But the Americans, at all events for the present, have no intention of expanding southwards. They do not colonize South America themselves; they are not reserving it for any private schemes of aggrandizement; they barely even trade with it. Such benefit as they derive from warning off Europe from South America is altogether indirect, and this again differentiates Pan-Americanism from such an honestly self-seeking and tangible movement as Pan-Germanism. When Americans drop declamation on the subject and condescend to argument, their reasoning runs substantially as follows:—"It is to our interests to keep South America impotent and in a restless state of anarchy because only so can we maintain the hegemony of the American continent without trouble or expense to ourselves. Under existing conditions our position is invulnerable; nobody can conquer America, and we are consequently spared the burden of huge armaments and their inevitable drain on the productive energy of the people. But once admit that European Powers have the right to absorb South America at will, and the whole situation is changed. We should then be no longer the sovereign of the new world; our 'flat' would be 'law' only within the precise confines of the



United States, and the national prestige and authority would be proportionately diminished. More than that. By allowing our rivals in peace and our possible enemies in war to establish themselves at our very doors, we provide them gratuitously with a jumping-off ground from which they may be tempted to spring at our throat, and we lay upon ourselves the necessity of guarding against their encroachments by shouldering the dead-weight of militarism, to our long and happy exemption from which the nation owes much of its prosperity."

To decide how far these arguments are sound, and how far illusions, it is almost enough just to glance at the map. The United States is already girdled on three sides with a chain of foreign holdings, one of them all but as large as herself with a contiguous boundary line of over 3,000 miles. Yet no American considers that Canada, or Great Britain through Canada, is in any way a menace to the security of the United States. If, through all these years, the possession of Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Jamaica, the Lesser Antilles, Trinidad, Belize and British Guiana by Great Britain; of Gadeloupe and its dependencies, Martinique, St. Pierre and Miquelon and French Guiana by France; of St. Thomas and Santa Cruz by Denmark, and of Dutch Guiana by Holland—has been found compatible with the maintenance by Americans of a regular army of 21,000 men and of a navy third or fourth rate in size whatever it may be in quality, with what force can it be argued that the acquisition, let us say, of a portion of Brazil by Germany, 3,000 miles at least from American territory, would endanger the United States or necessitate the addition of a single man or a single ship to the national defences? The very conditions which Americans picture to themselves as a calamity to

be warded off at any cost, do as a matter of fact, and in all their essentials exist at this moment without causing them the slightest anxiety. That is to say, the country is, and has been for a hundred years, "threatened" by a score of fortified positions and naval stations held by foreign powers almost within sight of the American coast. And if these, in spite of the manifest fitness of many of them as bases of operations, can be regarded without uneasiness, can be held guiltless of harboring any peril to the United States, wherein would lurk the danger of the annexation by a European Power of Patagonia or Uruguay? One may even go further, and conceive the whole of South America proper, from the Bay of Panama to Cape Horn, partitioned among the Governments of Europe without being able to say where or how the safety of the United States would be jeopardized. The invulnerability of America would be no less complete then than now, her power would be just as great, her resources in no ways diminished, her frontiers as much or as little exposed as they are to-day. It can, I believe, be shown that even the danger of a conflict would be lessened, and that Europe's anxiety to keep the peace with America would be considerably more pronounced than one can pretend it to be at this moment. For however much the various Powers might quarrel among themselves in South America, they would all be at one in desiring the friendship of their mighty neighbor to the north. Self-interest would constrain them with a compelling force there could be no escaping, not to risk their colonies by provoking a conflict with the United States; and the possibility of an anti-American coalition with which Americans torture their imaginations, should they abandon the Monroe Doctrine, is the veriest bugaboo. But it is said that American prestige would be damaged.

Would it? The prestige, if one can call it such, that the Monroe Doctrine confers upon the United States, is that of the dog in the manger simply. It produces in Europe nothing but exasperation, enmity and a maddening desire, which one of these days will be uncontrollable, to combine for a decisive rush; and even among the South American States themselves it has aroused a suspicious resentment which its occasional usefulness as a diplomatic cloak has by no means allayed. Among the many hallucinations which surround the Monroe Doctrine, none has been more curious than the belief which Americans held quite seriously up to a year or two ago, that it was a sort of self-acting barrier against European "aggression," and had only to be advertised as such to be automatically effective. The idea that they might one day be called upon to fight for it has only just occurred to them; but, having occurred to them, they at once and with remarkable intensity begin the building of a powerful fleet. This, to be sure, is only common-sense, but it carries with it an inference which Americans should lose no time in digesting. The Monroe Doctrine, instead of being a protection against "the burden of militarism," invites it. Whether the appearance of Europe on South American soil would entail on the United States any considerable addition to her fighting strength is at least extremely arguable. What is clear is that to make the Doctrine effective Americans must ultimately be prepared to face one, and possibly more than one, of the strongest Powers of the Old World. They cannot issue a challenge to all Europe without the force, if necessary, to oppose all Europe; and the lowest standard of naval strength which the Monroe Doctrine imposes upon them is that which regulates the policy of the British Admiral-

ty. They must, that is, build and equip a fleet that shall be more than equal to the strongest combination that any two Powers can bring against them. This, of course, is not a very formidable undertaking to a country of the wealth and resources of the United States, a country which lightly heartedly pays out every year on padded and fraudulent pension claims more than any nation on earth expends on its fleet. But it altogether does away with the convenient fallacy that the Monroe Doctrine is an insurance against large armaments. In their anxiety to avoid a problematical increase, which at the worst would be a small one, in their war strength, Americans, without quite realizing it, are incurring the certain liabilities of what may prove the naval supremacy of the world, of what must at all events be a colossal fleet. So far as "militarism" goes, the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine seems likely to affect America as the retention of Alsace-Lorraine has affected Europe.

There seems to be an idea in England that the devotion of Americans to the Monroe Doctrine has been somewhat weakened by the Spanish War, and that having interfered so decisively in the affairs of the Old World, they now feel it to be logically impossible to resist the claims of Europe to have a voice in South American destinies. I do not believe the idea is at all a correct one, or that the Spanish War has had anything but a precisely contrary effect. It has whetted the appetite for land, has confirmed the American sense of invincibility, and has turned out such a pleasant prelude to the drama of expansion, that if to-morrow the freedom of transit across the Isthmus of Panama were to be threatened by the Venezuelan revolutionists, President Roosevelt would have the whole country behind him in settling the Cen-

tral American problem by annexation. Moreover, one has to remember that the Monroe Doctrine wears only such aspects as Americans care to give it, and that it is they, and not Europe, who determine the construction to be put upon it. It has, in consequence, the virtue of a most complaisant elasticity, and I honestly do not know of anything in the remotest degree touching upon South America that it could not be stretched to cover. Long before the Spanish War it was appealed to to justify the seizure of Cuba on the ground that if America did not take it somebody else would. The Southern slave-holders, whose political influence depended on the extension of slavery to fresh States, used it as a pretext for the annexation of Texas; and General Grant sought to prove that it made the absorption of San Domingo inevitable. The Monroe Doctrine even provided the basis of a protest against the confederation of the Canadian provinces. Perhaps its most amazing distortion is to be found in a report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, issued in 1898, just when the Cuban question was nearing its crisis:—"We cannot consent upon any conditions that the depopulated portions of Cuba shall be *recolonized* by Spain any more than she should be allowed to found a new colony in any part of this hemisphere or islands thereof." On the other hand, it has several times been overlooked when precedent would have seemed to demand its employment. It is a fact, for instance, that the French were turned out of Mexico without the Monroe Doctrine being once mentioned in official despatches. It is somewhat difficult, therefore, to say at any given moment what the Doctrine involves or precisely represents. Mr. Olney for instance, in the notorious despatch to which I have already referred, declares that "It does not establish any

general protectorate by the United States over other American States," but further on he announces that "the United States is practically sovereign on this Continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." How these two statements are to be reconciled is by no means obvious. "It does not," he goes on, "relieve any American State from its obligations as fixed by international law, nor prevent any European Power directly interested from enforcing such obligations, or from inflicting merited punishment for the breach of them." But here, again, every one knows, though Mr. Olney does not state it, that the "merited punishment" inflicted must be such as the United States approves, and must never take the form of permanent seizure of the offending State's territory. "It does not contemplate any interference in the internal affairs of any American State, or in the relations between it and other American States. It does not justify any attempt on our part to change the established form of government of any American State, or *to prevent the people of such State from altering that form according to their own will and pleasure.*" I imagine the time may come when the words I have italicized will be quoted against the United States Government with uncomfortable aptness; for it is quite conceivable that some day or other the Germans in Brazil or the Italians in Argentina may voluntarily enroll themselves as self-governing colonies under the flag of the Motherland. In which case, no doubt, Mr. Olney's unfortunate admission will be quietly dropped, and some American statesman of say, 1950, will succeed in proving that the new contingency comes entirely within the category of forbidden things. A certain Mr. Howard, of Texas, speaking in Congress nearly fifty years ago, was

rash enough to say that the Monroe Doctrine did not mean "that every settlement upon any sand-bank on this Continent is an offence which is to result in war." One gives, perhaps, the best rough and ready definition of its scope by saying that to the American of to-day that is just what it *does* mean.

It is very doubtful whether, at this stage of the world's history, it is possible for one nation permanently to exclude all other nations from a country which she herself refuses to control or accept any responsibility for. And that is exactly the position into which the Monroe Doctrine forces the United States. The Americans admit no liability whatever for the outrages, disorders and financial crookedness of the half-caste Republics under their patronage. It is not their behavior to Europe, but Europe's behavior towards them that the United States claims the right to supervise. If any European Power were to claim a similar irresponsible suzerainty over even the most worthless region in Africa, it would be instantaneously challenged; and it is altogether too much to expect that the Monroe doctrine, which takes upon itself to dispose of the one valuable domain still left open on this rapidly dwindling planet, should not eventually be brought to a decisive test. It seems part of the inevitable evolution of things that an over-crowded Europe, ceaselessly endeavoring to lower the social pressure by emigration, and to carve out by conquest or annexation exclusive reserves for traders, should one day fling itself upon South America as it already has upon Africa and China. It is possible to imagine a score of incidents that might call for European intervention in the near future; for South America is a land of sporadic unrest, and one knows how conveniently apt the property of the

citizens of a country that is bent on expansion is to get damaged and to need protection whenever there is the slightest disorder. Whether by accident or design, or as the result of the steady ousting of the *mestizo* adventurers from authority by the foreign settlers, the United States seem destined to be faced with these alternatives:—to fight and keep South America as it is, to "Egyptize" the great continent in her southern borders, or to submit to seeing it parcelled out among the nations of Europe. I cannot doubt what will be the choice of America. Dominated by tradition and sentiment, and carried away by the national conviction that anything that touches the American continent must affect the fraction of it which she occupies, she will elect to fight. She will act as she was ready to act at the time of the Venezuelan affair, when, be it never forgotten, she was prepared to plunge Anglo-Saxondom into war and risk a hundred million pounds worth of trade sooner than see a strip of territory, eighteen hundred miles from her southernmost boundary, pass from the control of half-caste revolutionists into British hands. Whenever the issue is raised again I believe her course will be the same. Once more she will espouse the lower civilization against the higher, will support a system for which she has no moral or intellectual sympathy against a system all but identical with her own, and will stand with all her power in the path of those renovating influences that can alone redeem South America. No consideration of national safety, as I have tried to argue, really counsels such a course, and material interests are all against it. It will nevertheless be adopted, unless—what under the conditions of American politics it is vain to hope for—there should be a sudden accession of *Geist*, a wider out-

look among the leaders, and a campaign of education to free this momentous question from its entangling alliance with sophistry and passion. A recent writer declares the Monroe Doctrine to be simply the principle of self-protection under a concrete name. It may have been so once, but the developments of the last eighty years appear to have changed it into an infringement of the sovereign rights of

other nations, far greater in its scope than any warranted by simple self-preservation. Self-preservation, for example, may, and as some think will, make it necessary for the United States to extend her authority over Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama; but by no possible stretch of reasoning can it be held to justify the policy that would make of all South America a *terra clausa*.

The Fortnightly Review.

Sydney Brooks.

---

### MUSIC IN FICTION.

"There's not a house you go into," said Miss Pratt, a hundred years ago in "The Inheritance," "but some of the family are musical." One hardly likes to think what that voluble lady's feelings and language would be, could she make her way into the castles and lodges where dwell the descendants of the Rossvilles and the Whytes and all the rest of them, and note there the evidences of present-day musical interest. Could she go further and visit just such a row of red-brick villas as that where old Mr. Adam Ramsay lived, and know that in all probability a pianoforte is to be found in each of them, even Miss Pratt's tongue would, I think, fail her for once.

It is true that since the discovery of "Bridge" the pianoforte remains shut in a good many houses where formerly it was sure to be opened after dinner, and used for accompaniments to "Coon" songs and the "Geisha," but these are for the most part what are called "great houses," and they are in a minority. In Miss Edgeworth's "Helen" there is an interesting argument between Lady Davenant and Mr. Harley as to the comparative power in society of music and cards. Lady

Davenant is all for what she aptly describes as "the silent superiority of cards," and says, "Cards in their day (and their day is not over yet) had a wider influence than music." No doubt the view she took was a sound one in her time, and there may be a Lady Davenant or two at the present moment who would argue that cards are more useful and powerful, socially, than music. But Mr. Harley would in these days have the best of the argument and the largest following, for the people who are not musical, or who do not try to appear so, are getting very rare indeed, of that we may be sure.

It is curious that the best novels of our own period which deal with contemporary social life have so little to say about music. Here and there allusions to it may be found, and the second-rate "society" novelist knows its value, but there is nothing either illuminating or amusing, nothing which, in a hundred years' time, will enlighten the serious student of our manners, or divert the musical reader who shall stumble upon the forgotten novels of Victorian times. Very different is it with many of the novels



which paint that period of which the year 1800 may be taken as a centre; from Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen and Miss Ferrier especially we can get many a curious glimpse at the amateur musical doings of their times. It cannot be pretended that those doings were really of much importance, but they are often vastly entertaining.

The period which saw the work of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven was, musically speaking, a Golden Age, but the influence of German music was unfelt in London drawing-rooms as it was in English country-houses. Italian music, and that not always of the highest class, was preferred in professedly musical circles, to the exclusion of all others. Miss Edgeworth is a mine of information on the subject. It seems as if there never was such a musical house as Mrs. Falconer's in "Patronage." We learn from that delightful novel not only who were the favorite composers in the last century eighties, but that in certain characteristics London musical society was then very much as it is now. There was the same anxiety on the part of entertainers to secure professional musicians at their parties without cost; there were the same charity concerts, at which popular vocalists are expected to give their services, and look as if they liked it.

"Now, my dear," says Mrs. Falconer to her husband, "I must trouble you to sign this draft for our concert last week. These public singers are terribly expensive, yet at a concert one must have them, and one cannot have them without coming up to their price."

"Why do you not do as others do?" replies Mr. Falconer. "Let these musical professors give a concert at your house; then, instead of paying them, you share their profits, and you have the best company at your house into the bargain."

"Such things are done, I know," says Mrs. Falconer, "and by people of rank, too."

There are no extinct species, it is to be feared, in the world of snobs, and these "people of rank" have their counterpart to-day. How superior in these matters was poor, much-abused Mrs. Rawdon Crawley to the rich and virtuous Mrs. Falconer! The greatest artists would "leave off their sore throats" in order to sing for Becky. This was because she was kind to them, said "Hush" at Gaunt House when they began to sing, and even crossed the rope-marked line which separated the contaminating performer from the immaculate listener. But Mrs. Falconer had amateur concerts as well as professional. There was one at which Dr. Mudge "forever established his fame in 'Buds of Roses,'" and Miss La Grande was "astonishing, absolutely astonishing, in 'Frenar vorrel le lagrime,'" in Catalan's best manner, while Miss Georgiana Falconer was divine in "Glove omnipotente." On one occasion the ladies at Mrs. Falconer's were kind enough to turn over their music-books, and Alfred Percy "for some minutes heard only the names of La Tour, Winter, Von Esch, Lanza, Portogallo, Mortellari, Guglielmi, Sacchini, Sarti, Paisiello, pronounced in various tones of ecstasy and execration." It is mortifying that we do not know which were the composers praised, and which the condemned. I incline to the belief that the last three may have been the unpopular composers, for they probably are the best on the list, and some light is thrown on the Misses Falconer's taste by their polite reference, at another time, to certain musicians whose names do not live in dictionaries alone. They were speaking of "those two eternal Miss Byngs, with voices like cracked bells, and with their old-fashioned music, Handel, Corelli, Pergolesi

—horrid!" Mortellari preferred to Handel, and Portogallo to Corelli! Even so at the present day, there are doubtless those who prefer Miss Maude White to Sir Hubert Parry, and Mascagni and Massenet to Mozart. Still the standard of taste in the "Patronage" period was, in some points, higher than it is in our day. French songs, with feverish words by Verlaine and other poets who feed on passion, are sung to-day by amateurs and professionals alike, and not an eyebrow is raised in question as the singer describes, in his or her best "*voix blanche*," the unveiled perfections of the poet's mistress, or the ardor of their embracings. Godfrey Percy would have been horrified at this kind of thing. When he went to call on Miss Hutton at Clermont Park, she was found at the piano. "Her voice was delightful, but he was surprised, and not pleased, by the choice of her songs; she was singing songs which, to use the gentlest expression, were rather too *anacreontic*, songs which, though sanctioned by fashion, were not such as a young lady of taste would prefer, or such as a man of delicacy would like to hear from his sister or his wife." If the offending songs were of a kind common enough in the time of Purcell and his immediate successors, then Mr. Percy had reason indeed. But by the time of George III songs of that type were as *démodé* as Handel, Corelli or Pergolesi were in Hutton and Falconer society; so that the conclusion cannot be resisted that Godfrey was very "nice" in his taste. Not quite so nice, however, as that writer of fashionable novels, when George IV was king, Mr. Lister, author of "Granby," and the first husband of clever Lady Cornwall Lewis. There was a lady in his "Anne Grey" who "sang with an impassioned richness in her voice, such as enchained and captivated the sense of the listener. . . . It was a style unlike the generality of that

which is heard in private society. It was a style which perhaps we should be unwilling to hear, beautiful though it was, from a sister, or a daughter, or a wife." Here it is not the poetry or the music of which true refinement cannot approve, it is the rich voice, combined with the unamateurish style, which is indelicate.

Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Lister, who both "moved in the best society," wrote about very aristocratic people indeed. Dukes and their relations are hardly more common among the *dramatis personæ* of an up-to-date playwright than they are in the pages of the irresistible Irishwoman or the elegant Englishman. Miss Pratt, too, whom I began by quoting, was nothing if not aristocratic, and her creator, Miss Ferrier, had as good opportunity as any one of knowing the state of music in Scotland.

It would not be fair, then, to infer too much from these authorities as to the diffusion of musical taste in their time. Mr. Austen Leigh, in his "Memoir of Jane Austen," says distinctly that music at that time was not by any means as universal an accomplishment as Miss Pratt believed it to be. He tells us that pianofortes were only found in specially musical houses; in fact, they were about as common as billiard tables are now. This seems as if it might be an exaggeration; a billiard table needs a large room, and is consequently kept out of many houses where it would otherwise be found. Pianofortes take up but little space, and even in Mrs. Bates's little first-floor parlor, in the main street of Highbury, was large enough to take in the square piano which Frank Churchill sent down from Broadwood's, and around which so much delightful mystery and gossip centred. Of course there was a piano at Hartfield, and the "good Coles" had their new Grand, although Mr. Cole did not know one note from

another. We are not actually shown Mrs. Elton's "instrument," but she must have had a very elegant one; perhaps it was a wedding present from Mrs. Bragge or Mrs. Smallridge. Miss Austen does not mention the name of any pianoforte-maker but Broadwood, so we do not know who was patronized by Mr. Cole or Mr. Woodhouse. Perhaps Stoddart of Golden Square or Clement of Cheapside, or Kirkman of Old Broad Street. The compass would be but five octaves, the case would be mahogany, bound and ornamented with brass or tortoise shell; and the tone of Miss Austen's pianoforte would seem to us could we hear it, as cracked and wizened as did Miss Honeyman's piano (which she thought a delightful instrument—it had been Charles's) to Ethel Newcome and her little brothers. Miss Austen knew what she was talking about when she introduced musical topics. It is recorded of her that she used to get up early in the morning to practise, and it is pleasant to reflect how completely this would have won the approval of Lady Catherine de Bourgh. Although Mrs. Collins had been accustomed to a pianoforte when she was Miss Charlotte Lucas—a pianoforte on which Mary Bennett had, no doubt performed her long and dull concertos—her worthy William evidently did not think it necessary that Hunsford Parsonage should possess one. Perhaps it would have been too close an imitation of Rosings. Two pianos were to be found there, and Lady Catherine is never more characteristic than when discussing music.

"Do you play and sing, Miss Bennett?"

"A little."

"Oh, then, we shall be happy to hear you some time or other—our instrument is a capital one, probably superior to—Do your sisters play and sing?"

"One of them does."

"Why did you not all learn? You

ought to have learned. The Miss Webbs all play, and their father has not so good an income as yours." Clearly Lady Catherine wished music to be as general an accomplishment as Miss Pratt alleged it to be. Overhearing Colonel Fitzwilliam and Elizabeth talking of music, she interposes:

"I must have my share in the conversation, if you are speaking of music. There are few people in England, I suppose, who have more true enjoyment of music than myself, or a better natural taste. If I had ever learnt, I should have been a great proficient. I often tell young ladies that no excellence in music is to be acquired without constant practice. I have told Miss Bennett several times that she will never play really well unless she practises more, and though Mrs. Collins has no instrument, she is very welcome to come to Rosings every day, and play on the pianoforte in Mrs. Jenkinson's room; she would be in nobody's way, you know, in that part of the house."

Could any musician, amateur or professional, give a modern Miss Bennett better advice than this?

In Miss Austen's time the piano, which had only come into vogue some thirty or forty years previously, had a serious rival in the harp. This was so, at any rate, amongst people rich enough to afford the more expensive instrument. A whole flood of light is poured upon the musical amateur question by a remark made by Lady Susan Vernon in a letter to Mrs. Johnson: "I want Frederica to play with some portion of taste, and a good deal of assurance, for she has my hand and arm." She would have been on Mr. Harley's side in the discussion concerning the social influence of cards and music. Does not this delightful sentence remind us at once of Mr. Snob's visit to the Evergreens, and Mrs. Pon-to's "*ung peu de musique au salon,*"

when she good-naturedly observed, "Brilliant touch Emily has; what a fine arm Maria's is"? In Mrs. Ponto's time, however, the harp was becoming old-fashioned, yielding place to the superior brilliance of pianistic performance such as that of Miss Wirt in "Sich a gettin' upstairs," whereas in Lady Susan's its popularity was at its height, and no doubt it was admirable in enabling young ladies to exercise what M. de Brantôme would have called the influence "d'un beau bras."

The arrival of Miss Crawford's harp at Mansfield Parsonage, and the difficulty of getting it there, were subjects which interested the Bertram family very deeply. Edmund was almost as indignant as Dr. Grant at the idea of a wagon being spared from the hay harvest for the conveyance of a harp. It is unfortunate that what Mrs. Norris said, when she heard of Miss Crawford's presumption in asking for a wagon, has not been recorded. Henry's barouche eventually had the honor of bringing the harp on which his sister was to enchant Edmund with her "plaintive airs," a feat equalled by Mr. Musgrove's coach in "Persuasion." Mary and Anne Elliot were listening for the carriage which was to bring the party from the Great House to dinner at the Cottage, when the youngest Miss Musgrove walked in. "That she was coming to apologize, and that they would have to spend the evening by themselves, was the first black idea; and Mary was ready to be affronted when Louisa made all right by saying that she only came on foot to leave room for the harp, which was bringing in the carriage." The harp was brought, "for it seems to amuse mamma more than the pianoforte." Miss Austen describes any number of parents when she tells us that though Anne played better than the Miss Musgroves, her performance was little thought of by the parents, "whose fond partiality for

their own daughter's performance, and total indifference to any other person's, gave her more pleasure for their sake than mortification for her own."

"Pray do you play the harp," said Lady Juliana, the heroine of "Marriage," "and have you a good harp here?"

"We've a very sweet spinnet," replied Miss Jacky, "which is, in my opinion, a far superior instrument." Lady Juliana probably thought Miss Jacky a benighted creature for holding this opinion. But if the despised spinnet and the harp were put up for auction to-day, the price fetched by the former would delight Miss Jacky as much as it would astonish her ladyship. They were far behind the times, though, at Glenfern Castle, The Laird reckoned all foreign music, *i. e.*, all that was not Scotch, as an outrage on his ears; and we know from polite Mrs. Waddell, in "The Inheritance," that the Laird's taste was most reprehensible. "I hope," said she, "you don't think me quite so vulgar as to sing Scotch songs. I assure you they are quite exploded from the drawing-room—they are called 'kitchen songs.'" Now the pendulum has swung round and these old Scotch songs, honored by the Laird, despised by Mrs. Waddell, are collected and "edited" as fast as possible; few persons of taste are likely to prefer the music of Lanza or Portogallo to the bonnie Scotch tunes, and it may be remembered that Beethoven himself arranged many of them for Mr. Thomson, the Edinburgh publisher.

Rossville Castle was, of course, much more in the world than Glenfern, and Miss Pratt, as I have said, lived quite in what Mrs. Elton would have called the "first circles" of provincial Scotland. She knew a family where there were five harpists, and "such a tuning and stringing and thumping goes on that I get perfectly stupid. As Anthony Whyte says, you used to be



aware of your danger when you saw a piano or a fiddle in a house, but now you have music in all shapes." A fiddle is terrible enough, unless it is in the hands of a gifted player, but the "shapes" in which Miss Pratt met music were more terrible still. "Musical glasses, and musical clocks, and snuffboxes, and now there are musical workboxes. And I've commissioned a walking-cane for my Lord from Paris (You know he can't walk the length of his toe without a stick), and it is to play three waltzes, two quadrilles, and a hornpipe, and the Grand Turk's March." Musical glasses have ceased out of the land, except when children awaken the slumbering tones of their finger-bowls at dessert, with a wet finger. Musical boxes, alas, have not quite vanished, but has any one seen a musical clock? The beautiful variations which Mozart wrote for one, and which Mr. Borwick plays on the piano, must be held to justify the existence of these mechanical musical toys, but we cannot be sorry that their day is over. Miss Pratt's walking-cane was to play waltzes, and thus it would be in the very first fashion, and fit for a Lord to walk with; for waltzes were the newest thing about 1814, at which time—grown-up people having to learn their dancing over again—there was formed that dancing class, at Devonshire House, to learn the waltz, which afterwards developed into the Assemblies at Almack's.

A musical box of better taste and of greater fame than any of Miss Pratt's was that which belonged to Mr. Pullet at Garum Firs. It played "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir"—a considerable improvement on waltzes and the Grand Turk's March, and it brought no little share of distinction to its owner. Lucy Deane and Maggie Tulliver "thought that it was by reason of some exceptional talent in their uncle that the snuff-box played such pretty tunes,

and indeed the thing was viewed in that light by the majority of his neighbors in Garum. Mr. Pullet had bought the box, to begin with, and knew what it was going to play beforehand, and understood winding it up."

George Elliot has several things to say about music as it was practised in Middlemarch and its vicinity, and it is as certain that, like Miss Austen, she knew what she was talking about, as it is that Middlemarch was a real place, and that the Brookes and Vincys, and Cadwalladers and Chettams were real people. We like Mr. Brooke all the better for not carrying his advanced" views into the region of musical art. "A woman should be able to sit down and play you or sing you a good old English tune; that is what I like, though I have heard most things—been at the opera in Vienna, Gluck, and Mozart, everything of that sort. But I'm a conservative in music; it's not like ideas; I stick to the good old tunes." Neither Dorothea nor Mr. Casaubon cared about music, and George Elliot, evidently taking some such view as Mr. Austen Leigh, forgives Dorothea on the ground of the "small tinkling in which domestic art chiefly consisted at that dark period." In Middlemarch it was the fashion to sing comic songs "in a rhythmic way, leaving you to fancy the tune, very much as if you were tapping a drum." No doubt the "Humors of Bartlemy Fair" and the "Skein of white worsted at Flint's" were in the Middlemarch repertoire, as well as "So Miss Myrtle is going to marry," and the "Musical Wife."

It is hardly remembered now that George Elliot's husband, G. H. Lewes, wrote novels. He loved music as well as she did, and in his "Ranthorpe" and "Rose, Blanche and Violet," his young ladies sing Paisiello and Rossini, some of them going so far as to adore Beethoven, who was not at that time so



popular a favorite as in these days of Richter concerts. Indeed, one of them makes a reference to the well-known story of the Philharmonic orchestra bursting into laughter the first time they played his compositions.

Rosamond Vincy, who resented her brother Fred's playing the flute, had been taught music by a worthy church organist, and she sang Haydn's canzonets and Mozart's "Voi che sapete;" this was very much to her credit, though the geniality of the one composer and the sweetness and sincerity of the other unfortunately left no impression at all upon her character.

Lucy Deane and Stephen Guest sang the duets from the "Creation," as to which most people will take leave to differ from Phillip Wakem, who actually thought them "sugary," and preferred the tenor song from the "Sommambula," thus showing himself to be a singularly undiscerning critic. No doubt Haydn and Mozart were still looked upon as the greatest of all composers by people of taste, even in Phillip Wakem's day—the time of Beethoven was not yet. Thus Thackeray, though later on he allows Amelia and William Dobbin to delight greatly in the noble music of "Fidelio," makes Becky sing old melodies of Haydn and Mozart, when she especially wished to please Lady Steyne. And an authority upon this particular period (whom I cannot resist quoting, in spite of his not being a novelist), though he admits that he did not know what a note of music was, and had received a great deal more pain than pleasure from it, and could not distinguish a soprano from a bass, puts these two first. This is the dear delightful Elia. He speaks of "that inexhausted German ocean above which in triumphant progress, dolphin seated, ride those Arions, Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant Tritons, Bach, Beethoven and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to

reckon would but plunge me again in the deeps—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end." It is nice to think that the name of Bach came naturally to Elia's thought in those far-off days before he was "discovered" by Mendelssohn. Lamb was not serious, surely, when he accuses himself of being so totally wanting in musical appreciation. In one of his letters to Manning, he speaks as one who could really enjoy music.

"Kate is fifteen! I go about moping, and sing the old pathetic ballad I used to like in my youth,

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more.

Mrs. Bland sang it in boy's clothes the first time I heard it. I sometimes think the lower notes of my voice are like Mrs. Bland's. That glorious singer, Braham, one of my lights, is fled. He was for a season." Or again, "To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds would be a foul libel. 'Water parted from the sea' never fails to move it strangely. So does 'In Infancy.'" But these were sung "by a gentlewoman who had the power to thrill the soul of Elia," and then, too, they are from the first play Lamb ever saw—"Artaxerxes" with music by Dr. Arne.

To return to the lady novelists. Miss Ferrier is very funny about music in Scotland, but it is quite likely that there was some foundation for her ridicule. If the impression she gives is not one favorable to the Scotch amateur, she is corroborated in her view by her famous relative, Christopher North. "By study of which of the fine arts," he asks, "is an amateur most speedily reduced to an idiot? By music. Your true musician is a jewel, your pretender paste. But among amateurs how few true musicians, how many pretenders!" This was doubtless true of England as well as Scotland a hun-

dred years ago. Let us hope we have improved. Not that there is not much we would wish otherwise, but we have, at any rate, got beyond the "Battle of Prague" which the Miss Osbornes and every one else played, and that "Sweet thing from the Cabinet" which was one of the three songs worthy Miss Schwartz could sing.

And we no longer "take seconds." Perhaps the present generation does not know what "singing second" meant. It meant adding an improvised part to the solo which was being sung, so as to turn it into a duet. Thus, when Emma Woodhouse was singing at Mrs. Cole's, "one accompaniment to her song took her agreeably by surprise—a second, slightly but correctly taken by Frank Churchill. Her pardon was duly begged at the close of the song, and everything usual followed." The Frank Churchill of to-day would not find it so easy to improvise seconds to songs by Fauré or Bruneau, so that it must be accounted a good thing that hostesses are not now of the mind of the Duchess of Lanark in Mrs. Norton's "Stuart of Dunleith," who "did not like people to sing unless they sang contralto seconds."

Does any one read the fashionable novels of Mrs. Gore, I wonder? They have so much resemblance to "Belle's Letters" and the short stories in the "World" that I should think that there might be a public for them still. Jeames de la Pluche, as we all know, in the course of his education—"in horder to give myself a hideer of what a gentleman really is"—had read the "novvle of Pelham" six times, and was to go through it "4 times mor." A lady in Jeames's circumstances would have been desired to take a steady course of Mrs. Gore. Her great folk, with a rare exception, do not seem to have recognized other composers than Bellini and Rossini. Once a Mrs. Weatherly sang an Irish song, and it did not take, so she sang

the "lively vaudeville" "Tu t'en repentiras, Colin," but "she sang it principally to give opportunity for conversation to a pair of lovers at the other end of the drawing-room." This song was a favorite with Mrs. Gibson in "Wives and Daughters;" Cynthia Kirkpatrick sang it. What a pity it is that Mrs. Gaskell has so little to say about music! Miss Jessie singing "Jock o' Hazeldean" and Miss Jenkyns "beating time to it *out of time*" is quite her best allusion to it. Mrs. Gore has a scene between a Lady Mordaunt and her newly and very well married daughter Helen, which is worthy of Miss Edgeworth. "Oh, what a lovely harp!" cried Lady Mordaunt; "sandalwood and steel, I declare! French, of course! I hope it is not a little extravagance, my dear; your own old favorite double-action was a most superior instrument."

"It was a *galanterie* from Lady Danvers," protests Helen. This is quite good, and the dragged-in French word carries us into the Fulham drawing-room of Miss Belinda Brough, when that exquisite conversation took place between Belinda and her papa and Captain Fizgig.

"And what has my dearest love been doing all day?"

"Oh, pa! I have *pincéd* the harp a little to Captain Fizgig's flute: didn't I, Captain Fizgig?" And Captain the Hon. Francis Fizgig replies, "Yes, Brough, your fair daughter *pincéd* the harp, and *touchéd* the piano, *égratigné*d the guitar, and *écorché*d a song or two; and we had the pleasure of a *promenade à l'eau*."

The instrument of sandalwood and steel reappears at a party given by Helen, and it is much admired by a Miss Felicia Daly. "What an exquisite beejoo," says Felicia, "how tasty! Even in Bath, I can assure your la'ship, I never beheld a sweeter instrument." It was used to play accom-

paniments to Rossini's "Assisa al piè," and this gave opportunity to a Lady Wildersdale to explain that she was "already satiated with the cloying sweetness of Rossini." This view met with cordial approval, and a Lady Theodosia began at once to regret that her ghastly-looking harpsichord should have remained tuneless and stringless for the last twenty years, and so be unable to accompany Lady Wildersdale in her operatic selections.

It is interesting to reflect that just as any one might say, "I should like to accompany that song on my 'Grand,'" so the Miss Dalys of a bygone time would have said, "I should like to accompany that song on my 'Double Action.'"

But the word "accompaniment" was used formerly in a different sense from that which it bears now. The voice accompanied the instrument in Miss Edgeworth's time, instead of the instrument the voice. There was more singing without accompaniment than is usual with us, and no wonder young ladies were frequently shy about it, seeing that even when the harpsichord was to be used to support the voice they had sometimes to be "dragged to the instrument, as the new Speaker of the House of Commons was formerly dragged to the Chair." In that irritating, but delightful story, "Deerbrook," Miss Martineau's characters sing a good deal without accompaniment. Mr. Grey gave what must have been a charming song, "Dame Dumshire and her Crockery Ware," and Mrs. Enderby, also without accompaniment, was kind enough to sing the wonderful tale of Giles Collins, "who loved a lady, and Giles and the lady both died of true love; Giles was buried in the lower chancel, and the lady in the higher, and upon the one grave grew a milk-white rose, and from the other a briar; both of them climbed to the church tower, and there tied

themselves in a true lover's knot, which made all the parish admire."

But perhaps the most remarkable instance in this kind of singing is that provided by Count Mirabel in "Henrietta Temple," and here we leave the untitled folk of Miss Austen and Miss Martineau, to become as familiar with the wearers of strawberry leaves as were Mr. Lister or Mrs. Gore.

"Now, Count Mirabel," said the Duchess, "you must favor us."

"Without a guitar!" exclaimed the Count, and he began thrumming on his arm for an accompaniment. "Well, when I was in Spain with the Duc d'Angoulême, we sometime indulged in a serenade at Seville." And he sang. Disraeli is fonder of the guitar than his predecessors who wrote about aristocratic amateurs. True, one of Miss Edgeworth's ladies—Lady Anne Percival—knew it, as she did the "Banjore"—"an African instrument, of which, I understand, my dear, the negroes are particularly fond," but Dizzy makes the most use of it.

His Captain Armine played concertos on the violoncello, an instrument which one associates rather with a blameless church dignitary, such as Trollope's Mr. Harding, than with a spendthrift Apollo in the Dragoons; but he also played the guitar. There is an eminently Disraelian dialogue between Armine and Henrietta.

"Your voice summoned me."

"You care for music?"

"For little else!"

"You sing?"

"I hum."

"Try this."

"With you?"

Ferdinand then accompanies himself to a Neapolitan air; "It was gay and festive, a ritournelle which might summon your mistress to dance in the moonlight." He thought music by moonlight divine: "If you could hear her sing, my dear Glastonbury, by

moonlight you would confess that all you had ever heard or imagined of enchanted spirits floating in the air, and filling the atmosphere with supernatural symphonies, was realized." Good Mr. Woodhouse would have had a fit at the thought of a young lady singing by moonlight; he would have feared she would catch cold.

Mr. Disraeli is the last on my list of novelists who throw light upon the musical men and manners of what I have called the Miss Austen period—though, to be sure, Henrietta Temple was only a young girl when Emma and Anne Elliot must have been middle-aged matrons. My last quotation shall be a delightful passage which fixes for us the position granted in the bygone days to professional musicians. It is Lady Bellairs—the Miss Bates of voluminous Viscountessdom—talking to Mrs. Montgomery Floyd. "Oh, you know Pasta, do you? Very well, you shall bring her to my house. She shall sing at all my parties. I love music at my evenings, but I never pay for it, never. If she will not come in the evening, I will try to ask her to dinner, once at least. I do not like singers and tumblers at dinner, but she is very fashionable, and the young men like her."

The Cornhill Magazine.

"Singers and tumblers" is charming. Nowadays those who would welcome a "tumbler" to their table provided he tumbled for nothing after dinner, outnumber those who still treat professional musicians as if they belonged to the class of *saltimbanques*, and so very thin a line separates amateurs and professionals that civility is generally extended to both alike, even if the latter is privately considered but little better than a "tumbler." One of the features of present-day musical life is the resemblance between the amateur and the professional. The one courts publicity as much as the other. Nowadays in every Highbury and Upper-cross, in every Percy Hall or Falconer Court, there is music to be made by some who have "studied abroad," or been through the Royal College. But who shall say if the modern music gives more pleasure than that made by Miss Hauten or Jane Fairfax or Henrietta Temple? It is possible that Miss Jacky and her spinnet and her honest Highland tunes were better, after all, than the players on "overstrung grands" and the arrangements of the "Ride of the Valkyries" and "Parsifal" and the "Symphonie Pathétique" which are crashed forth on them!

C. W. James.

## THE BEST AND THE SECOND-BEST IN LITERATURE.

The well-known French proverb which declares that *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien* appears to be reversed in the minds of many critics of contemporary English literature. They seem to hold that the good which we slightlying call talent is, if not directly hostile, at least unfavorable to the appearance of that still better thing which—without being able to define it—we all agree to call

genius, and they rather lament the existence of so many excellent writers of the second rank as we possess at present on the score that there is no sign of a man of genius to dominate them. In the January number of "Longman's Magazine" Mr. Andrew Lang defends himself against a critic who has accused him of "striving to close with his strait creed the mouth of this unworthy

generation." Mr. Lang is too richly endowed by nature with a sense of humor to hold the position of those who declare that, because we have a great number of excellent writers of the second rank, we are less likely to see the arrival of writers of genius. But there are some critics who seem to commit themselves to such a position in the course of their pessimistic remarks on contemporary literature. Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose words are always heard with respect and admiration by readers of taste, went as far as that many years ago, when the throng of reasonably good writers was not so thick as it is to-day, and there were still some men of genius to diversify it. We may still agree with him to "listen with mixed satisfaction to the pœans which they chant over the works which issue from the press each day; how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's." We believe that in the sixteen years which have elapsed since Mr. Harrison wrote this the statistics have steadily increased; even the war, which was expected to bring a diminution of the flood of new books, has but tended to fatten the "military expert" at the expense of the pot-boiling novelist. It is still true that the constant influx of new and remarkable books leaves less and less time for the perusal of old favorites. "We read nowadays in the marketplace—I would say rather in some large steam factory of letterpress, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually—if it be not rather some noisy book fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night." But it is not all trash that is being thrust upon our notice. By common consent there are more really good books being written at the present day

in England than was the case ever before, even in the Elizabethan age; of course, we do not mean to say that their total value is greater, for no scales have yet been invented which will weigh talent against genius, or tell us how many novels by Mr. Norris, or volumes of history by Mr. Gardiner, would equal a play of Shakespeare, a lyric of Burns, or a chapter of Gibbon.

Those readers who are accustomed to hear the critic pronounce that this is an age of inferior literature, and that the literary plain is desolate from Dan to Beersheba, may hesitate for a moment to admit the truth of this assertion. Yet we think that a little consideration will change their opinion. Wherever we look it is impossible to deny the high level of accomplishment which our writers have attained. That it is not universally recognized is perhaps due to its very abundance, producing a kind of mental dyspepsia in the reader, whose perceptions are further dulled by the hashish of the novelists and the bhang of the daily papers. We need only compare the average English book of to-day with that of the last two or three generations. As a rule we make the comparison with the great books which alone have survived. We compare Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells with Thackeray and Scott, Mr. Yeats and Mr. Henley with Wordsworth and Tennyson, Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Lecky with Gibbon and Carlyle. But any one who spends an hour or two at the shelves of the library well furnished with the forgotten books of the nineteenth century, once held in high esteem by their contemporaries, will admit the truth of our optimism. Let us take the department which is often allowed to usurp the whole name of literature—fiction and poetry—as an instance. We have no Thackeray or Scott or Dickens, and Mr. Lang is entitled to that extent to maintain his preference for the novels written be-



fore 1860 to those published since. But if we think of the best dozen or so of our living novelists—Mr. Meredith, of course, is *hors concours*—we are inclined to challenge any one to produce their equal from a single year of the nineteenth century, bar first-class genius. What earlier generation could show a mass of fiction equal to the work of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Wells, Mr. Barrie, Miss Barlow, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Hichens, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. Capes, Mrs. Clifford, Miss Mary Coleridge, Mr. Shorthouse, Miss Martin and Miss Somerville?—we might extend this list to four or five times its length without notably falling below the standard of good second-rate work that has been indicated. In poetry, again, we have no great writer; but we have sixty or seventy minor poets who would all have got into the collection of Chalmers if they had had the luck to be born a hundred and fifty years earlier. We do not think that Mr. Yeats or Mr. Dobson or Mr. Lang, Mr. Bridges or Mr. Henley, is as great a poet as Goldsmith or Gray; but each of them has written poems that would strike us as forcibly as the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" or "The Traveller," if we came on them in the midst of such a waste of prose as that of the age which considered Mason a poet and was amazed by Chatterton. To go further into the consideration of our minor poets would trench too much on the preserves of Mr. William Archer and the late Mr. Traill, but we have said enough to make out our point. In other departments of literature the case is the same. Matthew Arnold used to complain, with great truth, of the miserable way in which the "journeyman-work" of literature, such as translation and newspaper work, was done in this country. Nowadays skill and conscience are brought to both tasks. We need only refer to such translations

as that of Balzac which Mr. Saintsbury edited, or Dr. Randall's "Marcus Aurelius," or Mr. Frazer's "Pausanias," to show how great a change has taken place. The reader of mature years need only ask himself how great an effect such an article as that which the "Times" published the other day from its correspondent in Morocco would have produced thirty or forty years ago, to see, when he remembers how much a matter of course such admirable writing now seems, what an advance we have indeed made in the diffusion of the power to write well.

It remains to consider whether the great increase in literary ability of the second order is a good thing. One's first instinct is to say unhesitatingly "Yes." Since reading is practically universal among the rising generation, it is surely well that the greatest possible quantity of good sound work should be given them to read. Those who deplore the increase of second-rate literature are apt to think that the choice for the young reader lies between Mr. Hope and Milton, and that if "The Prisoner of Zenda" were not so good, "Paradise Lost" would have a better chance. Undoubtedly that would be a strong argument against Mr. Hope; but as a matter of fact the choice is between a novel by Mr. Hope or Mr. Wells, or Mr. Kipling, and the latest sensational or "bitty" paper that gives "a horrible murder and a nillustration" for a penny. There is no question of Milton in the first place, but we think that Mr. Hope is, on the whole, more likely to lead his readers on to Milton. Even if he does not, good, wholesome writing is always better than the bad, sensational and often noxious stuff which was so much more prevalent from the days when Sir Anthony Absolute banned the circulating library down to the last generation, but which is now almost killed by the greater popularity which—in the ultimate de-

cency of things—attends on the better writers who now tell such good stories. We do not see how any one can seriously contend that an increasing percentage of good second-rate literary work can be harmful, but there is a good deal of cant still to be cleared out of some critics' minds on that subject. The other reason given for the dislike of this dead level of excellence is that it is likely to hinder the efflorescence of works of genius. This appears to rest on the curious theory that a man of genius will tend to assimilate his work to that of the majority; but the usual practice of men of genius is just the reverse. At the present moment the only novelist to whom the term "genius" might be applied without obvious absurdity is just the one whose work differs most distinctly from that of all his contemporaries, and owes least to the taste prevailing when he began to write. Experience shows, furthermore that great writers have appeared most freely—so far as there can be any classification of times and seasons—in the midst of a general literary movement of considerable excellence. The most striking instance of all is that of Shake-

The Spectator.

speare, who, as Hazlitt finely said, "overlooks and commands the admiration of posterity, but he does it from the *table-land* of the age in which he lived." Coleridge, again, wrote in much the vein of the critics whom we are withstanding at the moment when Keats and Shelley, Byron and Wordsworth, and Coleridge himself were irradiating the age with the finest poetical constellation that has appeared in our skies since Elizabethan days. "Language," he said, "mechanized as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both the instrument and tune. Thus, even the deaf may play so as to delight the many." We are disposed to think with Mr. Lang, that no rules can be laid down for the appearance of writers of genius. The wind bloweth where it listeth—and *de gustibus non est disputandum*. But to assume that the general abundance of writers of talent is a hindrance to the appearance of geniuses is about as wise as to say that, because most women in France can cook, it must be peculiarly hard to get a supremely meritorious dinner in Paris.

---

### LOST VISION.

My love has her dwelling in the forest,  
 I can feel her as I walk among the pines;  
 All the avenues of the wood lead to her  
 And my heart runs to her leaping down the lines.

All about her is a magic circle;  
 I can speak with her, can touch her, take her hand;  
 But she smiles, her eyes are kind and tranquil,  
 And a world divides me from her where I stand.

Ah, but, love, some day and for a moment  
 Break the circle; in the sunshine let me lie,  
 See again the eyes divinely altered,  
 Let me see you once again before I die.

Stephen Gwynn.

## MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

It is not a very far cry to the other side of Queen Victoria's first jubilee. But since then, or more strictly, perhaps, since the Third Reform Act of 1884, the future moralist will trace the decline of earnestness in England. It may be that the breaking down of barriers, and the diffusion of powers and rights over wider and ever wider circles of the community, account partly for the social change. The age has been prodigal of the symbols of emancipation. It has rattled the keys of liberty with childish joy in their possession, and the sound has been music in its ears. But experience has brought disillusion. Free thought and dissent have not unlocked the doors guarded by St. Peter. The ballot has not opened any gate save the floodgate of talk. The Elementary Education Act has not taught the nation how to learn. Trade unionism leaves unsolved the problem of the freedom of labor. And, temporarily, at least, this multiplication of the symbols, this busy imitation of liberty, has exhausted the energy of thought. The nation, as the catchword goes, has entered on its democratic inheritance, but in taking over its property from the trustees it has converted it into a limited company. The directors have lost their sense of responsibility to the country, and as yet there is but little indication that the shareholders are capable of supplying it.

The fact of this social change—this loss of earnest personal conviction, and the consequent paralysis of the brainpower of the nation—may be approached from several points of view. But from the literary standard, which alone is admissible here, the transition has a direct bearing on the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. At the time when she was pondering "Robert Els-

mere," the thoughtful few were concerned for the welfare of the uninstructed many. Reform was a kind of religion. To Mr. Gladstone, indeed, in the various phases of his enthusiasm, it assumed the sanction of a crusade. The disintegration of the Liberal party for an idea corresponded in actual politics to the wreckage of happy marriages and betrothals with which Mrs. Ward's fiction is strewn. To reformers of Mrs. Ward's type life is real and earnest in a sense hardly conceivable to-day. We are all reformers nowadays. Save for a handful of pro-Boers, there is not a sound Tory in the land. But the mere diffusion of the spirit has weakened the spirit. The old distinction between "classes" and "masses" has disappeared—it is no longer the voice of enlightenment crying out in a wilderness of ignorance, no longer the reform-crusader armed against the hosts of darkness, no longer the national trustees inspired to help the nation against itself. It is rather a Babel of shareholders shouting at a general meeting. Nothing is done because no one is responsible, and in the mirror of literature, instead of the serious purpose of Mrs. Ward, we see the vaporings of Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine, or Mr. Kipling's verses about our "jolly good lesson," which reflect with such pathetic fidelity the meagre substance of modern reform. The difference is that the reformers of the Home Rule period in our history, however mistaken their wishes may have been, were at least able to formulate them definitely. There were ideas enough to go round, and each idea had its witness, or martyr. To-day the newspapers prate about the great heart of the democracy, and the inviolable sanction of its demands, but meanwhile the

ideas grow thin. They flit from society to society, and from organization to organization, and there is no one to dare and to die for them. We think in communities, as a Fabian has said, and men of action fail accordingly.

Perhaps Mrs. Ward is inclined to abstract and to idealize too much. The motive of most of her plots is the dominion usurped over the human mind by a passion more exacting than love, and, judged by the standards of to-day, her men and women are almost superhuman in the intensity of their emotions. But the fault is history's, not hers. As soon as the governing class, whether administrative or intellectual, from which her chief characters are drawn, were deprived of their old sense of "caste," and abandoned their responsible position before the invading democracy, the standard of emotion was lowered. Thirteen years ago, in October, 1888, the *Quarterly* reviewer drew the following moral from "Robert Elsmere":—

It is time English parents should thoroughly understand that this is the condition to which the Universities have been brought, and that if they send their sons to a college like St. Anselm's—to any college which does not practically establish a test for itself, like Keble—they expose them in the immaturity and excitability of their early manhood, to have their Christian faith deliberately undermined by the maturer intellectual force of a philosophical deist like Mr. Grey, or a hopeless sceptic like Mr. Langham. Mrs. Ward knows Oxford well. We have not observed that any protest has been raised against her representation of a college in the University, with its vivid portraiture of more than one well-known character. This must be taken as an Oxford picture of Oxford influences in a great college, and we must needs say that a course of legislation which has placed such men as Mr. Grey and Mr. Langham in the position of tutors and guides of undergraduates is

a scandalous diversion of endowments left for Christian purposes.

It is not precisely the lesson which Mrs. Ward wishes to convey, but it is an instructive proof of the vital quality of her writing, and of the clear truth that underlies her realistic criticism of life. Thought has become attenuated since then. The individual conscience has been put into commission, and, except for problems of sex, the earnest novelist is out of court. The fact is that the battle of scepticism and belief which Elsmere had to fight out for himself, and which entailed, as warfare always entails, acute suffering on innocent non-combatants, is now decided by plebiscite, or arbitration, or by the easy verdict of indifference. The Elsmere throes are out of date. The present generation feels less, because the franchise of feeling has been universalized. When the law of averages is applied there is no room for a monopolist like Robert Elsmere.

Take Laura Fountain, again, and the ruin of Alan Helbeck's love story. An *Edinburgh* reviewer of October, 1901, states that Laura's suicide in "Helbeck of Bannisdale" does not strike him as "convincingly inevitable, or even probable," and this, he declares, "is due either to want of naturalness in the plot, or want of dramatic power in the authoress." The reviewer may be right, but I am rather inclined to ascribe the alleged failure in inevitableness to an emotional defect in the reader. Certainly, in "Eleanor," whose dramatic quality is to be tested by the final proof of dramatization, Mrs. Humphry Ward has found her way to the hearts of unnumbered readers. In both novels, "Helbeck" and "Eleanor," she treats of Roman Catholicism—in the later story with a restrained pathos of narration and a fine vividness in presentation which mark the advance of her powers. The subject is one pe-

culiarly suited to her talents, because the Church of Rome, of all modern institutions, is the most conspicuous in resisting the disintegrating forces of anarchy and indifference. It is autocratic in the midst of democracy, and emotional in the reign of reason. Mrs. Ward herself, in her one and only preface (to the ninth edition of "David Grieve,") says a word in season at this point:—"If we, in our zeal to include ideas among the material of imaginative presentation, make the mistake of supposing that the ideas are the whole of life, our work will come to nothing; and if you, in your zeal to escape the ideas which torture, or divide, or which present special difficulties to the artist, tend to empty your work of ideas beyond a certain point, it will also come to nothing." This zeal to escape ideas is characteristic of our reaction from earnestness.

The same defence is true of Marcella, who, in the novel called after her name, breaks off her engagement with Raeburn on account of her passionate sense of the injustice of the game laws. The cause was more adequate a few years ago, when "souls" and "slums" were virgin territory, than it is in these times of disillusion. To-day one inclines to agree with Raeburn's maiden aunt—one of the writer's many successful minor characters—that "Marcella ought to be absorbed in her marriage; that is the natural thing." Yesterday, when a few great women were leading the feminine movement to immediate goals which they did not foresee, the following scene was touched with real passion and truth. The *dramatis personæ* are Marcella, her lover, and his grandfather; the topic of discussion is a petition for the convicted murderer of a gamekeeper:—

Marcella did not believe him. Every nerve was beginning to throb anew with that passionate recoil against tyr-

rany and prejudice, which was in itself an agony.

"And you say the same?" she said, turning to Aldous.

"I cannot sign that petition," he said sadly. "Won't you try and believe what it costs me to refuse?"

It was a heavy blow to her. Amply as she had been prepared for it, there had always been at the bottom of her mind a persuasion that in the end she would get her way. She had been used to feel barriers go down before that ultimate power of personality of which she was abundantly conscious. Yet it had not availed her here—not even with the man who loved her.

Lord Maxwell looked at the two—the man's face of suffering, the girl's struggling breath.

"There, there, Aldous!" he said, rising. "I will leave you a minute. Do make Marcella rest—get her, for all our sakes, to forget this a little. Bring her in presently to us for some coffee. Above all, persuade her that we love her and admire her with all our hearts, but that in a matter of this kind she must leave us to do—as before God!—what we think is right."

He stood before her an instant, gazing down upon her with dignity—nay, a certain severity. Then he turned away and left the room.

Marcella sprang up.

"Will you order the carriage?" she said in a strangled voice. "I will go upstairs."

"Marcella!" cried Aldous; "can you not be just to me, if it is impossible for you to be generous?"

"Just!" she repeated with a tone and gesture of repulsion, pushing him back from her. "You can talk of justice!"

He tried to speak, stammered and failed. That strange paralysis of the will-forces which dogs the man of reflection at the moment when he must either take his world by storm or lose it was upon him now. He had never loved her more passionately—but as he stood there looking at her, something broke within him, the first prescience of the inevitable dawned.

Mrs. Ward, at least, is not afraid of



the tremendous word "inevitable," withheld by the *Edinburgh* reviewer from the effect on her characters of their circumstances.

Lastly, as a study of emotions, take the fifth chapter of "Sir George Tressady," Mrs. Ward's sequel to "Marcella," in which Raeburn has become Lord Maxwell:—

Maxwell's heart [we are told] was much less concerned with this belief, tenaciously as he held it, than with its relative—the limitation of private possession by the authority of the common conscience. . . . If you could have moved this quiet Englishman to speak, he would have said—his strong, brooding face all kindled and alive—that the enormous industrial development of the past century has shown us the forces at work in the evolution of human societies on a gigantic scale, and by thus magnifying them has given us a new understanding of them. The vast extension of the individual will and power which science has brought to humanity during the last hundred years *was always present to him as food for a natural exultation*. . . . The slow steps by which the modern community has succeeded in asserting itself against the individual, in protecting the weak from his weakness, the poor from his poverty, in defending the woman and child from the fierce claims of capital, in forcing upon trade after trade the axiom that no man may lawfully build his wealth upon the exhaustion and degradation of his fellow—*these things stirred in him the far deeper enthusiasms of the moral nature*. Nay, more! Together with all the other main parts which mark the long travail of man's ethical and social life, they were among the only "evidences" of religion a critical mind allowed itself—the most striking signs of something "greater than we know" working among the dust and ugliness of our common day.

Maxwell's "heart" is italicized by the author, but I have ventured thus to draw attention to certain other por-

tions of the extract, because surely such emotions belong to the very brief period in our history when the philosophers were kings. They belong to the dream of reform which was shattered by the experiments of reformers, to the fabric which a breath overthrew. Lord Maxwell is the sponsor of a Factory Bill for East London, "touching the grown man for the first time, and absolutely prohibiting home-work in certain specified industries," and Mrs. Ward speaks of this situation in Parliament as "charged with dramatic elements." It is conceivable that the modern reader, suffering from legislative ennui, will not respond to the thrill. But Mrs. Ward, true Arnold as she is, consciously seeks "our best self," without too much deference to opportunities, and cherishes a passion for "sweetness and light." Outside her novels as well she is an ardent social worker, and quite recently she has testified in her preface to Mrs. Sidney Webb's book on women and the Factory Acts how thoroughly she shares Lord Maxwell's moral enthusiasm. The social and political world of Mrs. Ward's fiction is a reflection of that hour of suspense, when the few cherished noble ideas for improving the lot of the many, and when the ideas imposed an obligation unrecognized by statesmen of to-day. The blind forces of development tend to replace personal responsibility, and the conditions of modern existence demand an economy of emotion. Elsmere, Helbeck, Maxwell, Eleanor have no part in this surrender.

But Mrs. Humphry Ward is more than a controversial novelist. There is a curious likeness between the opening of most of her books. "It was a brilliant afternoon towards the end of May," or "To-day after the snow and rains of early April," or "A damp-March afternoon," or "It was an August evening," and then follows a de-

scription, sometimes a trifle too elaborate, of the scenery in which the plot is laid. The Lake District and the Midlands are her favorite resorts, and she sees them at once with the artist's eye and with the dramatist's instinct for their relation to the human action.

This care for an effective background is not too common a gift, and in another respect, too, Mrs. Ward's talent is rare. Her novels, being psychological and introspective, are necessarily long, but neither her enthusiasm for liberty nor her art of detailed analysis ever betrays her into ineptitudes of taste. The *Edinburgh* reviewer, from whom I have quoted above, compares her fiction with that of Zola, and "The Story of Bessie Costrell" may be cited in support of his contention. He should have added, however, that though she is as successful in conveying her meaning as the Nestor of realism, she observes a finer law of reticence. Or we may take an example nearer home. When "The History of David Grieve" was first published, some hostile criticism was directed at the bold description of the temptations of Paris on the part of a woman writer. Since then another woman writer, in "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," has shifted the standard of plain speaking and in the glare of Sir Richard's experience in Naples the Paris episode grows pale.

Finally, it is by her minor characters that Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels will survive when their controversial interest is forgotten. It is hard to mention any writer who has described with like

success the misery of an unequal marriage. The inequality need not be either of rank or wealth; what counts, in Mrs. Ward's opinion, is the magic of sympathy, the equality of mental plane which is entirely independent of possessions. Readers who prefer the happy ending in fiction will resent the untimely deaths of Lucy Grieve and George Tressady, but they cannot deny the pathos and skill with which Mrs. Ward has unfolded the tragedy of the two marriages. To both husbands there came too late that revelation of a readjustment of ideals, which would have enabled them to take up their duty, hoping more because expecting less—to David Grieve, when his wife's fatal illness was to be discovered on the morrow, to Tressady on the eve of his fatal accident in the mine.

His whole heart melted to her. As he held her to his breast, the hour they had just passed through took for both of them a sacred meaning and importance. Youth was going—their talk had not been the talk of youth. Was true love just beginning?—"David Grieve," Bk. IV, ch. vii.

There was a sore, sad spot in each heart, and neither dared to look forward. But to-night there was a sense of belonging to each other in a new and sacred way, of being drawn apart, separated from the world, husband and wife together.—"Sir George Tressady," ch. xxiii.

The writer who can make us feel the truth of these human stories is worth a score of novelists who ring down the curtain on the wedding bells.

Laurie Magnus.

Literature.

ECLECTIC. VOL. LXXV. 356

## MEMORIES OF MILLAIS.

Retrospect is the order of the day, conduced to not a little by the close of the century. The "I remember" is familiar on the lips and from the pens of most of those who have turned middle life; and being human, and long past the proverbial span, I too have readily fallen into the habit. This was stimulated into aggressive activity some months ago by the following lines at the end of an article read to me, on "An Old Academy Catalogue," which appeared in a London morning paper:

"One turns with pleasure to a little sketch, 'Overshot Mill,' near Matlock, No. 912, to read the name of the artist, W. W. Fenn. He is with us still, this painter and friend of painters, rich in memories of those early days when he had still his sight, and now familiar in those galleries where he has long ceased to exhibit, a link with the past that is slipping from us silently but ceaselessly."

These kindly words set me thinking of the many dear artist-friends of my youth, and prominent amongst these came memories of Millais.

My first vision of this frank, genial, if somewhat abrupt and masterful lad, was long ago, right away in the early forties. Even then there was far more than promise about him; he had performed! There was evidence on every hand of his genius and infinite power with the brush. You could not fail to be struck by it, any more than you could by his grand personality. He had been made a pet of by his fellow-students at the Royal Academy, up to the doors of which he used to bowl his hoop. My acquaintance with him, however, does not date quite so far back as that; it commenced about the

time when he had carried off nearly, if not quite, all the prizes and medals in silver or gold offered for competition in the schools, and he was growing a handsome young man.

The enthusiasm of Millais was unbounded, and always ready to burst forth; his laughter was like that of the Titans. He hurled himself into sports and pastimes as he hurled himself into art, going at them with the solid force of a locomotive. He cared little whether he had a natural aptitude for them or not; his inspiration came on him as it came upon the old prophets, and do these things he *would*. He would go in for racquets and cricket, and swipe and slog as if his bat were King Arthur's sword Excalibur, without regard to "form" of any sort. Billiards, again—to say nothing of cup-and-ball, at which he became a marvellous adept—he would plunge into in the same spirit, although with more success, for his accurate eye and firm hand with the cue stood him in good stead from the first.

Much later on Millais took up hunting with the like ardor, under the ægis of his friend John Leech. His seat, perhaps, was not all that could be desired, as is suggested by Leech's drawing of him leaping a brook, in illustration of R. A. Benson's poem, "Young Nimrod's Courtship" (in "Once a Week"). He seemed to love following the hounds with more than a passing fancy; but he gave it up at the time of his marriage, alleging as his reason that which John Leech advanced when he retired from the field; "I began to see the faces of my wife and children from behind every hedge." Anyhow, he turned into the enthusiastic shot and angler whom we all know, who has

painted moors and salmon-rivers with more than æsthetic delight—the delight of the strong man who has quaffed the fresh air of the wilds, and finds it sweeter than roses or wine.

The beginning of his deer-stalking days was very characteristic, and is most humorously described by himself in a letter which he wrote to me from Scotland some forty years ago:

"I send you a line, albeit I am aching in all my limbs from having crawled over stony impediments all yesterday in pursuit of ye suspicious stag. You know the position of all-fours, which fathers assume for the accommodation of their boys in the privacy of domestic life, and you can conceive how unsuited the hands and knees are to make comfortable progress over cutting slate and knobby flint, and will understand how my legs are like unto the pear of over-ripeness. I had two shots, the first of which ought to have killed; and I am likely (in even the moments of coming trial) never thoroughly to forget the tall-between-legs dejection of that moment, when the animal, instead of biting the dust, kicked it up derisively into my face. . . . We toiled on again, and a second time viewed some deer. . . . Enough, I missed that too, and rode home on our pony, which must, from my soured temper, have known it, too! Leastways, I did not miss him! . . . Michael is an unsympathizing creature under such circumstances, being quite convinced that a cockchafer's shoulder ought to be hit flying at a thousand yards; and therefore, after the never-falling pleasure of the table was exhausted, I retired to dreams of more stomach-perambulation up and down precipices of burning ploughshares, the demons of the forest laughing at my ineffectual efforts to hit the mastodon of the prairies at fifteen yards' distance."

Tobacco, too, of which he became, perhaps unluckily, an enormous con-

sumer, absorbed Millais's attention conspicuously in quite early life; and I remember perfectly well his characteristic answer to my question, "Do you smoke, Johnnie?" He was always "Johnnie" in those days "Smoke?" he said interrogatively, and with resentment. "Why, of course I can smoke; it makes me sick, but I can smoke." Thus, we see, he had set his mind on it, as being a proper human accomplishment, and therefore it must be his, whatever its effect upon himself might be!

Similarly he was very fond of music, and I believe that he even tackled the flute, until his family brought pressure to bear on this tendency. All his people were musically inclined. His father was a pupil of the guitar *maestro* Giulio Regondi, and a performer of skill; his sister was a brilliant pianist, and, moreover—as I remember her—a fine, handsome girl, with her brother's breeziness of manner.

John Lester Wallack, the husband of that lady, was a great friend of mine, and his marriage was romantic. He saw Miss Millais in the street, fell in love with her then and there, tracked her home, noted the address, got an introduction, visited the house and offered his hand and heart. After their marriage they went to America, where Lester Wallack, in conjunction with his father—the celebrated actor of the "Brigand" and "Gentle Zitella" fame—started, and as the phrase now goes, ran Wallack's Theatre in New York; John Lester Wallack becoming as amazing a favorite there as his father had been years before. The elder Wallack was one of the very handsomest men ever seen on the stage—or off it, for the matter of that; and about the time I made the acquaintance of Millais, he was playing at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street. A most admirable likeness of him is to be seen in that early but skilful work of the

young painter, "Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," Mr Wallack having sat to him for the figure of the famous Spaniard. "Punch" had a skit on this early work, by-the-bye, which created a good deal of laughter; he called it "Pizarro seizing the *Inkstand* of Peru, which naturally looked *black* under the circumstances." Many, too, were the sketches in water-color and crayon, bold, vigorous and dashing, which Johnnie Millais made of most of the theatrical celebrities then engaged at Mr. Maddox's theatre in Oxford Street during his almost nightly visits to the house, both before and behind the scenes; for, be sure, after his introduction by Mr. Wallack, his brilliant ability with the brush carried him into everybody's favor. He was not more than sixteen or seventeen at this time, and I am betraying no secret when I say that it was a matter of some importance that he should begin to turn his grand artistic powers to account. Highly valued, too, are many of these same sketches, still retained by the descendants of the great actor, notably those of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," a character first introduced to the English public by Wallack at the Princess's.

Very vivid to me are the memories of those days, ancient history though they be. Even as I think over them I can see my dear old young friend Johnnie Millais blustering and rattling into my father's dining-room on one of our sketching-club evenings, where, assembled round a powerful lamp on the table, some half dozen or so of the "H.B.'s" as we called ourselves, were grouped. Drawing-boards and sketching-blocks, with tumblers of water, color-boxes and so forth, cumbered a space in front, for we were going to illustrate a subject on the proverbial plan in such assemblies, in two hours, and the subject was often fantastically inscribed on a sheet of paper

pinned up on the most conspicuous wall. "Hullo, you fellows! what's the subject? You'll have to lend me a block or something. I've got nothing with me but a pencil.—Eh! what's the word? 'Defence?' Yes, that's a good 'un; do for figures or landscape, just as you like!—How are you, Woolner, and Stent, too? Drawing a cathedral? Going to build one? Ah! that's a jolly good design, too. Capital! capital! You go on with that—work it out—first-rate elevation!—And Pip, my boy, how's old Pip to-night?—You are only just beginning, though—are you? I'm late of course, I know. Ah! I see, Roman senators, a trial—something of that kind! Go on with that—that's all right! Jolly long forearm, though, that chap has got! What am I to do? Let's see! Defence! defence!—Now, where's this block, old boy? Time is getting on!"

Thus rattling away as he went round the table, criticizing, shaking hands, laughing, chaffing, expecting everybody to wait upon him, do his bidding and lend him everything he wanted in the way of materials (as all were proud to do), he would sit down, not "settle" down, for he chattered and joked the while he was drawing, his long legs shuffling and stretching out in all directions under the table. When time was called, no need to say whose was the best work; that goes without saying! Many and many were these pleasant evenings in the winter when we met in rotation, at each other's houses or studios, the host of the evening retaining the sketches done under his roof. Alas! myself and only one other member of that merry crew are now "lingering superfluous on the stage." But right merry we were beyond a doubt, albeit Millais and Thomas Woolner the sculptor, long deceased, are the only names worth remembering, as "names" of the famous "H.B." sketching-club.

By-the-bye, I should perhaps here



add that it was at one of the very earliest of these pleasant gatherings that the impetuous youngster made his celebrated remark about smoking, already quoted; and that it was at quite one of the latest that the word "Defence" was the subject of the evening. Happily his illustration of it is still accessible, as it is in the possession of Henry Lucas, Esq., of Bramblehurst, East Grinstead.

Memories, too, I have of him when bright weather and long days lured some of our coterie into the then rural and picturesque suburbs of London. At North End, Hampstead, where my father and mother occupied rooms in a farmhouse during the summer of 1848, Millais was a constant visitor. He would come down ostensibly for a day's sketching, generally failing to bring any materials of his own. I had to supply these, of course, and did so gladly, seeing the many brilliant little relics he frequently left behind. As a sample we may take the sketch in water-color of my dear dad standing in the garden, under which he printed with his brush the words "Varmer Venn;" and a corresponding one, still slighter, of my mother seated on a sofa. Slight as they are, the character and likeness is simply admirable in both instances. Both sketches are still in my possession.

I was a bit of a "dab" with a leaping-pole in those days, and the broken ground on the slopes of the Heath offering splendid opportunities for the exhibition of this form of athleticism, you may be sure Master Johnnie spent not a little of the day in restless displays of hurtling leaps and bounds with my pole.

Richmond Park, again, frequently attracted him when he heard two or three H.B.'s were bent on a sketching expedition there, and many were the beautiful bits of sylvan landscape his vigorous brush produced: whilst the

picnic luncheons we sometimes indulged in amongst the rich, dense ferns and oaks were not the least part of our day's fun; and the journeys out and home on the top of the omnibus formed glorious episodes in these summer excursions.

The Thames below bridge, Greenwich, and Greenwich Park and Hospital supplied endless excuses for these outings, and my only regret is that I did not then know how interesting might have proved some of the details of the doings of our young Titan, had I taken more accurate note of them.

Many years after all this I have a very vivid memory of him in Glenfinlas, where he was painting the famous portrait of Ruskin. I chanced to be staying at the Brig o' Turk with my very old friend Mike Halliday, a strange, odd-looking little fellow, but one of the very best and truest-hearted gentlemen who ever painted a bad picture! He was a clerk in the House of Lords, but an enthusiast in art; and very soon after he and Millais first met at my father's house, he became one of Millais's most intimate friends. He is the Michael referred to in the deer-stalking letter quoted above, and was the original of Leech's "Tom Noddy."

Well, he and I were on a sketching tour, and we came across Millais in the glen—a tall figure laden with brushes and art paraphernalia. He led us to his tent pitched amongst the boulders of the torrent, and labelled in big charcoal letters for a joke "Great Pre-Raphaelite Emporium." Beneath its broad, open front stood the easel bearing the most original portrait of our times.

Ruskin, at that period, was busy writing his "Lectures on Architecture," Millais illustrating them with superb designs; but he would stroll up the glen and take his stand for the painter as we know him in the picture, grasp-

ing a shred of pine-branch, all in the flash of the water and the wet rocks. Mrs. Ruskin, afterwards Lady Millais, would escort the party and watch progress, protected from the sun and showers by one of the enormous mushroom hats in vogue at that date for country wear, which made her small, pretty figure look somewhat elf-like. Great was our wonder and admiration as the work advanced, and we were Millais's willing fags, he frequently desiring pipes and tobacco and all sorts of things while at his labor, and the village being distant.

As I watched I was chiefly struck with the rapid certainty of his execution, a fact evident in the clear freshness of the picture, and its mirror-like impression on the beholder. In those days he merely rendered all he saw like a camera, and left the theories to Ruskin, who was indeed a perfect fountain of precept. My own tendencies being towards Cox and Constable, the Professor gave my work rather a trampling criticism. On one occasion for my benefit he drew a bit of a mountain-side with trees and boulders, of which I had made a rough, sloppy sketch. "Observe," said he to me, "this is how Harding would render it, and this is how Turner would do it. Mark how conventional and mean is the one; see how true and great is the other." I kept the slip of paper, of course, feeling much honored by its possession, though I took this fine opportunity of holding my tongue.

To hark back for a moment to earlier days, I may say Millais painted a fine small portrait of my father in his early style, before the P.R.B. mania seized him; and I only refer to it as it crosses my mind amongst these desultory memories, because it is a striking example of the marvellous aptitude which he ever displayed in catching a likeness.

Volunteering Millais never quite took to. Of course he joined the Artists'

Rifle Corps directly it was embodied, and I can see him in the ranks shoulder to shoulder with Leighton, Val Prinsep, J. B. Burgess, Stacy Marks, Robert Edis, Antony Salvin, W. B. Richmond, Vicat Cole, Carl Haag, Horace Jones, Field Talfourd, and a score or two more of rising or risen painters, architects, engineers, actors, musicians, authors, journalists, etc. This was when we were beginning our preliminary drills in plain clothes at the Hanover Square rooms and in Burlington Gardens, the site now occupied by the Royal Academy, and when the "goose-step," "balance step without gaining ground," and other rudimentary motions were all the calls made upon our "understandings." These amused our hero somewhat, and there was a good deal of chuckling at the various mistakes and mishaps which befell the civilian soldiery; but he tired of it soon, I suspect, and was at any rate very irregular in his attendances. When rifles were first served out, and our fine-looking sergeant-major of the Guards instructed us in the manual and platoon exercises, he displayed a flash of enthusiasm; but it was not sustained. The handling of the weapon and examining it—the "gas-pipe," as we used to call it in the days of ramrods and before breechloaders were known—was all very well, and created a passing interest generally, in which Millais shared only to a partial extent. However this may be, I have no recollection of Millais in uniform; in fact, I don't think he ever did more than order one, even if he did that. The discipline, loose though it was in all conscience at that date, seemed to irk him; it was not consonant with his painter's disposition, and besides it made too long-drawn demands upon his time, hard worker that he was, especially after his family increased as it was rapidly doing by 1860. No; beyond a few visits to the camp at Wimbledon in the year his great friend Joe

Jopling won the Queen's Prize, and a few shots at the targets at various ranges, soldiering did not suit him, and he very soon, I suspect, vanished from the ranks of the active volunteers. I have gone through several books of "carte-de-visite" portraits of my friends of that period which I still possess, and where they figure both in war-paint and in mufti, and I can find no picture of Millais either in full-dress or undress uniform, though I possess one of him in civilian's dress. Albeit he had then been married some six or eight years, the air of Bohemia still environed him and clung to him, on some occasions, as his natural artistic breath of life.

When the Arts Club, however, was instituted by some of the leading men in the volunteer corps, Leighton and Millais were both eager and warm adherents, and constant frequenters of "Sweet Seventeen," as we dubbed the dear old house in Hanover Square where for upwards of thirty years the Arts Club flourished amazingly, until freeholds or leaseholds or "someholds" that I don't understand loosened its hold and obliged it to remove itself to Dover Street. Millais and Leighton both remained members until the days of their deaths, although perhaps neither of late years was a very constant visitor, except on special occasions. Notably one of these was a dinner which the club gave to Leighton on his accession to the presidentship of the Royal Academy, when Millais was in the chair. It was only late in life that Millais developed into a good after-dinner speaker; and although perhaps never becoming very eloquent, he yet displayed a happy knack of saying the right thing in the right place in an agreeably colloquial manner. I recall vividly the example he gave of his ability at that self-same banquet to his dear old friend and fellow-artist. On that occasion, too, it was that he first

publicly told the story of what Thackeray said to him on his return from Rome about the young English painter whom the author of "Vanity Fair" had met there, and "who will oblige you, Millais my boy, to look to your laurels."

Another side to my memories of Millais must not be omitted, loth as I am to intrude my personality into them. I am bound to speak of the deep, affectionate and sympathetic regard he displayed towards me, and of the great and practical exertion he made for my substantial benefit when it became known amongst the troops of good friends of whom I can boast of having, and having had, that I should no longer be able to earn my living as a painter. The movement that was made on my behalf in the Royal Academy, and much of the success which attended my friends' exertions in other and private directions, were largely due to Millais and Halliday; and when I began to try in some sort to compensate myself by my own exertions for the deprivations which my infirmity inflicted on me, no one encouraged me more than my sympathetic old friend, John Everett Millais. I may be permitted, therefore, I hope, to wind up these recollections of the domestic and social side of his life with the following letter. It refers to the collection in book form of some of my contributions to various magazines and journals of the day in the volumes I entitled "Blind Man's Holiday:"

"2 Palace Gate, Kensington,

"Jan. 1, 1879.

"Dear Fenn,—I have very nearly read through both books with such *real pleasure* that I will not delay congratulating you heartily on your success. I have already spoken highly of the volumes, and hope to obtain

many readers. I cannot but think some of the stories might be very well dramatized: 'The Secret of the Stair,' 'Deed for Deed,' and another.

"The artist part of the book is valuable, as being the best expression of our delights, and sorrows, I have seen written.

"I am not, perhaps, competent to speak of the literary qualities; but the

English appears to me to be terse, unaffected and vivid. I am sure you will want no encouragement to continue at such pleasant and remunerative work as it will be, if not so already.

"With best regards to your wife, believe me your old sincere friend,

"J. E. Millais."

W. W. Fenn.

### MAXIME GORKY.

If Napoleon's sally about Europe becoming Cossack could be applied to the literary field one might say he was right; for it would be difficult to deny that for fifty years past Russia has produced a remarkable series of writers or to question their predominance. The names of Dostojewsky, Turgenieff, Tolstoy and Sienkiewicz are sufficient to support that assertion, bold as it may seem; and to those already illustrious names we must to-day add that of Maxime Gorky, whose works are read eagerly by all intellectual Russians, translated into many languages and discussed in serious literary reviews. This is due not only to the extraordinary career of the young writer, not only to the unusual subjects he chooses for his short stories, but to the great importance of his work.

Maxime Gorky is about thirty years old; he has been writing only for five or six years past, but the fresh spontaneity of his thoughts proves him a prodigy of exceptional powers, and gives to his work the assurance of more than an artistic success.

He does not himself know exactly when he was born in Nijni-Novgorod. He is the son of a small upholsterer, called Pleshkov, but Maxime has preferred to assume that of Gorky, which means in the Russian language *bitter*,

probably in memory of his unhappy childhood. Gorky is not, however, of purely plebeian origin; he belongs to the intermediate class of those *déchus* whom he likes to evoke in his writings. His grandfather was an officer in the Russian army, under Nicolas I, who, however, deprived him of his rank in order to punish him for cruelty to the soldiers. When one recollects what atrocities were tolerated under Nicolas I's rule, one may fairly suppose that Lieutenant Pleshkov was simply a monster. It seems that he was no kinder to his son than to his soldiers, for Maxime Gorky's father ran away from home when he was very young and became an upholsterer. He died in 1873.

Maxime Gorky's childhood was very hard. His mother, who was the daughter of a barge-owner on the Volga, a man who became very rich through his intelligence and energy, married again, and left to the grandparents the care of her little boy. The millionaire, whose portrait we see in Gorky's novel, "Thomas Gordleef," lost his millions in some speculation; Gorky's mother died, and the future writer was taken from the school in which he had only been five months, and put as an apprentice with a shoemaker. He did not remain there long, for his instinct of independ-

ence drove Gorky, both as a child, a youth and a man, to change of place and occupation. He then went to an engraver, whom he left for a painter of holy images; and he became a cook's help on board a steamer, where he met his first instructor in the person of the cook, Michael Smoury, who insisted on making Gorky read. That cook had a box full of books such as "The Lives of the Saints," a "History of Russia," the works of Gogol, Glebe Ouspensky, Nekrassof, Dumas père, and many popular romances which Gorky read with great interest.

When he was fifteen years old he went to Kazan, where he wished to enter the University and study; but he was soon bitterly disappointed, for he learned that "it was not customary to give instruction for nothing to poor children," as he says in his short autobiography. Being without money, he went to work in a cotton mill at 6s. a month. In Kazan he came into contact with "ex-men," as he calls his vagabond heroes. He would constantly change his occupation; he chopped wood, then worked in a garden, and then in the street, in the meanwhile reading all kinds of books, which "good people lent him." How hard must have been his life we may judge from the fact that in 1888 he tried to kill himself; this time the ball proved to be reasonable and refused to kill a writer of great talent. "Having been in bed as long as was necessary," says Gorky, "I came to life again in order to become a hawker of apples." From Kazan he went to try his luck in Tearcin, where he was watchman on a railway. From thence he was called to Nijni-Novgorod, to be examined for military service. He was not, however, accepted for the army; for, as he puts it himself, "those who have holes in them are not available," and he was obliged to sell *kvass* for his living. At length, by one of the capricious whims of fortune, he became

clerk to a lawyer named Lanin, and that circumstance played an important part in his career.

A. I. Lanin is one of the most sympathetic men in Nijni-Novgorod, where he is very much respected. He took more interest in Gorky than his own father would have done. "His influence on my education," says Gorky, "was enormous. To that highly educated and most noble man I owe more than to anybody else." Although Gorky was now quite comfortable, he was again attracted by the vagabond life, and he wandered through almost the whole of Russia.

In 1892 he was in Tiflis, where he worked in the shops of the Caucasian railway. A certain Aleksandre Mefodievich Kaluznyi induced him to begin writing. The first thing he printed was a story entitled "Makar Chudra," published in 1893, in the paper called "Kavkaz." In 1894 he went back to Nijni-Novgorod, where he probably would have started his literary wanderings, had he not met with B. G. Korolenko, the author of that exquisite story called "The Blind Musician," thanks to whom Gorky was able to get his stories accepted by the serious reviews. As he quaintly puts it himself, "he fell into a big literature;" for Korolenko is the editor of a monthly called "Russkoe Bogatstvo." Having noticed Gorky's great literary aptitude, he took care of him, taught him a great many things, and at length published in his review Gorky's short story called "Tchelkash." In less than three years the former vagabond, the former Jack-of-all-trades, became one of the most illustrious of Russian literateurs. He is considered as such not only by the critics; his success is not merely a *succès d'estime*, for his books sell enormously; the Russians have forgotten Korolenko, Tchekhov, Tolstoy, Turgenieff and Dostojewsky for Gorky, who is not a university graduate, but



one whose first teacher was a cook, and who was induced to write by a vagabond like himself. To explain Gorky's great qualities as a writer, and thus to justify the enthusiasm of the public and the critics for his work, is the purpose of this paper.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is impossible to describe fully the characteristics of a writer who is only about thirty years old. No one can foresee what proportions his literary power will take. However, what Gorky has already done is so important and original that he deserves to be very attentively studied. For many people Gorky's success is a surprise, for there is no other instance of the kind, especially in Russia, where it took more than thirty years to appreciate Dostojewsky, Tolstoy and Turgenieff. Gorky's success came suddenly, and quickly grew to an enormous height. It is like a flower that opens in the night and surprises all by its splendor. In the meanwhile one cannot help feeling that this success is not accidental and unconscious, but that Gorky has made chords resound in the souls of his readers such as have not been touched with equal power by any writer for a long time past. Every success has a serious social importance, for it tells us what the people are looking for. To point out the causes of a success is the duty of criticism, perhaps one of its most important duties, no matter what kind of success it is, whether real or apparent, whether that of Shakespeare's dramas or of a Chinese juggler. The essential thing is that the success is there, as a social phenomenon, as an accepted influence; for if, speaking generally, the people who are jealously and carefully on the watch admit the influence over them of a work, it means that it satisfies some of the necessities of their souls. For this reason one may apply to lit-

rary success the popular saying that there is no smoke without fire.

"*Alors c'est une émeute!*" asked Louis XVIth.

"*Non, sire, c'est une révolution,*" was the answer.

Yes, Gorky effected a revolution in Russian literature. It is not long since the time of the "Kulturkampf," a period of triumphant and enormous faith in the force of knowledge and its power to destroy every vital evil. The triumphant faith disappeared, and instead of talking about "Matter and Force," the seeking people began to read the "Herodiad" and "St. Anthony's Temptation." All the force of sentiment, all care for a pure and honest life, was directed by Tolstoy towards the end of serving one's moral perfection.

That period passed also. One may look on it as a thing gone by, and wonder why it caused such a fright. That fright stopped people from studying, and made them to tremble for their sins, almost to sleep in coffins and carry the chains of all kinds of small duties. It was a slavery of thought, a terror of what cannot even be defined.

At that point Gorky cried out: "You are cowards," and introduced the vagabonds. We look at this vagabond, we like him, we listen to him, we wonder at him. There is something unusual in him. He seems to have come from some distant land, from the desert and the wilderness, and told us how there the sun shines, how there the birds sing, how there the people do not tremble. Of course we must be very careful not to show too much sympathy for this vagabond, no matter how fascinating he may be, and it would be dangerous even to be suspected of wishing to become vagabonds ourselves; but there is hardly an intellectual person to be found, who, after having carefully read Gorky's stories, and meditated seriously, would not say to himself

—for it is certain that he would not say it to his best friend—more or less, as follows: “Yes, it is true that we have put on us too many different chains of so-called civilization, we are too much tied up by all kinds of rules of decency and custom, and it would not do us any harm to feel a little bit more free.” This is nothing extraordinary, but when one considers how the life of every man is surrounded by a hedge of all kinds of regulations, and that a fear, an awful fear, of the threatening to-morrow almost constitutes the essence of existence, then that thought will do at least for the present.

“You are cowards,” said Gorky, and showed us his vagabond. It may be that his vagabond is only an invention; it may be that such a vagabond cannot be found in any of the slums; but that makes no difference. Have the people ever lived, do they now live, on reality alone?

The introduction of a vagabond into literature reminds us that it is not always comfortable to exchange human dignity and some internal characteristics of our freedom of spirit for a good dish of meat. Uneasiness, disgust and despair are often the necessary consequences of such an exchange. And, besides, it is a lasting and indeed a beautiful theme for literature, and is often taken up by writers.

One of Usplenski's characters explains his views on independence in the following way: “Well, now, if I wish, I take off my boot; if I wish, I put it on. Nobody can stop me from doing so.” While speaking these amusing words, the *bourgeois*, although drunk, weeps bitterly, because that one word “boot” hides much unexpressed suffering and torture. The *bourgeois* was pushed by everybody in every direction; even his mother and the millions had only one aim; to destroy in him all manifestation of individuality and to force him to sit, walk, and even

love, just to please the people about him.

Another of Usplenski's characters cries: “Well, I think I will drink up all my poverty.” But Usplenski has not created even one vagabond whose internal world is dominated entirely by the passionate desire for a free life; for he thought such types very rare and extraordinary, but meanwhile he defined all the conditions in which such a type could be produced. In reality all those conditions could be reduced to one, the most essential, viz., that man's life does not leave him a single hole to creep out at. The majority of people yield; there is found one in a thousand, harder than the others, who refuses to take the place designed for him. In that case there comes on the stage a vagabond, and in this vagabond there is something “symbolic.”

Of course it is not the first time that vagabonds have appeared in literature. Speaking only of Russian literature, we find them in such writers as Dostojewsky, Pomlalsky, Levitov, Melshine and Maksimov, who found their heroes in slums; but all that was not done as it was done by Gorky. In the first place Gorky has no pity for his vagabonds, he does not ask for any sympathy for them, he does not defend any interests of culture; he is fond of them because they are genuine, because they are “thirsty” natures, and he does not deny that they are “very bad,” that they are destitute of all human sentiments and do not love their fellow man. This is a tone quite new, not only in Russian, but in any literature. It is a wonderfully attractive cult of “freedom,” a daring challenge thrown in the face of a cultured society, equally hypocritical in regard to its vices and its virtues. It asks the question: “Why are you so well satisfied with yourselves, and why are you afraid of everything, as if you had committed some crime?” and in that question

there is both indignation and reproach. Let us look now at the literary type of Gorky's vagabond.

For Gorky, the vagabond is a phenomenon of so great importance that he devotes to him all his strength, all his poetical inspiration. He sees in him not only the necessary and unavoidable, but—sometimes—the beautiful and the powerful. The settled people either do not interest him at all or are thrown into the background. The vagabonds concentrate for him the whole of Russian life, and he continually returns to his barefooted heroes, attracted towards them either by their quaint uncouthness or by the depth of their psychology. His pen glides rapidly over the respectable, and even when he describes them he represents them in no very advantageous light. Let us take, for instance, the story called "Tchelkash." Tchelkash is a vagabond and a scoundrel, he constantly robs the custom-house. Once he persuaded a peasant boy, Gavril, to take part in one of his nocturnal expeditions. The expedition was very successful, although both men were several times in danger of being shot. Then comes the time to divide the booty. Tchelkash divides honestly, "vagabond-like," but when Gavril perceives a big packet of bank-notes, his covetousness gets the better of him, and he tries to kill Tchelkash in order to get all his money. A very interesting scene precedes the attempt:—

At once Gavril rushed from his place, and threw himself at Tchelkash's feet, took hold of them and drew them to him. Tchelkash staggered, sat on the sand, gnashed his teeth, and made a movement with his long arm. But he did not have time to strike, being stopped by Gavril's beseeching whisper:

"Friend, give me that money. Give it to me for Christ's sake! What do you need it for? You got it in one night. . . . It would take me a year.

Do a good deed! You will spend it, while I would put it in my land. . . . Ah! give it to me!"

Tchelkash, frightened, surprised and furious, sitting on the sand on which he leaned with both hands, was silent and looked with protruding eyes at the youth, who put his head on his knees and whispered, breathing heavily his supplications. Tchelkash pushed him away, jumped to his feet, put his hand into his pocket, and threw to Gavril the many-colored bank-notes.

"There it is, you dog! Eat it!" cried he, trembling all over his body with anger, pain, pity and hatred of the greedy slave. And having thrown away the money, he felt himself a hero; he felt that he, a thief and vagabond, would never become so rapacious, vile and forgetful of his dignity as that! And that idea, that sensation made him conscious of his freedom and his courage.

No matter how one may explain that scene, there will always appear in it a hero and a slave. The slave is evidently Gavril, with all the characteristics of slavery. Tchelkash, by his boldness and munificence, grows to the size of a hero. One hears in his words the voice of a free man, not fettered by life, not chained by its cares, but superior to it. One cannot doubt that Gorky's sympathy is on Tchelkash's side, in whom he tries to bring out all good qualities, while he calls Gavril a "greedy slave." What made him sympathize with Tchelkash? Evidently his boldness and contempt for the comfort of everyday life.

Gorky was not infatuated with Tchelkash. One may become infatuated once or twice, but not twenty times in succession. In a word one cannot make out of a mere infatuation a theme or work in many volumes. Let us hear what he says about a woman, a rough, uneducated *Serega*, in the story called "Malva."

"Eh, you thick-snouted diggers!"—he is chafing at the "plough-noblemen"

—"you do not understand anything in life. Provided that a woman be plump you would not look at her character. But on the character depends everything; a woman without character is like bread without salt. What pleasure could you get out of a banjo without strings?"

Gorky gives every one of his hero-vagabonds a chance of showing his best side, of becoming a giant, be it only for a moment. He sees in life not only its importance, but its beauty. For Malva that beauty lies in this, that she is "mistress of herself." It is the same with a poor soldier, who thus becomes even poetical when he says:—

"Friend, I love that vagabond life. It's cold and hungry, but full of freedom. You don't have any master over you. . . . You are master of your own life. . . . You might bite off your own head and nobody could say a word about it. . . . Well. . . . I was hungry in those days, I was angry . . . and now I am lying and looking up at the sky. . . . The stars are winking to me, and say: 'No matter, Lakutin, walk on the ground and never submit to anybody.' . . . And so I feel happy."

No matter how comfortable a vagabond may be, sooner or later the spirit would move him, and he would leave a warm corner, a sure crust and a beloved woman, and go off to wander about half starving, half naked and dirty. Everything that is constant awakes in him grief, contempt and a deep longing, which he must either drown in whisky, or try to disperse in the free wind of the Steppes; he is continually attracted into space, beyond those mountains where the sun sets or rises. "I always want something," says one of Gorky's vagabonds, "but what it is I don't know. Sometimes I should like to sit in a boat on the sea . . . far away. And I should like not to know any more people." This is not only vagabondage of the feet, but also

of the thoughts, of the sentiments, it is a boundless flight to freedom. From a commonplace point of view it is only a habit, but from a loftier point of view—which is that of the author—it is a fatal phenomenon, the *raison d'être* of which it does not even occur to Gorky to give us.

The man of to-day cannot find satisfaction either in town or village, for everywhere he feels *dans les fers*. Therefore we find ourselves in the presence of an original romanticism, reminding us in some degree of the old romances about robbers, in which youthful daring and hearty sincerity replaced all laws and all morality; and this is the result of the tendency towards full and absolute freedom. Sometimes Gorky's romanticism takes really magnificent poetic shape, as, for instance, in the figures of the gypsy Zobar and of the Caspian Sea siren, Malva.

I must emphasize one of Gorky's most important characteristics, viz., his aristocraticism. Although he describes slums, dirty dens and evil-smelling dram-shops, and often calls the things by their real names, he never arouses in us that sense of disgust which is produced by the pages of some naturalistic novels. Smoke, dirt, smell—all that disappears in the beauty of spiritual life, in the force and strangeness of the collisions of life. It seems to me that this general characteristic is sufficient to mark out Gorky as a very daring writer. This means simply that he has courage to be himself and to speak of that which interests him, without trying to suit the tastes of those who surround him and who are influential. Further, Gorky is daring enough to tell us that he loves his vagabonds, and that he looks with very great suspicion on so-called civilized peoples, who are cowards prating about the general welfare of mankind. This is, of course, very bold, but we must not be either surprised or indignant;

for Nietzsche also felt very much fettered by the ideas of good and evil generally held by the *bourgeoisie* and the Philistines, whose aim and task it is to preserve appearances. It is not difficult to understand the following:—

As the knight was the symbol of the feudal world, so the merchant became the symbol of the new world. The merchant by himself is a rubbed-out face; he is an intermediary between the one who produces and the one who needs.

The knight was an individuality, a dignity, a character; and he did not depend either on riches or place; his individuality was the principal thing; in a *bourgeois* individuality is hidden or does not come forth, for it is not the chief thing; the principal things are goods, things, possessions.

The knight was an awful ruffian, a gallant robber and monk, drunkard and pietist, but in everything he was sincere and honest; he was always ready to sacrifice his life for what he believed was right; he had his own morals, his own laws, sometimes very arbitrary, but he could not transgress them without losing his self-respect or the respect of his equals.

The merchant is a peaceful man, stubbornly and persistently standing by his rights, but feeble in attack; calculating and avaricious, he sees in everything an opportunity for business; he challenges every one he meets, but fights only with cunning. His ancestors were obliged to lie, to be servile, hypocritical, to control themselves; bowing to the ground, hat in hand, they would talk about their poverty, meanwhile hiding their money in the ground.

All that passed into the blood and brain of their descendants, and became physiological characteristics of a certain type of people, called the middle class.

The *morale* of the middle class is a phenomenon too well known to be discussed. It concerns only the relations of a man towards a certain class of

civilized society to which he belongs or wishes to belong. That society requires from a man certain actions and manners, even some convictions—which may all be reduced to keeping the code of decency, the principal aim of which is the division of the people into two camps: rich and poor. Nietzsche, who looked much more deeply into morals, turned away from the code of the *bourgeoisie*, he dismissed its ideas about good and evil, and turned to a poor man, destitute of everything—to “Zarathustra”—and from the contrast of “a man without anything,” and the *bourgeois* came his best book: “Also sprach Zarathustra.” “Nothing *bourgeois*-like.” Such is the social meaning of that book, and it might be summed up in the proposition that man ought to be true to himself, for the worst slavery is his enthrallment in the net of lies of ordinary life. If any one thinks that Nietzsche’s “*Uebermensch*” is a man remarkable for physical strength or strong will, or a very keen mind, he is mistaken. The “*Uebermensch*” is nearer to us than we might think. He is one who knows no fear of life, and acts always as his own nature dictates. He does not lie to himself; he is simple and bold, simple and bold like a child or a genius. Gorky’s vagabond bears a strong likeness to Nietzsche’s hero.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gorky’s vagabond wants to run away, to be free not only from what Schopenhauer calls *conventionellen Lügen der Kulturmenschheit*, but also from all those numerous duties which civilization imposes on us. Civilization is very exacting, and its demands grow every day; it is so mighty that its relations towards a single man or a group of men are contemptuous. From civilization—a man deserves no consideration; he is only a zero. Civilization drove people to live in cities, and the life of the cities is concentrated in narrow,



filthy and badly-aired factories; civilization forcing millions of people to work at machines, changed them into machines.

In order to make a man a slave of civilization it is not necessary to have great armies and cannon. In the United States of America the army is very small, but discipline is as strict as it is in Germany or France, where there are large armies and plenty of cannon. What makes a man a slave is the *fear of life*, produced, sustained and strengthened by the fight for existence of many men gathered together on a small space.

"Man is governed by the dead rules of modern life, by its ideas, its faiths and unbeliefs, its aims and problems. Man is nothing in the presence of the requirements of State utility, of a net of customs, controlling his thoughts and hiding his sentiments. Man is nothing in face of a crisis of industry the principal aim of which is to produce as much as possible at the smallest possible cost. Man is nothing for the past and future and nothing for the present."

Civilization, says Gorky by his stories, makes man weak, tired and frightened in the presence of the complexity of life and the social relations which naturally follow civilization. J. J. Rousseau said:—"L'homme est né libre, nous le voyons partout dans les fers!" Gorky, by his artistic stories, by his attitude towards the world of vagabonds, seems to repeat the same words.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have already said that Gorky makes a kind of poem of the vagabond life, a poem undoubtedly romantic and inspired by the idea of the full and unconditional freedom of the human individual. His vagabond is nothing but a personification of human individuality. He is a foe to all fetters, whether made of iron or gold. And this inspiration produces a kind of

beauty, such as would come from awe or from the destructive phenomena of nature. At any rate, it is neither commonplace nor tedious; one feels there is some power in it, of what kind is another thing—there is power.

In Gorky's volumes we may find some really romantic stories. For instance: "Song about the Falcon," "The Old Woman Izergil," "Makar Chudra." They all breathe the same ruling passion for liberty. There are different kinds of romanticism. Besides the German, French, English and Russian romanticism—which is a kind of fantastic flight—there is a loftier kind of romanticism, wherein a man speaks boldly and proudly of the rights of his own self, when he feels that his individuality is too much restrained by social fetters, from which he would like to run away, as did Châteaubriand when he went to live with the Indians, or as did J. J. Rousseau when he lived with Nature, as do all romantics, who escape into the world of vagabonds, of bandits, big souls and proud characters. This eternal romance is the best, and it is the principal source of poetry. It is to be found in plenty in Gorky's work, not only in particular stories, but also in the general character of the work, and it may be reduced simply to this, that he sings the glory "of madness of the brave." Pride of one's Ego, melancholy—unavoidable when one looks on the cowardice of life—love of Nature and quick understanding of it, these are the true sources of that romanticism. It would be difficult to find anything more attractive or refreshing than some of the stories of Gorky. No matter what he writes, one feels a strong literary individuality; his *Ego* is accentuated in every word written by him—that *Ego* of which the majority of the writers of our times have forgotten even to think.

The great characteristic of Gorky's

work is neither that he writes about a class of people who never have been touched by the Russian literati, nor that he has given us a new and unknown type, nor that he has taken his heroes from life, nor that he has combined realism with romanticism. His importance lies in this, that he has given us lyrical poems in which the principal hero is the human spirit and its eternal searching after the truth of life and the truth of its own humiliating existence. And if the result of this searching is the picture of the vagabond, need it be the real vagabond, the one that is dirty and drunk, or rather that other vagabond, in whom the first teachers of Christianity personified all suffering mankind, saying: "We came naked and poor into the world; naked and poor we leave it?" In fact, every one, even a modern man, proud of his hard and killing civilization, must acknowledge that he is a naked beggar and a vagrant, if he asks himself what is the meaning of the life and activity of mankind, who are rushing to some unknown aim or perhaps not advancing at all.

It seems to me that through his Vagabonds Gorky has reached the heights of symbolism, of actual symbolism as an inspired and refined allegory. It does not matter whether the vagabonds are real or not; the point is that in them we can follow the wandering of the human spirit, its rebellious opposition to the artificiality of human existence, and its effort, enfeebled by unbelief, after a life which would bring full satisfaction, its fight with commonplace conventionalities, notwithstanding the artful temptations of comfortable living.

*The Contemporary Review.*

Gorky's mind is larger and deeper than his panegyrists think. He is also a son of our times; and he knows as well as anybody else, the doubts and vacillations of an epoch of transition, the thirst for faith and the tortures of doubt. His lyrical flight towards freedom having been expressed in an artistic picture—known through the whole of Russia—of the vagabond, is sometimes less proud and less full of assurance. Sometimes one hears a moaning, sometimes one feels a kind of secret awe in presence of the power and cruelty of life.

I will finish by quoting Gorky's little story about the finch:—

During an awful dulness in a forest there resounded a marvellous song; the daring songster complained of darkness, of narrow-mindedness, of the fetters of life, and declared war on the gods. All the birds flew to the spot from which that marvellous song came forth, and to their great surprise they found it was sung by a common wandering finch. He called the birds to follow him, to leave the dark forest, the damp marshes, to abandon cowardice and doubt. But the practical professor of modern history—the woodpecker—said that it would be useless to fly away, for "beyond the forest is a field empty in the summer and covered with snow in the winter, that at the other end of that field was a village, and in that village lived Grisha the bird-catcher." The poor finch did not know what to answer, he could only say in his defence: "Yes, I lied, for I did not know what was beyond the forest, but it makes one happy to believe and to hope. The woodpecker may be right, but what is the use of his truth, when it weighs like a stone on the wings, and prevents one from flying high, high into the heavens."

*Charles de Soissons.*

## TCHELKACHE.

BY MAXIME GORKY.

## I.

A troubled sky, darkened by endless dust rising from the wharf; a thinly-veiled, burning sun looking down on the greenish sea; reflectionless water stirred at every moment by the stroke of oars, by the screws of steamers, by the sharp keels of sailing boats and Turkish feluccas, which plough across the narrow harbor in every direction. Foaming and discolored, shut in by walls of granite and crushed down by enormous weights, the waves beat and murmur, beat and murmur, against the quays and against the broadsides of the ships. The grinding of chains, the rolling of wagons, the metallic groans of iron falling on the pavement, the creaking of wheels, the whistling and bellowing of steamers, the shouts of porters, sailors, custom-house officials—all these various noises are blended into one single music, the music of Work; and they vibrate and linger on the air as if loth to rise up and to die away. From the ground itself come endless new noises; dull thunder shaking all around, or piercing screams that rend the dust-permeated and sultry air.

Granite, iron, wood, ships, men, all breathe a passionate and furious hymn to the God of Traffic; but the human voices are scarcely audible and seem ridiculous in their weakness—the men themselves no less so, though the promoters of all this bustle. Ragged, dirty, doubled up under their burdens, they move about in the whirlwinds of dust, through an atmosphere of noise and heat; and are mean and tiny in contrast with the iron giants which surround them, the mountains of goods,

the rattling carts, all the multitude of objects which they have themselves called into being; they are overwhelmed by their own work and denuded of their very personality. The huge vessels riding at anchor, scream and groan, and in their every utterance is ironical contempt for the men who creep along their decks and fill their sides with the fruits of the labor of slaves—long processions of porters quite tragically absurd, staggering under immense loads of corn to feed the maws of ships that they may get a few loaves of bread for their own famished bellies. Man, tattered, sweating, stupefied by toil and heat and noise—machines resplendent, powerful, passionless, made by these men's hands, their force less that of steam than of the blood and muscle of their makers—ah! cold and cruel irony! The noise deafens; the dust inflames the nostrils and the eyes, fatigue and heat consume the body; everything seems strained, overripe, desperate, ready to explode in some huge catastrophe; after which the air would again grow light and respirable, the earth forget this torturing din, this melancholy folly, and the town, the sea, the sky be first peaceful, presently beneficent. But this is an illusion; nourished by the eternal hope of men, and by their deathless and unreasoning pining after liberty.

Twelve sonorous measured strokes sounded from the great bell. As the last one died away, the savage music of Work was already hushed, after a minute it had sunk into a dull murmur, and then the voice of the sea was heard more plainly and the voices of men. The dinner hour had come.

## II.

When the dockers had desisted from work and resolved themselves into loquacious groups, scattering over the wharf, buying victuals from the costermongers, and finding out shady corners for their meal, then Grichka Tchelkache made his appearance among them—an old marked wolf, game often hunted by the police, known to the whole port as a master-drinker, and as a bold and dexterous thief. His head and his feet were bare; he wore shabby velvet breeches, and a cotton smock torn at the neck and exposing his wiry frame, angular and spare, and covered with a strained brown skin. His dishevelled black locks streaked with gray, and his sharp, wrinkled, bird-of-prey countenance showed signs that he had only just got up; a straw stuck in his moustache, another in the bristles of his ill-shaved cheek; behind his ear he had a sprig of lime-blossom newly picked. Long, bony, a little bent, he moved slowly over the cobblestones; turning his scraggy neck and throwing sharp glances this way and that, he was apparently seeking for some one among the dockers, while his heavy brown moustachios bristled like those of a cat, and his hands rubbed each other behind his back, pinching their twisted and knotty fingers. Even here, among hundreds of his kind, he attracted attention; he was so like the sparrow-hawk of the steppes, so rapaciously lean, his air was so *nonchalant* and easy, apparently indifferent, really excited and attentive as is the flight of the bird he suggested.

When he had reached a barefoot group making the most of the shadow from the coal baskets, a loutish, stupid-looking youth with the traces of a fight on his face and throat, got up to meet him. He walked along beside Tchelkache and said in a low voice:

"Grichka, the Custom House wants

two cases of goods. They're on the look-out. Do you hear?"

"Well?" said Tchelkache, surveying him calmly.

"Well? They're looking out—that's all."

"Have they advertised for me to help them?" inquired Tchelkache, glancing at the surrounding warehouses with a sarcastic smile. "Go to the devil with you," he said contemptuously, and the youth retreated. "Hallo! Not so fast if you please. Who's been knocking your face about? You're torn all to pieces! Have you seen Michka here anywhere?"

"Not for ages," cried the other, and went back to his mates.

Tchelkache moved on, greeted by every one as a friend. But, generally smart with his tongue, he was clearly out of temper, and answered all questions laconically. Behind a pile of merchandise stood a custom-house officer in dark green, very dusty and with soldierly stiffness. He barred the way, standing defiantly with his left hand on his sword, his right trying to seize Tchelkache by the collar.

"Hold still. Where are you going?"

Tchelkache took one step back, raised his eyes and smiled dryly. The officer's red, cunning, but jolly face did its best to be formidable; it swelled visibly, grew purple, frowned, widened its eyes, and only succeeded in looking the more foolish.

"You've been warned already; don't attempt to come here, or I'll smash your ribs!" cried the man, with great ferocity.

"Good morning, Semenitch—it's a good while since I've seen you," replied Tchelkache, holding out his hand.

"I can get along very well without seeing you. Be off out of this." Nevertheless Semenitch took the hand extended to him.

"Look here," said Tchelkache, closing his claw-like fingers on those of Seme-

nitch, "you've got to tell me something. Have you seen Michka?"

"Which Michka? I don't know any Michka. Go along, brother, or the Inspector 'll be seeing you, and then—"

"I mean the red-haired chap I worked with on the Kostroma," continued Tchelkache, unmoved.

"Stole with, you mean. They've sent your precious Michka into hospital; got his leg crushed under a bar. For goodness sake get away, brother, when I ask you, or I'll have to kick you out."

"Ah! So it seems you do know Michka. What's the matter with you, Semenitch?"

"Never mind, Grichka. Have done, and get out."

The officer was beginning to be angry, and looking right and left, was trying to free his hand from the firm grasp of Tchelkache. The latter surveyed him calmly from under his heavy brows, smiling into his moustache; and without releasing the hand he went on talking.

"Don't be in such a hurry. When I've done with you, I'll go. Tell me how you're getting on? Wife and children all right?" And with menacing eyes, showing his teeth in a mocking smile, he added, "I'm always intending to come and visit you, but I never get time. I'm generally drunk—"

"That'll do; that'll do. Shut up. Don't be making jokes, you bony devil, or else I— But you're not seriously thinking of invading streets and houses?"

"Why should I? There's plenty here for both of us. Good Lord, yes! Semenitch, you've sneaked two cases again. Take care, Semenitch. Show a little prudence, or you'll be getting nabbed some fine day."

Disgusted no doubt by Tchelkache's impudence, Semenitch trembled all over, and foamed in the vain effort to speak. Tchelkache dropped his hand, and quietly and slowly retraced his steps to the entrance of the dock. The

other, cursing like a convict, followed him.

Tchelkache had recovered his spirits; he whistled gently between his teeth, and stuffing his hands into his pockets he sauntered along like a man of leisure, shooting hither and thither witticisms and bitter jokes which were answered in the same vein.

"Lucky Grichka! How your masters take care of you!" cried some one from the group of dockers who had finished their dinner, and were now resting, stretched out on the ground.

"I've no boots; Semenitch is afraid I may hurt my feet," replied Tchelkache as he reached the gate. Two soldiers searched him and gently pushed him outside.

"Detain him!" cried Semenitch, who had stopped within.

Tchelkache, however, crossed the road and sat down on a post before the door of a tavern. From the wharf came, with the usual clatter, an interminable string of laden vans; empty ones were arriving from the opposite direction. The thunder, the dust, had recommenced. The sun glowed.

Used to this senseless coming and going, Tchelkache, who had been sharpened up by the scene with Semenitch, felt now at his ease. He saw a piece of solid fortune smiling at him in the near future, needing no great expense of energy or skill. Indeed, neither energy nor skill were wanting in him; and, screwing up his eyes, he dreamed of to-morrow when all would be satisfactorily concluded and he would have his bank-notes safe in his pocket. Then he remembered Michka, his friend, who would have been extremely useful tonight if he hadn't broken his leg. And Tchelkache swore silently, reflecting that without Michka the enterprise might possibly fail of success. And what sort of a night was he going to have? he wondered, questioning the sky and examining the street.



Six paces from Tchelkache, lounging on the footpath, his back against a post, was a young lad in a smock, blue breeches, bark shoes and a red cap. By his side was a small bag and a scythe without a handle, rolled up in hay and carefully sewn. The boy was broad-shouldered and sturdy; fair, but tanned by the wind and sun. His big blue eyes watched Tchelkache with good humor and confidence.

Tchelkache grinned and put out his tongue in a hideous grimace, persistently meeting his gaze. The lad, greatly surprised, winked at him, then burst into a laugh and cried out:

"You're a queer 'un."

Then, almost without rising from the ground, he dragged himself heavily from his post to Tchelkache's, pulling his bag through the dust and grazing the stones with his scythe. Then plucking at Tchelkache's breeches, he said:

"You seem to have been having a bad time of it, brother."

"That's about it, sonny," replied Tchelkache, with much frankness. This robust, simple lad with the childish eyes had taken his fancy at once.

"Been at the haymaking?" he asked.

"I have; moving a *verst* and making a *copek*! It's no good. Too many hands. All the hungry lot came along and spoiled the price. At Koubagne they were giving sixty *copeks* and not a mite more. And they say it used to be three or four roubles—sometimes five!"

"Used to be. Oh, they used to give three roubles just for leave to look at a real Russian. Ten years ago I made something out of that. I went round the villages saying, 'I'm a Russian, I am.' And then they stared at me, and felt me, and were astounded, and put three roubles in my pocket. Yes, and food and drink, too, and asked me to stay as long as I wanted to."

The youth, listening to Tchelkache,

had first opened his mouth very wide, expressing in his whole round face an admiring astonishment. Then, perceiving that this ragged personage was humbugging, he shut his lips with a snap and burst into a laugh. Tchelkache remained grave, hiding a smile in his moustache.

"Oh, I say! rum un! You talk as if it was the Gospel and took me in! But really, now, off there, in the old days—"

"That's what I was saying. Off there, in the old days—"

"Get out!" said the boy, waving his hand. "Are you a shoemaker? a tailor? or what?"

"I?" asked Tchelkache. Then, after a moment of thought, he replied, "I'm a fisherman."

"A fisherman? Really? Do you catch fish?"

"Why should I? Anybody can do that. No, I go for drowned things, old anchors, old ships, anything. There's bait for all that, you know."

"Go on, yarn some more. Perhaps you're the style of fisherman who sings:

'We cast our net  
Where it won't get wet,  
Over the barns and stables.'

"Have you met any of those folk?" asked Tchelkache, looking at him sarcastically, and reflecting that this big boy was evidently very simple.

"No, I haven't met them. But I've heard of them."

"Like them?"

"Why shouldn't I? They're afraid of nothing, and they have their liberty."

"Liberty, pooh! Do you care about liberty?"

"Of course I do. To be your own master, go where you like, and do what you want—it stands to reason! If you can only get enough to eat and haven't a stone around your neck—you can be as jolly as you want to. One must re-

member there's a God, of course, and all that."

Tchelkache spat contemptuously and turned away.

"Look at my case now," continued the boy, with sudden animation. "When my father died, he didn't leave much. My mother's old, the land is exhausted—what's to become of me? One has got to live somehow; the question is, How? That's what one doesn't know. I shouldn't mind being son-in-law in a good house, if they'd do their duty by the girl. But, if you please, the devil of a father-in-law won't pay up, and expects me to slave for him—who knows for how long?—for years. That's how it stands. Whereas if I could only get together a hundred and fifty roubles, I should be master of the situation, and able to say to the old chap: 'Are you going to give Marfa her money? No? Oh, very well; thank Heaven she's not the only girl in the place.' I should be quite free and my own master." The lad sighed. "But as it is, I shall be forced to sell myself to the family. I had fancied that I could make two hundred roubles by going to Koubagne. Then I'd have been worth something. But not a bit of it. No good. Played out. I must go and be a slave in a family, because there's no other way out of it. Bah!" The lad hated this notion of marrying a rich girl who would drag him into her family. His face became doleful and cross, and he stamped heavily on the ground, waking Tchelkache from the thoughts into which he had fallen; thoughts which had robbed him of all desire to carry the conversation further. Nevertheless, he said:

"And where are you off to now?"

"Where? Home, of course."

"Why of course? You might go into Turkey."

"Into Turkey?" repeated the boy. "That's not a place for Christians. Where'd be the good of that?"

"What a fool you are!" sighed Tchelkache, and again he turned away, feeling this time that nothing could draw from him another word. This strong young peasant had excited in him some vague antipathy, which slowly ripened; a sort of profound contempt which troubled the very depths of his soul, and hindered him from pulling himself together and continuing the task of framing his plans for the night.

The boy, however, muttered something between his teeth, looking at him sideways. His cheeks were absurdly puffed, his lips pouted, his narrow eyes blinked rapidly and ridiculously. Evidently he had not expected the talk with this moustachioed personage to end so abruptly nor in so humiliating a fashion. Tchelkache paid him no further attention. He whistled absently, sitting on his post and beating the devil's tattoo with his naked and dirty feet. The boy thirsted for revenge.

"Well, fisherman, are you often drunk?" he began; but at that instant the fisherman turned sharply to him and said:

"Listen, sonny! Would you like to work with me to-night? Eh? Make up your mind quick."

"Work at what?" asked the boy cautiously.

"At what I tell you. We'll go fishing. You shall have the oars."

"If that's it—I don't mind. All right. I can work hard enough; so long as your company doesn't get me into trouble. I don't care so very much for you and your mysteries."

Tchelkache felt a sort of fire in his breast, and answered with dissembled rage:

"Don't be talking of what you don't understand. If you do, I'll clear your ideas for you by a good punch on your head."

And he jumped up from the post, pulling his moustache with his left hand, and clenching his right fist,

which was streaked with knotted veins and hard as iron, his eyes sparkling dangerously.

The boy was alarmed. He glanced hastily around and also sprang to his feet. They measured each other with their eyes, and kept silence.

"Well?" asked Tchelkache, sternly.

He was boiling and quivering under the insult he had received from this young calf, whom he had despised even while he talked with him, and whom now he began to hate on account of his innocent blue eyes, his sunburnt, healthy face, his sturdy arms, and because down there, somewhere or other in the country, he had his village and his home in the village, and because it was open to him to enter a rich family, and to marry the daughter; above all, because this creature, who was an infant in comparison with himself, had dared to be in love with Liberty, the price and the use of which it was impossible that he should know. Nothing is more irritating than to find a person whom we have set down as an inferior, liking or hating where we do, and by that very fact proving himself something of an equal.

The boy looked at Tchelkache, and felt in him a master.

"Oh," he said, "I don't mind, I'm looking for a job. I don't care if I work for you or for anybody else. I only said what I did because you don't look like a working man. You're too seedy; though to be sure that may happen to any one. I have seen men before now who drink. Good Lord, lots of them! and worse than you."

"Very well, then you consent?" said Tchelkache, blandly.

"Oh, all right. I'm ready. What'll you give?"

"What I give depends on the business. It's according to what we do and to what we get. Perhaps you'll have five roubles. That do?"

But now the money question had come up the peasant tried to insist upon a clear understanding; he relapsed into suspicion and mistrust.

"That's not good enough, brother," he said. "I must see those five roubles at once."

Tchelkache temporized. "We'll finish this presently," he said. "Let's go and get a drink."

They walked along side by side, Tchelkache, with the air of a patron, twisting his moustache; the lad submissive but distrustful, and a little alarmed.

"What's your name?" asked Tchelkache.

"Gavrilo," replied the boy.

When they had reached the dirty and smoke-poisoned tavern, Tchelkache went to the bar, and with the air of an *habitué* ordered a bottle of brandy, cabbage, soup, roast meat and tea; then, having given his commands, he flung after them a brief "To my credit;" and the waiter replied by a silent nod.

Then Gavrilo felt full of respect for his new master, who, in spite of looking like a pickpocket, seemed to be so well known and trusted.

"There! we'll have a bit to eat and we'll talk afterwards. Wait a minute till I come back."

He disappeared, and Gavrilo inspected his surroundings. The tavern was below the ground, damp and dirty, impregnated with the smell of tobacco, tar, and of general sourness. Opposite to the new comer, at another table, was a drunken sailor, clearly a foreigner, with a red beard almost black with coal dust and tar. He was humming a song with incessant hiccup, now whistling, now groaning, and always murdering the words. Behind him were two Moldavian women, very ragged, very dark, very sunburnt; also grunting out a song. Further off other figures detached themselves from the gloom; all strangely dishevelled, all

half drunk, contorted, convulsed, Gavrilo felt afraid of being here alone, and he longed for his master's return. The different noises of the place mingled themselves into one note which seemed the furious growling of some huge beast with a hundred throats, struggling blindly in this stone prison and finding no escape. Gavrilo felt his body to be imbibing something heavy, intoxicating, which made him giddy and confused his sight in spite of his wish to keep watch. Presently Tchelkache came back and they set to work eating and drinking and talking. After the third glass Gavrilo was tipsy. He became very cheerful, and wanted to say something agreeable to his host, who, worthy man, having as yet taken nothing himself, was treating his guest so well. But the words which swelled in his breast suddenly thickened, and refused to roll off his tongue; and Tchelkache watched him with a cynical smile.

"Already? After five little glasses? How, pray, do you intend to work?"

"My dear fellow," stuttered Gavrilo, "don't be afraid. I'll work for you. You never saw such work. Let me shake hands with you. Do!"

"That's right. That's right. Another glass?"

Gavrilo drank till everything swam before his eyes in equal waves. It was unpleasant, and he felt sick. His face wore a look of stupid inspiration. In his desire to speak he stuck out his lips and grunted. Tchelkache watched him fixedly as if remembering something, twisted his moustache and smiled uninterruptedly, but his smile was sinister and evil. The tavern was full of drunken riot, the red sailor slept, his arms on the table.

"Let's get out of this," said Tchelkache, getting up.

Gavrilo tried to rise but failed, swore violently, and burst into foolish laughter.

"You seem pretty tight," said Tchelkache, sitting down again opposite to him. Gavrilo still laughed stupidly, staring at his master, who looked at him with easy penetration. He saw before him a man whose life he held in his wolf's claws. He, Tchelkache, knew he had the power of doing with him whatever he chose. He could double him up like a piece of card, or help him to settle down into his respectable village existence. Feeling himself master and lord of another being, he enjoyed his position, and reflected that this youth would never drink of the cup which destiny had allowed himself to empty. And he envied and pitied this young life, mocked at it, and was moved by the thought that it could fall into such hands as his own. And all these sentiments melted at last into one half paternal, wholly tyrannical; he pitied the boy; nevertheless, at this moment the boy was a necessity to him. Presently Tchelkache took Gavrilo by the arm, led him gently out of the tavern and put him in the shelter of a woodstack. He sat down by his side and lit a pipe. Gavrilo, after a moment's uneasiness, groaned and fell asleep.

### III.

"Well, are you ready?" whispered Tchelkache to Gavrilo, who was arranging the oars.

"In a minute. One of the tholes is loose. Can I hammer with an oar?"

"No, no. Don't make a noise; lean your hands on it and it will go down into its place."

The two paddled the boat furtively under the lee of a sailing-ship. Around them there was a whole flotilla of barges laden with the bark of oak, and feluccas still half filled with palms, sandalwood and great trunks of cypress trees.

The night was dark; heavy layers of

clouds were moving over the sky; the sea was quiet, black and thick as oil. It exhaled a damp and salt aroma, and murmured softly against the sides of the ships and against the shore, and rocked Tchelkache's boat very gently. Far away the black silhouettes of ships rose out of the sea, their masts piercing the sky and carrying colored lanterns. The sea reflected their fires and seemed all strewn with yellow spots, which trembled on a bosom of velvet, soft and even and black, rising and falling in mighty breathing. The sea was sleeping the deep and healthy sleep of a laborer wearied by his long day's toil.

"Now," said Gavril, dipping his oars.

"Off!"

Tchelkache, with a powerful stroke, drove the boat into an empty space between two barges; it glided swiftly over the waves which, at the touch of the oars, kindled into blue phosphorescent fire. A long trail of wavering, gently sparkling light followed the boat.

"Head very bad?" asked Tchelkache, kindly.

"Horribly. It's going like a bell clapper. I'll wet it with some water."

"What for? Better wet your inside; that's the quickest remedy," and he held out a bottle to Gavril.

"Is it? Well—with God's blessing—" A soft glou-glou was heard.

"You like that prescription? There—that'll do," said Tchelkache, stopping him.

The boat again shot forward noiselessly, slipping in and out among the craft. Then it escaped from the crowd; and the infinite, the powerful, the shining sea unrolled itself, vanishing into the blue horizon, where rose great mountains of clouds into the heavens, purplish with fleecy yellow borderings, tinged with green like the sea, or slaty and sad-colored, making heavy, weary

shadows oppressive to soul and spirit. The clouds climbed slowly one over the other, and sometimes mingled together, sometimes scattered; they blended their colors and their forms, dissolved themselves, or reappeared in new shapes, always gloomy and majestic. There was something fateful in this slow moving of inanimate masses. It seemed as though down there at the confines of the sea they were innumerable, always apathetically climbing the sky with the malignant and stupid wish never again to let it light the sleeping sea with the million golden eyes of its stars, which, many-colored, living and intelligent, awaken high desires in those beings who worship their pure and holy light.

"The sea—is it not beautiful?" asked Tchelkache.

"Not bad, only it frightens one a bit to be on it," replied Gavril, rowing evenly and strongly. The water was scarcely heard as it dropped from the long oars, still blue and fiery with its phosphorescence.

"Frightens you, stupid?" echoed Tchelkache, ironically.

He, the thief, the cynic, loved the sea. His passionate soul, thirsty for all impressions, was never sated with the contemplation of this immensity, so free, indomitable, infinite. It annoyed him to get such a response to his question as to the beauty of the sea, his love. Seated at the helm, cleaving the water with his oar, he gazed steadily before him, filled with the longing to float on and on for many hours across this velvet plain. When he was on the sea always a burning emotion rose within him, overflowing his soul and purifying it a little from the stains of his life. He enjoyed this feeling and liked the taste of himself as a better man; here, among the waves and the breezes, where his criticism of life had lost its bitterness and life itself its value. At night—upon



the sea—let the gentle sound of its sleeping breath, this infinite murmur, pour its peace into the soul! refrain from all evil impulses! and bring to the birth all mighty dreams—

"But where have you got the nets?" suddenly interrupted Gavrilo, who had been observing the boat. Tchelkache started.

"The net's here—by the rudder."

"What sort of net do you call that?" asked Gavrilo, suspiciously.

"A sparrow-hawk; a—"

But he felt ashamed to lie to this young lad in concealment of his real design. He regretted also the ideas and the emotions which the boy had scattered by his question. He was angry; he felt in his breast the scorching flames which he knew well; something swelled in his throat, and he replied sternly.

"You keep in your place where I've put you, and don't be intruding into other men's business. You're here to row; in the devil's name, row, then. No good will come of it if you set your tongue wagging. Do you hear?"

For one moment the boat trembled and then stood still. The oars were motionless in the bubbling water, and Gavrilo shuffled uneasily on his bench.

"Row, I tell you."

With an oath Gavrilo raised his oars. The boat, as if terrified, shot forward in rapid, nervous jerks, noisily sundering the waves.

"Row better than that."

Tchelkache had risen, and without dropping his oar he fixed his cold eyes on Gavrilo's white and trembling face. Sinewy, leaning forward, he was like a cat ready to spring, grinding his teeth with a noise like the scraping of bones.

"Who's there?" This imperious question was sung out across the sea.

"The devil! can't you row? Without noise, you dog, or I'll kill you. Why don't you row! One! two! Utter a

word and I'll tear you to pieces," hissed Tchelkache.

"Holy Virgin!" murmured Gavrilo, trembling and faint with fear and fatigue.

The boat tacked cunningly, and floated towards the harbor where the lights crowded in many-colored groups and illuminated the forest of masts.

"Who's that I hear?" demanded the voice again. But this time it was farther off, and Tchelkache was reassured.

"You hear yourself, my friend," he said in the direction of the questioner. Then he turned to Gavrilo who was still ejaculating prayers. "You're lucky, my lad; if those devils had followed us it would have been all up with you. Do you understand? I'd have despatched you pretty quick to the fishes."

Now that Tchelkache spoke calmly, even jestingly, Gavrilo, who was still shaking with alarm, made supplication to him.

"For God's sake let me go. In the name of Christ. Put me out anywhere. This is enough to ruin me! Think of your God, and let me off. What's the good of me? I can't do that sort of job. I know nothing about it. Good Lord, it's the first time. I'm a lost soul. Brother, what did you do to get round me? It's an awful sin—it will lose you your salvation. Oh, this is a terrible business!"

"Come now, what business? I ask you, what business?" said Tchelkache. The lad's terror amused him, and he enjoyed the sensation of power, that he, Tchelkache, could provoke such terror.

"A horrible business, brother; an awful business. Let me go, for the love of God. What use am I? Friend—"

"Hold your tongue. If I hadn't needed you I shouldn't have brought you. Do you hear what I say? Well, then, shut up."

"Good Lord!" sighed Gavrilo, with a sob.

"That's enough now."

At this Gavrilo had to go on rowing. He panted lamentably, cried, snuffled, wriggled on his bench; nevertheless, he rowed on with the strength of despair. The boat darted forward like an arrow. Once more across the way rose the dark forms of ships, and the boat was lost among them, circling like a top round the narrow dividing channels.

"Listen to me now. If any one asks us questions, hold your tongue. That is, if you value a whole skin. Do you hear?"

"My God!" sighed Gavrilo, disconsolately, in response to this severe order; and he added, "I was born to be damned."

"Hold your tongue," said Tchelkache in a fierce whisper.

These words robbed Gavrilo of all intellect, and he lost himself in the cold presentiment of disaster. Mechanically he went on, dipping his oars, pulling, drawing them out of the water, pulling again, and obstinately staring at his bark shoes.

Here they were at the dock. Behind the granite walls were heard human voices, the chopping of water, songs, whistles.

"Easy!" whispered Tchelkache. "Ship the oars; put your hands against the wall. Quietly, you young devil!"

Gavrilo, his hands against the slimy stone-work, brought the boat up against the wall. It slipped along without a sound, rubbing against the sticky seaweed.

"Stop. Give me the oars. Here. And your passport, where's that? In your bag? Give me the bag. Look sharp. There, my boy, that's so you shan't run away. Now I've got you tight. Without oars you might have made off, but you daren't go without your passport. Wait here for me, and remember, if you say one word, I'll

be even with you, though it's at the bottom of the sea."

And in an instant, seizing hold of something with his hands, Tchelkache rose up into the air and disappeared over the top of the wall.

Gavrilo shuddered; it had happened so suddenly. He felt as if the heavy burden and the terror which he had experienced in the presence of this thin, bony, hirsute outcast, had loosed itself and rolled off him. Escape? Now? Breathing once more in his liberty he looked round. On the left rose a black vessel without masts, like an immense, empty and abandoned coffin. Each time its side was struck by a wave it gave forth a dull, gurgling echo, like a heavy sigh. The damp wall of the quay extended above on the right, like a cold and ponderous serpent. Behind there were black skeletons; in front, in the space which stretched between the wall and the coffin, was the sea, silent, solitary, brooded over by inky clouds. And these clouds came forward, slow, enormous, heavy; borrowing terror from the darkness, ready to crush humanity with their weight. Everything was cold and black, and ill-omened. Gavrilo was panic-struck; this new fear was greater than his fear of Tchelkache. It hugged his breast in a close embrace, pressing upon him till he was a mere mass of misery, glued to the bottom of the boat. And all around him there was silence, not a sound, save the sighing of the sea; it seemed as though this silence must presently be shattered by something awful, something furiously loud which should shake the sea to its depths, rend the heavy flocks of clouds, sombre across the sky, and hurl into the desert of the waves all these hulls of deadly blackness. The clouds climbed the heavens as slowly and with as weary an air as before; but, unendingly, others rose out of the sea, and looking

at the sky you might have thought it a second ocean, disturbed and overturned above that other which slept at peace with the world and with itself. The clouds were like waves with foaming crests; like the depths hollowed by winds between the waves; like rising billows, not yet clothed by foam, ghastly with fear.

Gavrilo was overwhelmed by this dark tranquillity and beauty; he longed for the return of his master. But Tchelkache did not seem to be returning. The time passed slowly, even more slowly than the clouds climbed the heavens; and the slowness of the time doubled the agony of the silence. But suddenly, behind the wall, a little troubling of the water was heard, then a rustling, and something like a whisper. Gavrilo thought the moment of his death had certainly come.

"Here—are you asleep? Take it—quietly," said the low voice of Tchelkache, and from the wall came down a heavy cubical object. Gavrilo put it in the boat; then another. Across the wall was stretched the man's tall figure; the oars mysteriously reappeared, then Gavrilo's bag fell at his feet, and presently Tchelkache, panting for breath, seated himself at the helm.

Gavrilo met him with a smile; relieved, but still fearful.

"Tired?" he asked.

"A bit tired, no doubt, kiddy. Now, row steady with all your might. You've got a good haul, brother. Half the job's done; we've only got to slink past the eyes of those devils and then you can have your money and be off to your Machka. You said Machka, didn't you, young 'un?"

"N—No."

Gavrilo toiled on; his chest worked like bellows, and his arms like springs of steel. The water gurgled under the boat, and the blue track which followed the stern was wider. He was covered

with sweat, but he rowed on with all his strength. After twice to-night having experienced such terrors, he now dreaded encountering new ones, and desired one thing only, to get through this cursed business as quickly as possible, to land, and escape from the man before being killed by him, or thrown into gaol for his sake. He resolved not to speak; to contradict Tchelkache in nothing, to obey all his commands; and if he succeeded in shaking him off without damage to have a *Te Deum* sung to St. Nicholas. Fervent prayers were ready to burst from his lips, but he kept them back; puffed like a steam-engine, and held his tongue, keeping his eye on his companion.

He, stretched out, bent forward, like a bird preparing for flight, fixed his hawk's gaze on the darkness before the boat. Wrinkling his hooked and ferocious nose, he kept one hand on the rudder, and with the other he pulled his moustache, which at every moment betrayed the silent smile of his thin lips. He was pleased by his success, by himself and by the boy who was so fearful of him and had become his slave. He tasted already the morrow's debauch while he gloated now, over his own power and the abject submission of this fresh young lad. Noting Gavrilo's exhaustion, and really rather sorry for him, Tchelkache tried to administer a little encouragement.

"Well," he said, "were you in an awful funk?"

"It's no matter," said Gavrilo, and coughed.

"You needn't pull so hard. We're through now—almost. There's only one more bad spot. Take it easy."

"Gavrilo paused obediently, wiped his face with his sleeve, and rowed on.

"That'll do. Don't row so hard. We don't want the water chattering. There's a place to get by—quietly now,

quietly! There are serious folk just about here, brother; they amuse themselves with guns, and could put such a smart kiss on your forehead that you wouldn't have time to say *Hallo!*"

The boat sped over the sea without a sound—only the blue drops dripped from the oars, and when they met the waves, at the place where they fell, a little spark, blue also, was kindled for a moment. The night grew ever darker and more silent. The sky no longer resembled a troubled sea, for the clouds had spread all over its face and covered it with a flat heavy curtain, dropped on the waters and motionless. The sea was still quieter and still blacker; its salt hot smell grew stronger; it seemed less vast than before.

"If it would only rain," sighed Tchelkache, "then we'd get behind a fine screen."

Right and left the ships, moveless, sombre, stood out of the sea as sombre as they. On one of them a single light stirred; some one with a lantern. The sea caressing their sides seemed asking something of them, and they replied with a cold, hollow echo as if disputing and refusing consent.

"The Custom House," whispered Tchelkache.

Since the moment when he had given Gavrilo the order to row softly the lad had been feeling anew the horror of excited suspense. He peered forward into the darkness, and felt himself growing longer. His bones and veins were stretched with a dull pain; his head ached, filled with a single thought; his back crept; his legs were pierced by sharp cold needles; his eyes were bursting from having stared too long into the obscurity, whence at every moment he expected a voice to come crying to him, "*Stop, thief!*"

Now, when Tchelkache spoke of the Custom House, Gavrilo started; a bitter, burning thought rushed through his whole being, and set all his nerves

quivering. He wanted to yell; to call for rescue. Already he had opened his mouth and risen from his bench. His chest swelled, he breathed hard, his lips moved. But suddenly he shut his eyes and fell back upon his seat, struck down by a new terror, which smote across his being like a whip. For beyond the boat, far away towards the horizon, there had sprung out of the inky water an immense sword of flaming azure. It had risen up and cleft the darkness of the night; its blade gleamed against the clouds, and left on the bosom of the sea a wide, shining track. And down this lane of light, vessels till then unseen came forth out of the darkness—mysterious, silent; made of the blackness of the shadow of night. One might have thought they had lain long at the bottom of the sea, dragged down by the might of some great tempest; and now obedient to the goading of a fiery sword begotten by the sea—their sails clinging to them like a web of sea-weed—they had uprisen to face the heaven and everything which was above the waves.

Presently the strange blue sword was again lifted; then again it clove the night and descended in another direction; and again, where it fell, appeared the skeletons of ships till then invisible.

Tchelkache's boat stopped, rocking on the waves as if stricken with doubt. Gavrilo lay in the bottom covering his face with his hands, and Tchelkache struck him with his oar, hissing furiously but quite low:

"You intolerable idiot! It's the Custom House cruiser and their electric lamp. Get up, you blockhead. They'll throw the light upon us, and you'll destroy us, the devil you will! Me and yourself too."

When once the insistent oar had struck Gavrilo's back he rose, and without daring to open his eyes, he

seated himself, blindly recovered his oars and sent the boat forward.

"Quietly, or I'll kill you. Quietly, I say! Damn you—fool! What are you afraid of? A lamp and a glass, that's all. Gently with those oars, you beast! They turn the glass where they choose and light up the sea to try if they can't catch gentry of our sort. Smugglers—that's what they're after. But we're beyond their reach; they're miles off already. Cheer up, lad, we're saved. Now we—"

Tchelkache looked round triumphantly. "Yes, we're right enough. Certainly you're a lucky one, you rotten fool!"

Gavrilo rowed in silence, breathing heavily. He glanced sideways at the still flaming sword of light; he could not believe it only a lamp and a reflector. The cold blue rays scathing the darkness, awaked silver sparkles on the sea. It was something inexplicable, and Gavrilo fell back into the stupor of black panic. Again the presentiment of evil sat upon his breast, and he rowed like a machine, contracting his shoulders as if expecting a blow from above. He felt empty of every desire; empty and without a soul. The emotions of this night had devoured everything human about him.

Tchelkache, on the other hand, was triumphant. Oh, a complete success! His nerves, used to shocks, were already calm. His moustache curled voluptuously, and in his eyes sprang up a thirsty brilliance. He felt extremely well; whistled between his teeth and took deep draughts of the salt air; looking right and left and smiling good-naturedly when his eyes fell on Gavrilo. The wind was blowing fresh now, and it awakened the sea which began to play in a thousand wavelets. The clouds grew thinner and more transparent though still covering the whole sky. The breeze flew lightly over the surface of the sea, but

the clouds were still motionless and seemed to be still pondering on some gray and tiresome thought.

"Now, brother, pull yourself together. It's about time. One would think you'd had your soul shaken out of your skin. You're no more than a bag of loose bones, my dear boy! Come now, we've got through pretty well, haven't we?"

Gavrilo was glad to hear a human voice, even though it was Tchelkache's.

"I suppose so."

"That's right, my duck! Here, you take the rudder and I'll have the sculls. You're about used up."

Gavrilo left his place mechanically, and Tchelkache, seeing that his leg shook, pitied him still more. He tapped his shoulder.

"Cheer up. You'll get a pretty penny, you know. I pay well, brother. Twenty-five roubles, eh?"

"I don't want anything. Just that we may get safe to land."

Tchelkache stretched his arms, spat and began to row, his long arms sending the blades very far behind him.

The sea was awake now. It played with its little waves, giving them birth, dressing them in a fringe of foam, driving them one against the other, resolving them into nothingness. The foam sighed as it melted, and the whole air was filled with rippling music. The darkness had begun to live.

"Well, now let's see," began Tchelkache; "you'll go back, I suppose, to your home; you'll marry, you'll plough, and you'll sow. Your wife will have lots of children; you'll be short of food and half-naked all your life. Will it be such very great pleasure?"

"Who said anything of pleasure?" growled Gavrilo; "there's nothing else to be done."

Here and there the clouds were torn by the wind, and through the rents appeared the blue sky with a few stars.



Reflected by the playful sea the stars danced upon the waves, sometimes vanishing, then reappearing.

"More to the left," said Tchelkache, "we're almost there. Yes, it's about over now, and a good job done. You see—one night's work and five hundred roubles in the pocket. Don't you call it pretty good?"

"Five hundred roubles?" echoed Gavrilko, sceptically; then his alarm returned, and he asked hastily, kicking the bales at the boat's bottom, "What are these things?"

"Silk. An expensive article. If you sold it at its real price it would fetch a thousand roubles. But I sell cheap. Good business, eh?"

"Is it possible?" asked Gavrilko. "Well, I wish it was mine."

He sighed, remembering his home, his prospects, his mother, and all those things far away and beloved, for the sake of which he had set out to look for work, for the sake of which he had gone through so much this very night.

A wave of remembrance rolled over him. He saw his village on the slope of a hill, the river below, hidden by birch-trees and willows, mountain ash, wild cherry. This vision warmed and sustained him a little.

"Good God! what a boon it would be!" he sighed covetously.

"Yes, I can fancy how quickly you'd jump into the coach and good-bye to you! And how the girls in your village would love you! You could take your choice. You'd build a new *isba*. Perhaps, though, there'd be hardly enough for an *isba*."

"You're right there. An *isba*! I should think not, indeed! wood's an awful price with us."

"Never mind. You could repair the one you have. Got a horse?"

"Yes, there's a horse—a damned old one."

"Then you'd buy a horse, a good

horse. And a cow—some sheep—fowls—"

"What's the good of talking? If only—Lord!—that would be something like a life!"

"Yes, the life wouldn't be bad. I know something about it. I also had my nest. My father was one of the richest peasants in his part."

Tchelkache rowed slowly. The boat danced over the waves which tickled its sides; it scarcely advanced, for the dark sea ran ever stronger. The two men were dreaming, rocked upon the water, vaguely looking before them. Tchelkache had begun to speak of the country merely to quiet the lad after his agitation. He had talked, smiling cynically into his moustache. But presently, by dint of making replies and recalling rustic pleasures long over for him, forgotten till this moment, he became carried away; and instead of making the boy talk, he himself perorated unpremeditatingly:

"Brother, the great essential in the life of a peasant is liberty. You must be your own master. Your house may not have cost much, but it must be your own; your piece of ground—a single acre, perhaps—but your own. The hen your own, the eggs, the apples. You're king on your own ground. Then you have everything in order. As soon as you get up in the morning you're off to work; one thing in the spring, another in summer, one in autumn, another in winter. Wherever you may go you'll return to your home. Comfort—repose—I tell you it's being a king."

Tchelkache had excited himself by this long enumeration of the rights and privileges of a peasant, from which, however, he had omitted all allusion to his duties.

Gavrilko looked at him with curiosity, and began to be excited himself. In the course of the conversation he had forgotten with whom he was speaking;

he saw only a peasant like himself, glued, bound to the land by labor, by many generations of laborers, by the reminiscences of childhood; but who of his own free will had deserted the land and its anxieties, and who was now suffering the penalty of his rashness.

"Yes, brother, that's all true; very true. Look at your own case, for instance. Now, you're away from the land what are you? The land is like a mother—it takes one a long while to forget her."

Tchelkache became himself again. He felt that burning torture in his breast which always consumed him when his self-love, his careless audacity, was attacked by one whom he despised.

"Did you suppose I was speaking in earnest?" he cried fiercely. "I'm not such a fool as you think."

"But, you strange fish," returned Gavrilo, again slightly intimidated, "did you suppose I was speaking of you? there are lots like you. Good God, the number of miserable wretches—vagabonds there are in the world!"

"Take back the oars, walrus!" commanded Tchelkache, shortly, keeping back a flood of oaths which swelled in his throat.

Again they changed places. Tchelkache climbing over the bales to get back to the helm felt a strong temptation to throw Gavrilo overboard, and at the same time he was ashamed to look him in the face. The short conversation had slain itself; but now even Gavrilo's silence seemed to Tchelkache to bring a whiff of the country. His thoughts strayed to the past, and he forgot to steer his boat which was caught by the waves and began drifting towards the open sea. The waves fancied it aimless, and played with it gently, kindling ever their blue fires under the oars. And before Tchelkache there passed swift pictures of the past already so far away, cut off from the present by eleven years of

wandering. He was a child again in the village; he saw his mother, rosy, fat, with good gray eyes; his father, a giant, tawny bearded and severe of look; himself a lover; Amphissa, his wife, with her black eyes and long plaits, plump, soft, merry. Then he had become a soldier of the guards, and he had another vision of his father already gray and bent with toil, his mother wrinkled and bowed to the earth. How they had fêted him when he had come back from active service! How proud his father had been of him, his Gregori, the robust, moustachioed soldier, cock of the village! Memory, that scourge of the unhappy, can give life to the very stones of the past, and even to poison already drunk can add drops of honey; but all only to bring a man to ruin by the consciousness of his errors, and to destroy in his soul all hope for the future by making him too much in love with his past. Tchelkache felt the breath of his native air which carried to him the sweet words of his mother, the wise counsels of his stern peasant father, even the forgotten noises and the pleasant smell of the country when it had been unfrozen by the spring, when it was newly dug, or when it was covered with the springing corn. Then, indeed, he felt himself lost, fallen, solitary and pitiable; without ties, outcast from that life in which had been formed the blood which flowed in his veins.

"I say! where are we going?" asked Gavrilo, suddenly.

Tchelkache started, and turned with the quick apprehension of a wild animal.

"The devil! Well, never mind. Pull a bit harder and we'll soon get back."

"You were in your dreams?" smiled Gavrilo.

Tchelkache searched him with his eyes. The lad had completely recovered. He was at his ease, lively, almost triumphant. He was young and

had all his life in his hands. Tchelkache was jealous. But probably the country life would retain him. At this thought Tchelkache felt sadder still, and he replied to Gavrilo's questions sulkily.

"I'm tired, and the current flows strong."

"It does, certainly. Well, then, we aren't going to burn our fingers with this business?"

"Don't be the least alarmed. I shall of course, get rid of the stuff at once and secure the money."

"Did you say five hundred?"

"Not less. Possibly—"

"It's a fine sum. I'd sing songs if I, poor beggar, had it."

"At home?"

"Of course. And at once."

Now Gavrilo was carried off on the wings of imagination, while Tchelkache seemed quite crushed. His moustache drooped; his right side, splashed by the waves, was all wet; his eyes were sunken and had lost their fire. He was melancholy and pitiable: his bird-of-prey air had vanished, leaving only a humiliated dreamer with his character written in the very creases of his dirty shirt.

"I'm dead-beat," he said mournfully.

"Well, we're just arriving, aren't we?" returned Gavrilo.

Tchelkache veered the boat suddenly, directing its course towards a great black thing which rose out of the water. The sky was completely covered by the clouds, and now a fine close rain was coming down and plashing on the crests of the joyous waves.

"Easy," ordered Tchelkache, and the boat struck the fore part of the ship.

"They must be asleep, the lazy villains," grumbled Tchelkache, catching with his hook at some ropes hanging from the deck, "the ladder isn't down. And this rain into the bargain! Why the devil couldn't it have rained earlier? Hallo! you sponges! hallo!"

"Selkache?" demanded a caressing voice from above.

"Come, then! where's the ladder?"

"Good morning, Selkache."

"Let down the ladder, you sooty devil," growled Tchelkache.

"A bit cross, is he? There, then."

"Climb up, Gavrilo," commanded Tchelkache.

After a minute they were on the deck, where three dark and bearded personages, who talked excitedly in a strange and thorny tongue, were looking down into Tchelkache's boat. A fourth, in a long robe, came towards him, took his hand silently, and glanced suspiciously at Gavrilo.

"Have the money ready early to-morrow," said Tchelkache, shortly. "Now I'm going to bed. Come along, Gavrilo. Are you hungry?"

"I'm sleepy," replied Gavrilo.

In less than five minutes he was snoring on the dirty deck, and Tchelkache, seated beside him, was trying on a pair of ill-fitting boots. He spat and whistled ill-humoredly between his teeth. Then, with the boots still on, he stretched himself beside Gavrilo, put his hands behind his head, and examined the deck, his lips curling.

The rain fell softly on the boards; the waves struck the keel. Everything was melancholy and seemed like the lullaby of a mother who has lost all hope for her child's happiness. Tchelkache, showing his teeth, raised his head, looked round him, and after muttering a few words lay down again. His attitude, with his legs extended, made him look like a huge pair of scissors.

#### IV.

He was the first to awaken, and after a moment's uneasiness he recovered his calm and looked at Gavrilo who still slept, snoring peacefully, a smile passing over his round boyish

face. Tchelkache sighed; then descended by a rope ladder through a trap door. The opening of the descent framed a piece of leaden sky; it was daylight, but the autumn morning was gray and doleful.

Tchelkache came back after two hours' absence. His face was red, his moustache curled upwards, on his lips was a gay and good-natured smile. He wore strong high boots, a jacket and leather breeches like a huntsman's. The costume, a little frayed, but still in excellent condition and very picturesque, made him look fatter, less angular, more military.

"Come, kiddy, get up," he said, giving Gavrilo a little kick. Gavrilo jumped to his feet, and not recognizing his master at first, stared with expressionless eyes till Tchelkache burst into a laugh.

"What have you done to yourself?" said Gavrilo, with a slow smile, "you've turned into a gentleman!"

"With us that happens quick enough. But what a coward you are, young man! Come now, how many times did you prepare for death last night?"

"Don't you see, it was my first job of the kind. It might lose a man his soul for the rest of his days!"

"Would you go again?"

"Again? Let's see what the wages are first."

"Two hundred."

"Two hundred? Yes, I'd go."

"Wait a moment. How about your soul?"

"Oh, well, perhaps I shouldn't lose it," smiled Gavrilo, "and anyhow it would make a man of one for the rest of one's days."

Tchelkache laughed.

"You'll do, I think. Now let's be off. Get ready."

"I am ready."

They got into their boat, Tchelkache at the rudder, Gavrilo with the sculls.

The whole gray sky was strewn with

clouds, the sea of a dirty green. The waves, still gentle, teased the little bark, tossing it about and wetting it with clear salt drops. The yellow line of the sands was far away before the prow, behind it the free and joyous sea furrowed by flocks of racing waves already decked with their superb fringes of foam. Vessels rocked in the distance on the bosom of the sea; to the left rose a forest of masts and the white town houses. A low rumbling noise came from that quarter, and mingling with the voice of the waves made beautiful resounding music. Over everything stretched a thin veil of mist, interposing between the different objects and giving effects of distance.

"There'll be a pretty dance to-night," said Tchelkache, pointing to the sea.

"A storm?" asked Gavrilo, who was rowing vigorously. He was wet from head to foot with the drops chased by the wind.

"That's it," said Tchelkache. Gavrilo looked at him curiously.

"How much money did you get?" he asked at last, as Tchelkache seemed indisposed to talk.

"I got this," he answered, holding out something he had taken from his pocket. Gavrilo saw many-colored bank-notes, which to his eyes were the hues of the very rainbow.

"My word! And I had supposed you bragging! How much is it?"

"Five hundred and forty. Pretty well, isn't it?"

"Rather!" And Gavrilo followed with an envious glance the disappearance of the five hundred and forty roubles into the man's pocket. "If only they were mine!" and he sighed, greatly depressed.

"We'll have a spree, young 'un," cried Tchelkache. "Cheer up! I'll pay you your due. Come now, I'll give you forty roubles. What do you think of that? Have it at once?"

"If you really mean it—well—I won't say no."

Gavrilo trembled with expectation, and at a sudden idea which pierced his breast.

"Oh, you accept do you, limb of the devil? Here then, brother, I beg, I implore you to take it. I don't know where to put all this money. Relieve my embarrassment. Here!"

Tchelkache held out a few ten-rouble notes. The other took them with a trembling hand, dropped the oars and hid his booty in his smock, squeezing up his eyes and breathing noisily as if he were drinking something hot. Tchelkache watched him with his cynical smile; then Gavrilo picked up his oars, pulling with nervous haste, his eyes downcast, as if afraid of something, his shoulders and his ears twitching.

"You're very greedy, my son; that's not right, not at all right for a peasant."

"The things one could do with money!" burst out Gavrilo, suddenly flaming with passion. And he began to talk hurriedly, disjointedly, as if pursuing an idea, and catching his words on the wing—of the difference between country life with and without money. On the one hand, ease, liberty, respect, mirth—

Tchelkache listened with serious mien, his eyes full of unspoken thought. Now and then he smiled.

"Here we are!" he said at last.

A wave lifted the boat and flung it cleverly on the sand.

"Finished. Now it's all over. Pull the boat up further away from the sea, and I'll send for it. And now, good-bye. The town is eight verstes off. I suppose you're going back to the town?"

Tchelkache's face still shone with his seemingly kindly, cunning smile. He looked as if he were preparing something agreeable to himself, unex-

pected by Gavrilo. His hand in his pocket rustled the bank notes.

"No, I'm not going. I—"

Gavrilo felt suffocated. A storm of desires, words, thoughts, was devouring him. He burned all over like fire. Tchelkache looked at him in astonishment.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Nothing."

But his face grew crimson, then ashy pale. He trampled the ground as if wishing to throw himself on Tchelkache, or as if torn by some impossible desire. Tchelkache became uneasy. He wondered in what form this excitement was going to explode.

Gavrilo laughed a strange laugh, almost a sob, his head hanging so that Tchelkache could not read his expression.

"To the devil with you," he said, impatiently, "have you fallen in love with me, or what is it? You're grimacing like a woman! Is your heart broke at leaving me! For heaven's sake speak, boy, or I'll run away."

"You're not going?" cried Gavrilo, in a sonorous voice. The beach, sandy and deserted, trembled at this cry, and the waves of the sand, made by the waves of the sea, seemed to shudder. Tchelkache shuddered himself.

Suddenly Gavrilo started from his place and flung himself at Tchelkache's feet, clasping his legs and drawing him to him. Tchelkache tottered and plumped heavily on the sand, grinding his teeth and cleaving the air with his long arm and closed fist. But before he could strike he was checked by the boy's supplicating apology.

"Friend—give me—that money! Give it for the love of Christ! What can you want with it? One night—only one night! While I should need years.—Give it to me. I'll pray for you—every day—in three churches—for the salvation of your soul. You will fling it all



away to the winds; but I—I would put it into the land. Ah, give it to me! Think, what use have you for it? Do you really want it so much? *One* night—and there you are a rich man! Do a good action for once. You're a lost soul. You can't have any use for it, while I—Ah, give it to me!"

Tchelkache, alarmed, surprised, furious, overturned, sat on the sand, leaning on his two hands, and kept silence, his eyes starting from their sockets as he watched this lad who had laid his head on his knees and was whimpering and sobbing out his supplication.

Presently Tchelkache pushed him away, sprang to his feet, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, threw the rainbow notes to Gavrilo. "There, dog! swallow," he cried shaking with fury, with pity and with contempt for his greedy slave. Then, having given the money, he felt himself a hero; insolence shone out of his eyes, and from his whole person.

"I had an idea of giving you more. I really felt for you yesterday. I thought of your stupid village and said to myself, 'I'll help this unlucky youth.' But I waited to see what you were good for, whether you'd ask or not. Bah! you filthy beggar! Get into that stew for dirty lucre? Demean yourself like that? You fools! you greedy devils—where's your self-respect? ready to sell yourselves for five copeks, are you?"

"Friend! May the Christ protect you! Look at me now! See what you have made me!—a millionaire!" gasped Gavrilo shaking from head to foot in his ecstasy, and hiding the money in his smock. "You're my good angel! I shall never forget you. Never! And I'll make my wife and my children pray for you!"

Tchelkache listened to these cries of joy, and saw the lad's face burning and distorted by this frenzy of greed. He reflected that he himself, the vagabond,

the thief, outcast from mankind, would never become so rapacious, so vile, so lost. Never! Never!

This comfortable conviction, giving him a full sense of his independence and his virtue, made him linger by Gavrilo's side on the lonely beach.

"You have given me happiness!" cried Gavrilo, and seized Tchelkache's hand, rubbing it against his face. Tchelkache was speechless, showing his teeth like a wolf; but Gavrilo continued his rhapsody.

"I'd had a notion, you know—We were skimming along—I'd seen the notes—I said to myself, 'Suppose now I gave him a knock with the oar—just one—then that money'd be mine. I'd throw him in the sea—*You*, I meant. Who'd there be to miss you? And supposing they did find your body, no one would ask, Who? How? Why? You're not the sort they'd make a noise about. You're no good to the world. Who'd take your side?' There! that's what I was thinking!"

"Give back my money!" roared Tchelkache, seizing Gavrilo by the throat. Gavrilo struggled, but Tchelkache's other arm wound round him like a serpent. There was a sound of the rending of linen. Then Gavrilo lay on the ground, his eyes wild, snatching at the air, his legs moving convulsively. Tchelkache, upright, calm, showing his teeth wickedly like a wild beast, laughed a restrained, bitter laugh, his moustache jumping nervously against his angular countenance. Never in all his life had he received a blow so painful, and never had his wrath been so great.

"Well, are you happy now?" he asked through his laughter, and turning his back on Gavrilo he set out in the direction of the town. However, before he had taken two steps Gavrilo, curling himself like a cat, and swinging his arm, threw a round stone after him, shouting furiously.

"One—!"

Tchelkache groaned, put his hand to the back of his neck, staggered forwards; then he returned to Gavrilo and fell with his face on the sand. He moved his legs, tried to raise his head, then stiffened, vibrating like a strained cord.

At this Gavrilo fled; away there where the shadow of a torn cloud hung over the dark steppe. And the waves murmured, running on the sands, melting into them, running back; the foam hissed, drops of water flying through the air. The rain fell; sparse at first, it became closer, heavier, descending from the heavens in thin veils which presently crossed each other, making a great sheet and quickly hiding the distance of the steppe and of the sea.

For a long time there was nothing to be seen but the rain and the motionless figure lying on the sand by the waves.

But presently, out of the rain, Gavrilo reappeared, running, flying like a bird. He drew near, fell on his knees by Tchelkache and tried to turn him over. His hand plunged into something warm—scarlet— He trembled and started back, his face wild and white.

"Brother! Brother! Get up!" His voice sounded in Tchelkache's ear through the plashing of the rain.

Tchelkache came to himself, and pushing Gavrilo from him, said hoarsely,

"Get off."

"Brother! Forgive! It was the devil's hand tempted me," continued Gavrilo, trembling and kissing Tchelkache's hand.

"Get away," groaned the other.

"Absolve me from the sin! Friend—forgive!"

"Go away! Go to the devil," cried Tchelkache, suddenly sitting up. His face, though malignant, was ghastly, his eyes closed as if for sleep.

"How much more do you want?

You have done your work. Be off! Go!"

And he tried to kick him, but overcome with pain, he failed, and would have fallen had Gavrilo not supported his shoulders. Their faces were on a level; both were white, anguished, terrible.

"Bah!" said Tchelkache, and spat directly into the eyes of his slave. Gavrilo humbly rubbed them with his sleeve, and murmured:

"Do what you choose. I won't say a word. Forgive me in the name of Christ."

"Good-for-nothing! Not able even to steal!" cried Tchelkache, scornfully. He tore his shirt, and without saying more, only gnashing his teeth, he tried to bandage his head. "Have you taken the money?" he asked, presently.

"No, I haven't taken it, brother. I don't want it. It's cursed."

Tchelkache thrust his hand into his pouch, pulled out the bundle of notes, and retaining one, flung the rest to Gavrilo.

"Take it, and go."

"I couldn't take it. I can't. Forgive!"

"Take it, I tell you!" roared Tchelkache, rolling his eyes hideously.

"Forgive me! If you'll forgive me, then I'll take it!" said Gavrilo, timidly, and he threw himself at Tchelkache's feet on the wet sand.

"You're lying, fool. You'll take it at once," said Tchelkache, with conviction; and dragging up the youth's head by the hair, he thrust the money into his face. "Take it. Take it. You haven't worked to no purpose. Don't be ashamed of having killed a man. No one makes a noise about my sort. They'll probably say, Thank you, when they know. Take it. No one will hear of what you've done and yet you deserve a reward. There!"

Finding Tchelkache so pleasant, Gavrilo felt relieved. He crushed the notes in his hand.

"Brother, you do forgive me, don't you? Ah, tell me!" he implored with tears.

"Little brother!" said Tchelkache, mimicking him and dragging himself to his trembling legs, "what have I to forgive? It's nothing. To-day it's your turn, to-morrow it will be mine!"

"Ah, brother! brother!" sighed Gavril, still dolorously, shaking his head. Tchelkache was now standing before him smiling strangely. The bandage round his head gradually reddening, was getting like a Turkish cap.

The rain was falling in torrents; the sea growled; and the waves beating against the beach were now furious and violent.

The two men kept silence.

"Good-bye," said Tchelkache, with frigid irony.

He staggered; his legs shook, and he supported his head oddly as if fearing it would fall off.

"Forgive, brother!" said Gavril once more.

"It's nothing," replied Tchelkache drily; still holding his head with his left hand and gently pulling his moustache with the right.

Gavril watched him for a long time, till he had vanished in the rain, which fell incessantly from the clouds; close, fine rain, in thin vells, interminable, wrapping the steppe in an impenetrable fog, cold and gray as steel.

Then Gavril removed his wet cap, crossed himself, looked at the money in his palm, gave a profound sigh, hid his booty in his smock, and set off with firm step in the direction opposite to that by which Tchelkache had disappeared.

The sea growled, flinging the weight of huge waves upon the sand, shivering them into foam and spray. The rain lashed with blind fury both sea and land. The wind roared. The whole air was full of complaints, of cries, of deafening noise. The mist hid the sea and the sky.

Soon the rain and the sea together had cleansed the red spot where Tchelkache had been struck down, and washed away the traces of his steps and those of the lad. The sandy desert kept no memorial of the little drama which had been played there by those two men.

**The Fortnightly Review.**

Translated from the French of Ivan Strannik by Katharine Wylde.

## THE LITTLE SON.

When my little son is born on a sunny summer morn',  
I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake beside the sea,  
For the windy wathers blue would be dancin' if they knew,  
And the weeny waves that wet the sand come creepin' up  
to me.

When my little son is here in the noonday warm an' clear,  
I'll carry him so kindly up the glen to Craiga' wood;  
In a green an' tremblin' shadow there I'll hush my tender  
laddo,  
An' the flittin' birds will *quet* their songs as if they under-  
stood.

When my pretty son's awake, och, the care of him I'll take!  
 An' we'll never pass a *gentle* place between the dark an' day;  
 If he's lovely in his sleep on his face a veil I'll keep,  
 Or the wee folk an' the good folk might be wantin' him  
 away.

When my darlin' comes to me he will lie upon my knee,—  
 Though the world should be my pillow he must know no  
 harder place;

Sure a queen's son may be cold in a cradle all of gold,  
 But my arm shall be about him an' my kiss upon his face.

Melra O'Neill.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## ART AND USEFULNESS.

### V.

Beauty is an especial quality in visible or audible shapes and movements which imposes on our soul a certain rhythm and pattern of feeling entirely *sui generis*, but unified, harmonious, and, in a manner, consummate. Beauty is a power in our life, because however intermittent its action and however momentary, it makes us live, by a kind of sympathy with itself, a life fuller, more vivid, and at the same time more peaceful. But, as the word *sympathy*, *with-feeling*—(*empfinden*, "feeling into," the Germans happily put it)—as the word *sympathy* is intended to suggest, this subduing and yet liberating, this enlivening and pacifying power of beautiful form over our feelings is exercised only when our feelings enter, and are absorbed into, the form we perceive; so that (very much as in the case of sympathy with human vicissitudes) we participate in the supposed life of the form while in reality lending *our* life to it. Just as in our relations with our fellow men, so also in our

subtler but even more potent relations with the appearances of things and actions, our heart can be touched, purified and satisfied only just in proportion as we *give* our heart. And even as it is possible to perceive other human beings and to adjust our action (sometimes heartlessly enough) to such qualities in them as we find practically important to ourselves, without putting out one scrap of sympathy with their own existence as felt by them; so also it is possible to recognize things and actions, to rapidly become aware of such of their peculiarities as most frequently affect us practically, and to consequently adjust our behavior, without giving our sympathy to their form, without entering into and *living into* those forms; and in so far it is possible for us to remain indifferent to those forms' quality of beauty or ugliness, just as, in the hurry of practical life, we remain indifferent to the stuff our neighbors' souls are made of. This rapid, partial, superficial, perfunctory mode of dealing with what we see and hear constitutes the ordi-

nary, constant and absolutely indispensable act of recognizing objects and actions, of *spotting* their qualities and *twigging* their meaning; an act necessarily tending to more and more abbreviation and rapidity and superficiality, to a sort of shorthand which reduces what has to be understood, and enables us to pass immediately to understanding something else; according to that law of necessarily saving time and energy. And so we rush on, recognizing, naming, spotting, twigging, answering, using or parrying; we need not fully see the complete appearance of the word we read, of the man we meet, of the street we run along, of the water we drink, the fire we light, the adversary whom we pursue or whom we evade; and in the self-same manner we need not fully see the form of the building of which we say "This is a Gothic cathedral"—of the picture of which we say "Christ before Pilate"—or of the piece of music of which we say "A cheerful waltz by Strauss" or "A melancholy adagio by Beethoven." Now it is this fragmentary, superficial attention which we most often give to art; and giving thus little, we find that art gives us little, perhaps nothing, in return. For understand; you can be utterly perfunctory towards a work of art without hurrying away from in front of it, or setting about some visible business in its presence. Standing ten minutes before a picture or sitting an hour at a concert, with fixed sight or tense hearing, you may yet be quite hopelessly inattentive if, instead of following the life of the visible or audible forms and *living yourself* into their pattern and rhythm, you wander off after dramatic or sentimental associations suggested by the picture's subject; or if you let yourself be hypnotized, as pious Wagnerians are apt to be, into monotonous over response (and over and over again response) to the merely emotional stimulation of the

sounds. The activity of the artist's soul has been in vain for you, since you do not let your soul follow its tracks through the work of art; he has not created for you, because you have failed to create his work afresh in vivid contemplation. But attention cannot be forced on to any sort of contemplation, or at least it cannot remain steady and abiding by any act of forcing. Attention, to be steady, must be held by the attraction of the thing attended to; and, to be spontaneous and easy, must be carried by some previous interest within the reach of that attractiveness. Above all, attention requires that its ways should have been made smooth by repetition of similar experience; it is excluded, rebutted by the dead wall of utter novelty; for seeing, hearing and understanding is interpreting the unknown by the known, assimilation in the literal sense also of rendering similar the new to the less new. This will explain why it is useless trying to enjoy a totally unfamiliar kind of art; as soon expect to take pleasure in dancing a dance you do not know, and whose rhythm and step you fail as yet to follow. And it is not only music, as Nietzsche said, but all art, that is but a kind of dancing, a definite rhythmic carrying and moving of the soul. And for this reason there can be no artistic enjoyment without preliminary initiation and training.

Art cannot be enjoyed without initiation and training. I repeat this statement, desiring to impress it on the reader, because, by a coincidence of misunderstanding, it happens to constitute the weightiest accusation in the whole of Tolstoy's very terrible (and, in part, terribly justified) recent arraignment of art. For of what use is the restorative and refreshing power, this quality called beauty, if the quality itself cannot be recognized save after previous training? And what



moral dignity, nay, what decent innocence can there be in a kind of relaxation from which lack of initiation excludes the vast majority of men, the majority which really labors, and therefore has a real claim to relaxation and refreshment? This question of Tolstoy's arises from that same limiting of examination to a brief, partial and, as it happens, most transitional and chaotic present, which has given us that cut-and-dried distinction between work and play; and, indeed, the two misconceptions are very closely connected. For even as our present economic system of production for exchange rather than for consumption has made us conceive *work* as *work* done under compulsion for some one else, and *play* as *play*, with no result even to ourselves; so also has the economic system which employs the human hand and eye merely as a portion of a complicated, monotonously-working piece of machinery, so also has our present order of mechanical and individual production divided the world into a small minority which sees and feels what it is about, and a colossal majority which has no perception, no conception, and, consequently, no preferences attached to the objects it is employed (by the methods of division of labor) to produce, so to speak, without seeing them. Tolstoy has realized that this is the present condition of human labor, and his view of it has been corrected neither by historical knowledge nor by psychological observation. He has shown us *art* as it nowadays exists, divided and specialized into two or three "fine arts," each of which employs exceptional and highly trained talent in the production of objects so elaborate and costly, so lacking in all utility, that they can be possessed only by the rich few; objects, moreover, so unfamiliar in form and in symbol that only the idle can learn to enjoy (or pretend to enjoy) them after

a special preliminary initiation and training.

*Initiation and training*, we have returned to those wretched words, for we also had recognized that without initiation and training there could be no real enjoyment of art. But, looking not at this brief, transitional and topsyturvy present, but at the centuries and centuries which have evolved, not only art, but the desire and habit thereof, we have seen what Tolstoy refused to see, namely, that wherever and whenever (that is to say, everywhere and at all times, save these present European days) art has existed spontaneously, it has brought with it that initiation and training. The initiation and training, the habit of understanding given qualities of form, the discrimination and preference thereof, have come, I maintain, as a result of practical utility. Or rather; out of practical utility has arisen the art itself, and the need for it. The attention, the familiarity which made beauty enjoyable had previously made beauty necessary. It was because the earthenware lamp, the bronze pitcher, the little rude household idols displayed the same arrangements of lines and surfaces, presented the same patterns and features, embodied, in a word, the same visible rhythms of being, that the Greeks could understand without being taught the temples and statues of Athens, Delphi or Olympia. It was because the special form qualities of ogival art (so subtle in movement, unstable in balance and poignant in emotion that a whole century of critical study has scarce sufficed to render them familiar to us) were present in every village tower, every window coping, every chair-back, in every pattern carved, painted, stencilled or woven during the Gothic period; it was because of this that every artisan of the Middle Ages could appreciate less consciously than we, but far more

deeply, the loveliness and the wonder of the great cathedrals. Nay, even in our own times we can see how, through the help of all the cheapest and most perishable household wares, the poorest Japanese is able to enjoy that special peculiarity and synthesis of line and color and perspective which strikes even initiated Westerners as so exotic, far-fetched and almost willfully unintelligible.

I have said that thanks to the objects and sights of everyday use and life the qualities of art could be perceived and enjoyed. It may be that it was thanks to them that art had any qualities and ever existed at all. For, however much the temple, cathedral, statue, fresco, the elaborate bronze or lacquer or colored print, may have reacted on the form, the proportions and linear rhythms and surface arrangements of all common useful objects; it was in the making of these common useful objects (first making by man of genius and thousandfold minute adaptation by respectful mediocrity) that the form qualities came to exist. One may at least hazard this supposition in the face of the extreme unlikeliness that the complexity and perfection of the great works of art could have been obtained solely in works so necessarily rare and few; and that the particular forms constituting each separate style could have originated save under the repeated suggestion of everyday use and technique. And can we not point to the patterns grown out of the necessities of weaving or basket-making, the shapes started by the processes of metal soldering or clay squeezing; let alone the innumerable categories of form manifestly derived from the mere convenience of handling or using, of standing, pouring, holding, hanging up or folding? This much is certain, that only the manifold application of given artistic forms in useful common objects is able to account for that very

slow, gradual and unconscious alteration of them which constitutes the spontaneous evolution of artistic form; and only such manifold application could have given that almost automatic certainty of taste which allowed the great art of the past to continue perpetually changing, through centuries and centuries, and adapting itself over immense geographical areas to every variation of climate, topography, mode of life or religion. Unless the forms of ancient art had been safely embodied in a hundred modest crafts, how could they have undergone the imperceptible and secure metamorphosis from Egyptian to Hellenic, from Greek to Græco-Roman, and thence, from Byzantine, have passed, as one great half, into Italian mediæval art? or how, without such infinite and infinitely varied practice of minute adaptation to humble needs, could Gothic have given us works so different as the French cathedrals, the Ducal Palace, the tiny chapel at Pisa, and remained equally great and wonderful, equally *Gothic*, in the ornament of a buckle as in the porch of Amlens or of Reims? Beauty is born of attention, as happiness is born of life, because attention is rendered difficult and painful by lack of harmony, even as life is clogged, diminished or destroyed by pain. And therefore, when there ceases to exist a close familiarity with visible objects or actions; when the appearance of things is passed over in perfunctory and partial use (as we see it in all mechanical and divided labor); when the attention of all men is not continually directed to shape through purpose, then there will cease to be spontaneous beauty and the spontaneous appreciation of beauty, because there will be no need for either. Beauty of music does not exist for the stone deaf, nor beauty of painting for the purblind; but beauty of no kind whatever, nor in any art, can really exist for the

inattentive, for the over-worked or the idle.

That music should be so far the most really alive of all our modern arts is a fact which confirms all I have argued in the foregoing pages. For music is of all arts the one which insists on most co-operation on the part of its votaries. Requiring to be performed (ninety-nine times out of a hundred) in order to be enjoyed, it has made merely *musical people* into performers, however humble; and has by this means called forth a degree of attention, of familiarity, of practical effort, which makes the art enter in some measure into life, and in that measure, become living. To play an instrument, however humbly, to read at sight, or to sing, if only in a choir, is something wholly different from lounging in a gallery or wandering on a round of cathedrals; it means acquired knowledge, effort, comparison, self-restraint, and all the realities of manipulation; quite apart even from trying to read the composer's intentions, there is in learning to strike the keys with a particular part of the finger tips, or in dealing out the breath and watching intonation and timbre in one's own voice, an output of care and skill akin to those of the smith, the potter or the glass-blower: all this has a purpose and is work, and brings with it disinterested work's reward, love.

To find the analogy of this co-operation in the arts addressing themselves to the eye, we require, nowadays, to leave the great number who merely enjoy (or ought to enjoy) painting, sculpture or architecture, and seek, now that craft is entirely divorced from art, among the small minority which creates, or tries to create. Artistic enjoyment exists nowadays mainly among the class of executive artists; and perhaps it is for this very reason, and because all chance of seeing or making shapely things has ceased in

other pursuits, that the "fine arts" are so lamentably overstocked; the man or woman who would have been satisfied with playing the piano enough to read a score or sing sufficiently to take part in a chorus, has, in the case of other arts, to undergo the training of a painter, sculptor or art critic, and often to delude himself or herself with grotesque ambitions in one of these walks.

Be this as it may, and making the above happy and honorable exception in favor of music, it is no exaggeration to say that in our time it is only artists who get real pleasure out of art, because it is only artists who approach art from the side of work and bring to it work's familiar attention and habitual energy. Indeed, paradoxical as it may sound, art has remained alive during the 19th century, and it will remain alive during the 20th, only and solely because there has been a large public of artists. Of artists, I would add, of quite incomparable vigor and elasticity of genius, and of magnificent disinterestedness and purity of heart. For let us remember that they have worked without having the sympathy of their fellow-men, and worked without the aid and comfort of allied crafts; that they have created while cut off from tradition, unhelpt by the manifold suggestiveness of useful purpose or necessary message; separated entirely from the practical and emotional life of the world at large; tiny knots of voluntary outlaws from a civilization which could not understand them; and, whatever worldly honors may have come to mock their later years, they have been weakened and embittered by early solitude of spirit. No artistic genius of the past has been put through such cruel tests, has been kept on such miserably short commons, as have our artists of the last hundred years, from Turner to Rossetti and Watts, from Manet and Degas and Whistler to Ro-

din and Gustave Moreau. And if their work has shown lapses and failings; if it has been, alas, lacking at times in health or joy or dignity or harmony, let us ask ourselves what the greatest individualities of Antiquity and the Middle Ages would have produced if cut off from the tradition of the Past and the suggestion of the Present—if reduced to exercise art outside the atmosphere of life; and let us look with wonder and gratitude on the men who have been able to achieve great art even for only art's own sake.

## VI.

No better illustration of this could be found than the sections of the Paris Exhibition which came under the heading of "Decorative Art."

Decoration. But decoration of what? In reality of nothing. All the objects—from the jewelry and enamels to the furniture and hangings—which this decorative art is supposed to decorate, are the merest excuse and sham. Not one of them is the least useful, or at all events useful once it is decorated. And nobody wants it to be useful. What is wanted is a pretext, for *doing art* on the side of the artist, for buying costly things on the side of the public. And behind this pretext there is absolutely no genuine demand for any definite object serving any definite use; none of that insistence (which we see in the past) that the shape, material and color should be the very best for practical purposes, and of that other insistence, marvellously blended with the requirements of utility, that the shape, material and color should also be as beautiful as possible. The invaluable suggestions of real practical purpose, the organic dignity of integrated habit and necessity, the safety of tradition, the spiritual weightiness of genuine message, all these elements of creative power are lacking. And

in default of them we see a great amount of artistic talent, artificially fed and excited by the teaching and the example of every possible past or present art, exhausting itself in attempts to invent, to express, to be something, anything, so long as it is new. Hence forms gratuitous, without organic quality or logical cogency, pulled about, altered and re-altered, carried to senseless finish and then wilfully blurred. Hence that sickly imitation, in a brand new piece of work, of the effects of time, weather, and of every manner of accident or deterioration; the pottery and enamels reproducing the mere patina of age or the trickles of bad firing; the relief work in marble or metal which looks as if it had been rolled for centuries in the sea, or corroded by acids under ground. And the total effect, increased by all these methods of wilful blunting and blurring, in an art without stamina, tired, impotent, short-lived, while produced by an excessive expense of talent and effort of invention.

For here we have the mischief; all the artistic force is spent by the art in merely keeping alive; and there is no reserve energy for living with serenity and depth of feeling. The artist wears himself out, to a great extent, in wondering what he shall do (there being no practical reason for doing one thing more than another, or indeed anything at all), instead of applying his power, with steady, habitual certainty of purpose and efficiency of execution, to doing it in the very best way. Hence, despite this outlay of inventive force, or rather in direct consequence thereof, there is none of that completeness and measure and congruity, that restrained exuberance of fancy, that more than adequate carrying out, that all-round harmony, which are possible only when the artist is altering to his individual taste some shape already furnished by tradition or subduing to his pleasure

some problem insisted on by practical necessity.

Meanwhile, all round these galleries crammed with useless objects barely pretending to any utility, round these pavilions of the Decorative Arts, the Exhibition exhibits (most instructive of all its shows) samples of the most marvellous indifference not merely to beauty, peace and dignity, but to the most rudimentary æsthetic and moral comfort. For all the really useful things which men take seriously because they increase wealth and power, because they save time and overcome distance; all these "useful" things have the naïve and colossal ugliness of rudimentary animals, or of abortions, of everything hurried untimely into existence; machines, sheds, bridges, trams, motor cars; not one line corrected, not one angle smoothed, for the sake of the eye, of the nerves of the spectator. And all of it, both decorative futility and cynically hideous practicality (let alone the various exotic raree shows from distant countries or more distant centuries) expect to be enjoyed after a jostle at the doors and a scurry along the crowded corridors, and to the accompaniment of every rattling and shrieking and jarring sound. For mankind in our days intends to revel in the most complicated and far-fetched kinds of beauty while cultivating convenient callousness to the most elementary and atrocious sorts of ugliness. The art itself reveals it; for even in its superfine isolation and existence for its own sake only, art cannot escape its secondary mission of expressing and recording the spirit of its times. These elaborate æsthetic baubles of the "Decorative Arts" are full of quite incredibly gross barbarism. And, even as the iron chest, studded with nails, or the walnut press, unadorned save by the intrinsic beauty and dignity of their proportions, and the tender irregularities of their hammered surface,

the subtle bevelling of their panels; even as these humble objects in some dark corner of an Italian castle or on the mud floor of a Breton cottage, symbolize in my mind the most intense artistic sensitiveness and reverence of the Past; so, here, at this Exhibition, my impressions of contemporary over-refinement and callousness are symbolized in a certain cupboard, visibly incapable of holding either linen or garments or crockery or books, of costly and delicately polished wood, but shaped like a packing case, and displaying with marvellous impartiality two exquisitely cast and chased door-guard plates of far-fetched, many-tinted alloys of silver, and—a set of hinges, a lock and a key, such as the village ironmonger supplies in blue paper parcels of a dozen. A mere coincidence, an accident, you may object; an unlucky oversight which cannot be fairly alleged against the art of our times. Pardon me; there may be coincidences and accidents in other matters, but there are none in art; because the essence of art is to sacrifice even the finest irrelevancies, to subordinate the most refractory details, to subdue coincidence and accident into seeming purpose of harmony. And whatever our practical activity, in its identification of time and money, may allow itself in the way of "scampering" and of "shoddy"—art can never plead an oversight, because art, in so far as it is art, represents those organic and organized preferences in the domain of form, those imperative and stringent demands for harmony, which see everything, feel everything and know no law or motive save their own complete satisfaction. Art for art's sake! We see it nowhere revealed so clearly as in the Exhibition, where it masks as "Decorative Art." Art answering no claim of practical life and obeying no law of contemplative preference, art without root, without organism,



without logical reason or moral decorum, art for mere buying and selling, art which expresses only self-assertion on the part of the seller, and self-satisfaction on the part of the buyer. A walk through this Exhibition is an object lesson in a great many things besides æsthetics; it forces one to ask a good many of Tolstoy's angriest questions; but it enables one also, if duly familiar with the art of past times, to answer them in a manner different from Tolstoy's. 'One carries away the fact, which implies so many others, that not one of these objects is otherwise than expensive; expensive, necessarily and intentionally, from the rarity both of the kind of skill and of the kind of material; these things are reserved by their price as well as their uselessness, for a small number of idle persons. They have no connection with life, either by penetrating by serviceableness deep into that of the individual; or by spreading, by cheapness, over a wide surface of the life of the nations.

## VII.

The moment has now come for that inevitable question, with which friendly readers unintentionally embarrass, and hostile ones purposely interrupt, any exposition of mal-adjustment in the order of the universe: But what remedy do you propose?

Mal-adjustments of a certain gravity are not set right by proposable arrangements; they are remedied by the fullness and extent of the feeling against them, which employs for its purposes and compels into its service all the unexpected and incalculable coincidences and accidents which would otherwise be wasted, counteracted or even used by some different kind of feeling. And the use that a writer can be—even a Ruskin or a Tolstoy—is limited not to devising programs of change (mere

symptoms often that some unprogrammed change is preparing), but to nursing the strength of that great motor which creates its own ways and instruments; impatience with evil conditions, desire for better.

A cessation of the special æsthetic mal-adjustment of our times, by which art is divorced from life and life from art, is as difficult to foretell in detail as the new-adjustment between labor and the other elements of production which will, most probably, have to precede it. A healthy artistic life has indeed existed in the past through centuries of social wrongness as great as our own, and even greater; indeed, such artistic life, more or less continuous until our day, attests the existence of great mitigations in the world's former wretchedness (such as individuality in labor, spirit of co-operative solidarity, religious feeling; but perhaps the most important alleviations lie far deeper and more hidden)—mitigations without which there would not have been happiness and strength enough to produce art; nor, for the matter of that, to produce what was then the future, including ourselves and our advantages and disadvantages. The existence of art has by no means implied, as Ruskin imagined, with his teleological optimism and tendency to believe in Eden and banishment from Eden, that people once lived in a kind of millennium; it merely shows that, however far from millennial their condition, there was stability enough to produce certain alleviations, and notably the alleviations without which art cannot exist, and the alleviations which art itself affords. It is not, therefore, the badness of our present social arrangements (in many ways far less bad than those of the past) which is responsible for our lack of all really vital, deep-seated, widely-spread and happiness-giving art; but merely the feature in this latter-day badness which, after all, is our chief

reason for hope; the fact that the social mal-adjustments of this century are, to an extent hitherto unparalleled, the mal-adjustments incident to a state of over-rapid and therefore insufficiently deep-reaching change of superficial legal and material improvements extending in reality only to a very small number of persons and things and unaccompanied by any real renovation in the thought, feeling or mode of living of the majority; the mal-adjustment of transition, of disorder and perfunctoriness, by the side of which the regularly recurring disorders of the past—civil wars, barbarian invasions, plagues, etc.—are incidents leaving the foundation of life unchanged; transitional disorders which we fail to remark only because we are ourselves a part of the hurry, the scuffle and the general wastefulness. How soon and how this transition period of ours will come to an end, it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to foretell; but that it *must* soon end is certain, if only for one reason; namely, that the changes accumulated during our times must inevitably work their way below the surface; the new material and intellectual methods must become absorbed and organized, and thereby produce some kind of interdependent and less easily disturbed new conditions; briefly, that the amount of alteration we have witnessed will occasion a corresponding integration. And with this period of integration and increasing organization and comparative stability there will come new alleviations and adjustments in life, and with these the reappearance in life of art.

In what manner it is absurd, merely foolishly impatient or foolishly cavilling, to ask. Not certainly by a return to the past and its methods, but by the coming of the future with new methods having the same result; the maintenance and tolerable quality of human life, of body and soul. Hence probably

by a further development of democratic institutions and machine industry, but democratic institutions neither authoritative nor *laissez faire*; machinery of which the hand and mind of man will be the guide, not the slave.

One or two guesses may perhaps be warranted. First, that the distribution of wealth, or more properly of work and idleness, will gradually be improved, and the exploitation of individuals in great gangs cease; hence that the workman will be able once more to see and shape what he is making, and that, on the other side, the possessor of objects will have to use them, and therefore learn their appearance and care for it; also that many men will possess enough, and scarcely any men possess much more than enough, so that what there is of houses, furniture, chattels, books or pictures in private possession may be enjoyed at leisure and with unglutted appetite, and for that reason be beautiful. We may also guess that willing co-operation in peaceful employments, that spontaneous formation of groups of opinion as well as of work, and the multiplication of small centres of activity, may create a demand for places of public education and amusement and of discussion and self-expression, and revive those celebrations, religious and civil, in which the art of Antiquity and of the Middle Ages found its culmination; the service of large bodies and of the community absorbing the higher artistic gifts in works necessarily accessible to the multitude; and the humbler talents—all the good amateur quality at present wasted in ambitious efforts—being applied in every direction to the satisfaction of individual artistic desire. If such a distribution of artistic activity should seem, to my contemporaries, utopian, I would point out that it has existed throughout the past, and in states of society infinitely worse than are ever likely to recur. For even

slaves and serfs could make unto themselves some kind of art befitting their conditions; and even the most despotic aristocracies and priesthoods could adequately express their power and pride only in works which even the slave and serf was able to see. In the whole of the world's art history, it is this present of ours which forms the exception; and as the changes of the future will certainly be for greater social health and better social organization, it is not likely that this bad exception will be the beginning of a new rule.

Meanwhile we can, in some slight measure, foretell one or two of the directions in which our future artistic readjustment is most likely to begin, even apart from that presumable social reorganization and industrial progress which will give greater leisure and comfort to the workers, and make their individual character the guide, and not the slave, of this machinery. Such a direction is already indicated by one of our few original and popular forms of art; the picture-book and the poster, which, by the new processes of color printing, have placed some of the most fanciful and delicate of our artists—men like Caldecott and Walter Crane, like Cheret and Boutet de Monvel, at the service of every one equally. Moreover, it is probable that long before machinery is so perfected as to demand individual guidance, preference and therefore desire for beauty, and long before a corresponding readjustment of work and leisure, the eye will have again become attentive through the necessities of rational education. The habit of teaching both adults and children by demonstration rather than precept, by awaking the imagination rather than burdening the memory, will quite undoubtedly recall attention to visible things, and thereby open new fields to art; geography, geology, natural history, let alone history in its vast—er modern sociological and anthropo-

logical aspect, will insist upon being taught no longer merely through books, but through collections of visible objects; and for all purposes of reconstructive and synthetic conception, through pictures. And, what is more, the sciences will afford a new field for poetic contemplation; while the philosophy born of such sciences will synthesize new modes of seeing life and demand new visible symbols. The future will create cosmogonies and Divine Comedies more numerous, more various, than those on sculptured Egyptian temples and Gothic cathedrals, and Bibles more imaginative perhaps than the ones painted in the Pisa Campo Santo and in the Sixtine Chapel. The future? Nay, we can see a sample already in the present. I am alluding to the panels by Albert Besnard in the School of Pharmacy in Paris, a series illustrating the making of medicinal drugs, their employment and the method and subject matter of the sciences on which pharmaceutical practice is based. Not merely the plucking and drying of the herbs in sunny, quiet botanical gardens, and the sorting and mingling of earths and metals among the furnaces of the laboratory; not merely the first tremendous tragic fight between the sudden sickness and the physician, and the first pathetic, hard-won victory, the first weary but rapturous return out of doors of the convalescent; but the life of the men on whose science our power for life against death is based; the botanists knee-deep in the pale, spring woods; the geologists in the snowy hollows of the great blue mountain; the men themselves, the youths listening and the elder men teaching, grave and eager intellectual faces, in the lecture rooms. And, finally, the things which fill the minds of these men, their thoughts and dreams, the poetry they have given to the world; the poetry of that infinitely remote, dim past, evoked out of cavern

remains and fossils—the lake-dwellers among the mists of melting glaciers; the primæval horses playing on the still manless shores; the great saurians plunging in the waves of long-dried seas; the jungles which are now our coal beds; and see! the beginning of organic life, the first callow vegetation on the stagnant waters in the dawn-light of the world. The place is but a mean, boarded and glazed vestibule; full of the sickly fumes of chemicals; and the people who haunt it are only future apothecaries. But the compositions are as spacious and solemn, the colors as tender and brilliant, and the poetry as high and contemplative as that of any mediæval fresco; it is all new also, undreamed of, *sui generis*, in its impersonal cosmic suggestiveness, as in its coloring of opal, and metallic patinas, and tea rose and Alpine ice cave.

I have alluded already to the fact that, perhaps because of the part of actual participating work which it entails, music is the art which has most share in life and of life, nowadays. It seems probable therefore that its especial mission may be to keep alive in us the feeling and habit of art, and to transmit them back to those arts of visible form to which it owes, perhaps, the training necessary to its own architectural structure and its own color combinations. Compared with the arts of line and projection, music seems at a certain moral disadvantage as not being applicable to the things of everyday use and also not educating us to the better knowledge of the beautiful and significant things of nature. In connection with this kind of blindness, music is also compatible (as we see by its flourishing in great manufacturing towns) with a great deal of desecration of nature and much hand-to-mouth ruthlessness of life. But, on the other hand, music has the especial power of suggesting and regulating emotion, and

the still more marvellous faculty of creating an inner world for itself, inviolable because ubiquitous.

And, therefore, with its audible rhythms and harmonies, its restrained climaxes and finely ordered hierarchies, music may discipline our feelings, or rather what underlies our feelings, the almost unconscious life of our nerves, to modalities of order and selection, and make the spaceless innermost of our spirit into some kind of sanctuary, swept and garnished until the coming of better days.

#### VIII.

According to a certain class of thinkers, among whom I find Guyau and other men of note, art is destined partially to replace religion in our lives. But with what are you going to replace religion itself in art? For the religious feeling, whenever it existed, gave art an element of thoroughness which the desire for pleasure and interest, even for æsthetic pleasure and interest, does not supply. An immense fulness of energy is due to the fact that beautiful things, as employed by religion, were intended to be beautiful all through, adequate in the all-seeing eye of God or Gods, not merely beautiful on the surface, on the side turned towards the glance of man. For, in religious art, beautiful things are an oblation; they are the best that we can give, as distinguished from a pleasure arranged for ourselves and got as cheap as possible. Herein lies the impassable gulf between the church and the theatre, considered æsthetically; for it is only in the basest times, of formalism in art as in religion, of superstition and sensualism, that we find the church imitating the theatre in its paper glories and plaster painted like marble. The real, living, religious spirit insists on bringing, as in St. Mark's, a gift of precious material, of delicate antique

ornament, with every shipload. The crown of the Madonna is not, like the tragedy queen's, of tinsel, the sacrament is not given in an empty chalice. The priest, even where he makes no effort to be holy as a man, is at least sacred as a priest; whereas there is something uncomfortable in the sense that the actor is only pretending to be this or the other, and we ourselves pretending to believe him; there is a thin and acid taste in the shams of the stage and in all art which, like that of the stage, exists only to the extent necessary to please our fancy or excite our feelings. Why so? For is not pleasing the fancy and exciting our feelings the real, final use of art? Doubtless. But there would seem to be in nature a law not merely of the greater economy of means, but also of the greatest output of efficacy; effort helping effort, and function, function; and many activities, in harmonious interaction, obtaining a measure of result far surpassing their mere addition. The creations of our mind are, of course, mere spiritual existences, things of seeming, akin to illusions; and yet our mind can never rest satisfied with an unreality, because our mind is active, penetrative and grasping, and therefore craves for realization, for completeness and truth, and feels bruised and maimed whenever it hits against a dead wall or is pulled up by a contradiction; nay, worst of all, it grows giddy and faint when suddenly brought face to face with emptiness. All insufficiency and shallowness means loss of power; and it is such loss of power that we remark when we compare with the religious art of past times the art which, every day more and more, is given us by the hurried and over-thrifty (may I say "Reach-me-down"?) hands of secularism. The great art of Greece and of the Middle Ages most often represents something which, to our mind and feel-

ings, is as important, and even as beautiful, as the representation itself; and the representation, the actual "work of art" itself, gains by that added depth and reverence of our mood, is carried deeper (while helping to carry deeper) into our soul. Instead of which we moderns try to be satisfied with allowing the seeing part of us to light on something pleasant and interesting, while giving the mind only triviality to rest upon; and the mind goes to sleep or chafes to move away. We cannot live intellectually and morally in presence of the idea, say, of a jockey of Degas, or one of his ballet girls in contemplation of her shoe, as long as we can live æsthetically in the arrangement of lines and masses and dabs of color and interlacings of light and shade which translate themselves into this *idea* of jockey or ballet girl; we are therefore bored, ruffled, or, what is worse, we learn to live on insufficient spiritual rations, and grow anæmic.

Our short-sighted practicality, which values means while disregarding ends, and conceives usefulness only as a stage in making some other *utility*, has led us to suppose that the desire for beauty is compatible, nay commensurate, with indifference to reality; the *real* having come to mean that which you can plant, cook, eat or sell, not what you can feel and think. This notion credits us with an actual craving for something which should exist as little as possible, in one dimension only, so to speak, or as upon a screen (for fear of occupying valuable space which might be given to producing more food than we can eat); whereas what we desire is just such beauty as will surround us on all sides, such harmony as we can live in; our soul, dissatisfied with the reality which happens to surround it, seeks on the contrary to substitute a new reality of its own making, to rebuild the universe, like Omar



Khayyam, according to the heart's desire. And nothing can be more different than such an instinct from the alleged satisfaction in playing with dolls and knowing that they are not real people. By an odd paradoxical coincidence, that very disbelief in the *real* character of art, and that divorce betwixt art and utility, is really due to our ultra-practical habit of taking seriously only the serviceable or instructive sides of things; the quality of beauty, which the healthy mind insists upon in everything it deals with, getting to be considered as an idle adjunct, fulfilling no kind of purpose; and therefore as something detachable, separate and speedily relegated to the museum or lumber-room where we keep our various shams; ideals, philosophies, all the playthings with which we sometimes while away our idleness. Whereas in fact a great work of art, like a great thought of goodness, exists essentially for our more thorough, our more *real* satisfaction; the soul goes into it with all its higher hankerings, and rests peaceful, satisfied, so long as it is enclosed in this dwelling of its own choice. And it is, on the contrary, the flux of what we call real life, that is to say, of life imposed on us by outer necessities and combinations, which is so often one-sided, perfunctory, not to be dwelt upon by thought nor penetrated into by feeling, and endurable only according to the angle or the lighting up—the angle or lighting up called “purpose” which we apply to it.

The Contemporary Review.

With what, I ventured to ask just now, are you going to fill the place of religion in art?

With nothing, I believe, unless with religion itself. Religion, perhaps externally unlike any of which we have historical experience; but religion, whether individual or collective, possessing, just because it is immortal, all the immortal essence of all past and present creeds. And just because religion is the highest form of human activity, and its utility is the crowning one of thoughtful and feeling life, just for this reason will religion return, sooner or later, to be art's most universal and most noble employer.

In the foregoing pages I have tried to derive the need of beauty from the fact of attention, attention to what we do, think and feel, as well as see and hear; and to demonstrate therefore that all spontaneous and efficient art is *the making and doing of useful things in such manner as shall be beautiful*. During this demonstration I have, incidentally, though inexplicitly, pointed out the utility of art itself and of beauty. For beauty is that mode of existence of visible or audible or thinkable things which imposes on our contemplating energies rhythms and patterns of unity, harmony and completeness; and thereby gives us the foretaste and the habit of higher and more perfect forms of life. Art is born of the utilities of life; and art is in itself one of life's greatest utilities.

Vernon Lee.

## DOWN THE DANUBE IN A CANADIAN CANOE.

## II.

We spent a week in the quaint old town of Ulm, but our adventures there have properly no part in our journey down the river. Only, in passing, I must mention the courtesy of the Danube Rowing Club. Fritz Miller (who rowed at Henley in 1900 for the Diamond Sculls) is the leading spirit in a list of members who showed us all possible kindness. They housed and mended our canoe, varnished it afresh, and gave us better maps. The secret charms of picturesque Ulm unknown to the tourist were shown to us; and in the evenings we used to meet for music and supper in a quaint little club-room that hangs half of its Roman masonry over the rushing river.

Here the navigation of the Danube (such as it is) is said to begin. The fierce current allows no boats or steamers, but immense barges (called *Ulmer schachtel*) laden with merchandise, are floated down the current to the Bavarian towns below. On arrival they are sold for lumber, the return journey being impossible.

The Rowing Club takes out eights and fours. Rowing with all their might they move two miles an hour against the current; and it may well be imagined that, with this training, they are well nigh the first rowing club in Germany.

There was a great deal of rain while we were in Ulm and we started again on a rapidly rising river, full of floating rubbish, and rushing at a pace that made it a pleasure merely to stand and watch it from the bank. The Bavarian bank (Ulm is on the frontier line of Bavaria and Württemberg) displayed black sign-boards with the kilometers

marked in white. We timed our speed by one of Benson's chronometers and found it to be over twelve miles an hour. It was like travelling over a smooth road behind fast horses. My note-book gives an average day, the day, for instance, we left Ulm.

June 19th. The members of the Rowing Club came down in force to see us off at eleven o'clock. Flags were flying in our honor, and we heard the men shouting *glückliche Reise* as we shot the middle arch of the bridge on the waves of a rather nasty rapid. The bridge was lined with people, but we only faintly heard their cries for the thunder of the waves. This exceedingly rapid water makes awkward currents as it swirls round the pillars of the big bridges. Behind the arches are always whirlpools, which twist you sideways and toss you from them with ridiculous ease. A wrong turn of the steering paddle and the canoe would be sucked in instead of thrown out, and then—! At a little distance below the bridge the eddies of the whirlpool from adjacent pillars meet in a series of crested waves. The only safe channel lies exactly in the middle. The canoe rises, slaps down again, all its length a-quiver; the first wave breaks under the bows and some of the water comes in, but before enough is shipped to be dangerous the frail craft rises again with a leap to the next wave. Then the race begins. The least wrong twist to left or right and the waves break sideways into the canoe and down she goes. It takes so little water to sink a laden canoe.

To-day, for the first time, we heard the famous song of the Danube—famous at least to us who had read of it in so many different accounts. It is a hissing, seething sound which rises everywhere from the river. You think steam must be escaping somewhere, or soda-water fizzing out from an immense syphon among the woods on the banks. It is said to be the friction

of the pebbles along the bed of the river, caused by the terrific speed of so great a body of water. Under the canoe it made a peculiar buzzing sound accompanied by a distinct vibration of the thin bass-wood on which we knelt.

We swept through Bavaria much faster than we wished, but it was impossible to go slowly. The river communicated something of its hurry to ourselves, and in my mind the journey now presents itself something in the form of a series of brilliant cinematographs. Delightful were our lunches at the quaint inns of remote villages—black bread, sausage and such beer!—Lauingen, a town of the sixteenth century, where the spokesman of the crowd said, "I suppose you're both single;" Donauwörth, in a paradise of wild flowers, where the Lech tears in on the right with leaping waves; Neuberg, with a dangerous stone bridge and the worst rapids we had yet encountered. Then a long stretch where the swamps ceased and the woods began to change. Instead of endless willows we had pine, oak, sycamore, birch and poplar. The river was a mile wide with outlets into lagoons, like Norfolk Broads, that ran parallel with us for miles and were probably empty mud flats at low water. Fishing-nets were hanging up to dry along the shore, and hay lay sunning itself on the narrow strips of the banks. We passed Ingolstadt, a military post, and then the river dipped down before us into blue hills and we came to Vohburg—destroyed by the Swiss in 1641, and now, apparently, nothing but a collection of quaint chimneys and storks' nests—and, soon after it, Eining, near Abusina, a Roman frontier station established fifteen years before our era. Trajan's wall crossed the river near here and extended north as far as Wiesbaden.

Then the river narrowed between precipitous limestone cliffs and we

entered the gorge of Kehlheim. At its very mouth, between impregnable rocks, lay the monastery of Weltenburg, the oldest in Bavaria. The river sweeping round a bend into the rocky jaws made landing difficult; but we accomplished it, and entered the old courtyard through an iron gate with graceful stone pillars. There were everywhere the signs of neglect and decay. The monks' quarters formed one side of the square and the church another; a third side was a wall of rock; the fourth was the river. It was secluded, peaceful beyond description, absolutely out of the world. The air was cool, the shadows deep. Fruit-trees grew in the courtyard, and monks (there were only thirteen in all) in black gowns were piling up wood for the winter. A priest was intoning vespers in the church, which boasted a beautiful organ, marble altars and elaborate carving of the usual gilded sort. The sunshine filled the painted air. Outside over the neglected walls crept vines, and at the far end of the courtyard a wild rose-tree, covered with sweet-smelling blossoms, grew at the foot of crumbling stone steps that led under shady trees to a chapel perched on the cliffs. We toiled up in the heat and were rewarded by a glorious view; from above the monastery was shut in like a nest between river and cliffs.

Later in the day we were driven by a violent thunderstorm to the first landing-place we could find. It was a few miles below Weltenburg in the very heart of the gorge. With surprising good fortune we found a cave leading deep into the mountain, and in less than ten minutes we were dry and snug before a fire burning cheerfully for dinner. It was a strange camp—the storm howling outside and the firelight dancing down behind us into the interior of the cave, which was unnecessarily full of bats.

At Ratisbon, the *Castra Regina* of the Romans, we were solemnly warned not to attempt to pass under the bridge. "The whirlpools are savage," they told us. "Of the seven arches of this six-hundred-year-old bridge, all but one are forbidden by the police." Leaving the canoe half a mile above we landed and walked down the shore to examine. "Boats *have* gone through," said a pompous man on the bridge as he pointed out the worst places to us, "but even if they have got under the arch they have always been sucked in *there!*" He pointed to a white, seething circle of water. "You'll never get through that in your cockle-shell, and you'll be arrested even if you do."

"Arrested—how?" we asked. By way of answer he raised his eyebrows and held up a fat hand in eloquent warning. However, we carefully selected our channel from the bridge, and twenty minutes later were coming down stream towards the arches as cautiously as our speed would permit. People ran along the shore waving their hats and shouting to us to stop. The bridge in front was black with the crowd waiting to see the *verrückte Engländer* upset. We reached the arch and recognized our channel. The water dropped suddenly in front of us and the canoe dipped her nose with it. We were off. The bank and the shouting people flew past us in a black streak. I was just able to recognize one man, our pompous friend, standing below the bridge shading his eyes with his hand, evidently determined to get the best view possible. The roar of voices dwindled behind us into a murmur and a minute later we were out of sight; Ratisbon, bridge, whirlpools and townsfolk were things of the past. We were not arrested, but perhaps the police are still trying to catch us.

After this came a dull spell as we crossed the great wheat-plain of Bavaria, winding for two days with many

curves and little current. Every morning here the workers in the fields woke us early, and praised the boat, and asked us the usual questions, and told us the usual falsehoods about the depth of the river, the distances of the towns, the floods of past years and all the rest of it. We made no halt at Straubing (Servio Durum of the Romans), or at Deggendorf where the Isar adds its quota of mountain-gathered waters.

Another day was very dismal—cold showers and storms of wind following one upon another. We crouched under bridges, trees, and anything else that gave cover, paddling fast between the squalls to keep ourselves warm. The plain of Straubing affords little shelter. Towards evening, however, the river made a welcome turn towards the mountains, and we camped on a high bank among clumps of willows with thick woods behind them. New potatoes, dried prunes and onions in the stew-pot were points of light in a gusty and otherwise dismal meal. We pegged the tent inside and out. All night the wind tore at it, howling; but a gypsy-tent never comes down. The wind sweeps over it, and finding an ever lessening angle of existence, only drives it more firmly into the ground.

Gradually, now, we were passing out of the lonely portions of the upper river. The country was becoming more populated; larger towns were near; railway-bridges spanned the river; steamers and tugs raced down and toiled up it.

A few miles above Passau we camped on an island, and were visited by an inquisitive peasant, who saw our fire and came over from the mainland in a punt. "Are we trespassing?" I asked. "No; the island's usually under water." This was all he ever said in our hearing, though he stayed with us, it seemed, for hours. He was a surly-looking fellow in the roughest clothes, with

trousers turned up to his knees and bare feet. His curiosity was immense; with arms crossed and legs wide apart, he stood and stared in silence with expressionless features. We had some villainous Black Forest cigars, bearing on the label the words *la noblesse*, which we sometimes used to get rid of obnoxious people. We gave him two. Knowing nothing about the Greeks and those bearing gifts he nodded his thanks—and smoked both to the very end! Yet he never stirred, his eyes never left us. It was impossible to prepare our frugal dinner under this merciless scrutiny. At length I prevailed upon him to go over for some eggs, and to bring them to us in the morning for breakfast. He left without a word in his punt, and a sense of oppression seemed to go with him. But just as dinner was over and we were settling round the fire to our tobacco, he suddenly reappeared. He had brought the eggs in his hat, and he was dressed this time in his Sunday clothes! For an hour he stood beside the fire, answering no questions, volunteering no remarks, till at length my friend went up, shook hands, wished him good-night, and straightway disappeared into the tent. I did likewise, and then the fellow took the hint, and went.

This happened at a place called Pleinling. Another thing also happened there. On the smaller of the arms into which our island divided the river was a weir. With empty canoe, and dressed in shirt and trousers, we practised shooting this weir next morning. The day was hot, and our other things were meanwhile drying on the bank. The silent peasant came over to watch the proceedings, and with him came a picturesque old fellow, most talkative and entertaining, with white hair and a face like Liszt's. When he saw us preparing to shoot the fall he was much excited.

"Have you wives and children?" he asked shaking his head warningly. I went over first while my friend took the camera, and got his picture a second before the canoe plunged into the foam and upset. The old fellow, whose name was Jacob Meyer, was not in the least put out. He leaned on his scythe and watched me struggling in the water with the overturned canoe without making any effort to help. Afterwards, when we gave him a *noblesse*, he took a lean, dirty little purse out of his pocket, and said, "How much am I to pay for it?" And when we promised to send him the photographs he asked the same question again.

Some hours later we reached Passau, a few miles from the Austrian frontier, and this last glimpse of Bavaria, after traversing its entire breadth, was the sweetest of all. But only from the river itself can you see the quaint old houses leaning over at all imaginable angles; the towers and crooked wooden balconies; gardens hanging from the second stories, walls with ancient paintings dimmed by wind and weather; and decayed archways showing vistas of tumbling roofs, broken chimneys and peeps of vivid blue sky at the far ends. The picture it made in my mind as we paddled through it in the late afternoon is uncommonly picturesque—a jumble of gables, towers, bridges and the swift muddy Danube rushing past it all in such tremendous hurry.

Half a mile below, the Inn poured in from the Tyrolese Alps and carried us into the finest gorge we had so far seen. The new comer brought cold air with it, and we swept into the gloomy ravine between high mountains with something like a genuine shudder. More and more swiftly ran the river as it compressed itself with an angry roar into a few hundred yards' width and swirled into the hills raging at the indignity thus heaped



upon it. It became very difficult now to choose camping-places, as the stream fills the entire gorge, leaving only narrow ledges at the foot of the heights where a tent can stand. Upon one of these ledges, broader than the rest, we managed at length to land. A projecting point of rock sent the water flying out at a tangent into mid-stream and formed a strong back-water below it. Into this we contrived to twist the canoe's nose and on a little promontory, covered with yellow ragwort, we pitched our tent. It commanded a view for two miles up the ravine with the sinking sun at the far end. A boy was tending half a dozen cows among the scanty bushes; a queer little imp, with wide open blue eyes, who watched us land and prepare our camp with no signs of fear or surprise. We gave him cherries and chocolate, and he stuffed his mouth with one and his pockets with the other; then he came and stood over our fire and warmed himself without invitation, as if it had been made for his special benefit. A quaint little figure he cut with his pointed, feathered hat and big eyes. He told us that his name was Josef, that he lived two miles further on, went to bed every night at nine o'clock and got up every morning at four. Then he took off his hat, said good-night and vanished into the bushes after his cows.

The sun set in a blaze of golden light that filled the whole gorge with fire; but when the glory faded, the strange grandeur of the place began to make itself felt. The ravine was filled with strange noises, the wooded heights looked forbidding, and the great river rolled in a sullen, black flood into the night.

Next morning we passed a big rock in midstream with a shrine perched on its summit; and just beyond it we entered Austria, and visited the customs at Engelhartzell, a village on the

right bank with an old Cistercian monastery behind it. There was no duty to pay, and we raced on past the mountain village of Obermühl, and out of the gorge into a fertile and undulating country basking in the fierce sunshine.

Neuhaus, with a fine castle on a wooded height, and Ashach, with a view of the Styrian Alps, flashed by. The river from here to Linz is full of history, and its muddy waters have more than once borne crimson foam. There were bloody fights here during the revolt of the peasantry of Upper Austria. Ashach, in 1626, was the insurgents' headquarters where (as also at Neuhaus) they barricaded the Danube with immense chains to prevent the Bavarians from assisting Count Herberstein, the Austrian governor, who was shut up in Linz. When in flood the Danube escapes from this narrow prison with untold violence. Everywhere the villages bear witness of its path, though most of them lie far away from the banks. High upon the walls lines show the high-water marks of previous years with the dates. "A single night will often send us into the upper stories," said a woman who sold us milk and eggs; "but the water falls as quickly as it rises, and then we come down again." She took it as a matter of course.

The shores became lonely again and our camps were rarely disturbed. One morning, however, about six o'clock we heard some one rummaging among our pans. Then something stumbled heavily against the tent, and there was a sound of many feet and an old familiar smell. We rushed out to find ourselves in the centre of a herd of about fifty cows. One had its nose in the provision basket; another was drinking the milk standing in the pail of water; a third was scratching its head against the iron prop of the kettle. Their curiosity was insatiable; every time we drove them off they returned. While

my friend was frying the bacon and I was performing ablutions lower down on the river bank, a squadron swept down upon us unexpectedly by a clever flank movement, and one of them whipped up my pyjamas near the tent and ran down the shore with them on her horns. My friend dared not leave the bacon—and I was *in nudis*! It was exciting for the next few minutes.

In blazing heat that day we came to Linz, the capital of Upper Austria. Below it the Traun and the Enns flowed in, and the Danube became a magnificent river rolling through broad banks alternately wooded and covered with crops and orchards; and now, too, we begin again to see vineyards, of which Bavaria had seemed bare.

For a long time, strange as it may sound, we had been enforced vegetarians and drinkers of condensed milk. We could rarely get fresh milk, though we trudged many a mile to farmhouses and inns for it; either it was all used for butter, or had already been sent to the towns. Of course it would not keep sweet in our canoe under the blazing heat, and we could only trust to the chance of getting it an hour or so before we needed it. But when we were lucky enough to get it, how delicious were those messes of bolted bread and milk! Meat, too, was hard to come at, except at certain hours. The butchers in the small towns open their shops at certain times only. Not one of them would ever trouble himself to supply us with merely a pound of meat, and more would not, of course, keep fresh.

We were drawing near Vienna now, but first we passed through another fine gorge. It began at Grein (where the Duke of Coburg's castle, Greinburg, looks down from the heights) and before we emerged breathless at the other end we had come through the famous whirlpools known as the Wirbel and Strudel. The river, nar-

rowed by half its width, plunged with many contortions round sharp corners, between high cliffs and past the island-rock of Wörth. Rising in long, heaving undulations the water was alive with whirlpools, twisting and sucking, and throwing us here and there, gushing up underneath us with ugly noises and seething on every side. There was no foam, no crests, no waves or spray; it was like a monstrous snake trying to writhe through a hole too small for it. The shore raced by at top speed, and steering was uncomfortable for a time. In former years these whirlpools were a source of great danger to the navigation; but in 1866 the Emperor had certain rocks blown up and now an inscription on the face of the cliff testifies to the thanks of a grateful people. The traveller in a big steamer might think this description exaggerated. He would not think so in a canoe.

It is impossible to mention, as one would like, all the abbeys, churches, monasteries, ruins, islands and other points of historic interest that throng the banks. The scenery is enchanting as well as enchanted. There were some interesting castles in these mountains, and grim they still look even in their ruins. Aggstein rose in solitary grandeur on a peak that commanded miles of the Danube in both directions. It was built in the twelfth century by the Kuenings, a robber-race which stretched chains across the river, plundered the traffic and drowned the owners. We could still see the Blashauss Tower from which the sentinel announced the approach of boats. It was a plundering, murdering family, and was finally destroyed by the great Ulrich von Grafeneck.

Before Ybbs (the Roman Pons Isidis) we saw the wonderful ruins of Dürrenstein where Richard Cœur de Lion was imprisoned. Here, on the very spot, it was interesting to recall how

he was recognized when walking through the fields at Erdberg (since merged in Vienna), captured and handed over to his enemy Duke Leopold of Austria, who entrusted him in turn to the keeping of the Kuenings. They kept him for fifteen months (1193) in the great castle of Dürrenstein beneath whose grim walls we passed in our canoe. In Austria the story is implicitly believed, whatever we may think of it in England.

The following day we saw the blue hills of the Wiener Wald rising behind Vienna, and before long we were obliged to don our best clothes, and send a porter down from our hotel to fetch the luggage from the bathing-house where the canoe lay below the Reichsbrücke.

We did not stay long in Vienna. Rooms in July seem stuffy after a tent, and a fly-spotted ceiling is a poor substitute for the stars.

The canoe was packed full of provisions ready to start when our first accident occurred. The river had risen a couple of feet and was very swift. My friend had just taken off his shoes and placed them on the top of the other luggage. Several of the crowd in their misguided fashion were trying to help us, when I stepped into the little space vacant for me in the stern. How it happened no one knew; some one let go too soon, and she was instantly swept out sideways into the current. The next second I was dropped out neatly into five feet of water, and the canoe, settling till only the tops of the luggage remained in sight, went full tilt down stream. There were fifty yards of clear water, and then came a row of barges tied ten feet from the shore and leaving an inner channel. Into this the canoe luckily was swept; had she careered off into midstream probably we should never have seen her again. With boat-hooks and poles we ran along the banks to

catch her before she banged into the barges. My friend ran in his socks. The hotel-porter, the bath-house man and a dozen idlers all followed shouting different things at once. But the canoe and the mad current had the start of us. Crash! with a sound of rending, splintering wood, she banged into the nearest barge and turned completely over. A few seconds later the various articles appeared on the surface again, and there began a sort of obstacle-race that might have been highly comical had it not been so serious. Our beds with the cork mattresses floated high out of the water. Jumbo (a huge kit-bag holding our wardrobe) came next, up to his neck. A smaller water-proof bag, tied at the neck and holding bread and cameras, followed, spinning merrily. The provision-basket (filled with the morning's careful shopping and some tea just arrived from England) showed only its nose above the surface. Coats, hats, socks, maps, tent-poles and tent followed in motley array at the end of an idiotic looking procession. Every time an article banged into a barge it went under for a few seconds, and meanwhile the canoe was crashing on among ropes and poles in the van. The heavy articles defied our efforts, and Jumbo pulled one man bodily into the water when he tried to drag it ashore.

In the end, however, most of the things were saved. The men caught the canoe as she spun past a barge, and held her till help came. All the articles, too, were fished out except those that would not float. Thus we lost our lantern, the prop of the kettle, a pair of my friend's shoes, an odd one of mine, the ridge-pole of the tent, and my town hat and coat. It was wonderfully little. The bows of the canoe, however, were completely smashed in; and to make it worse the rain suddenly came down in torrents and a cold wind blew from the north.

Then a carpenter appeared on the scene and said he could mend the canoe and make a new tentpole. The people of the bath-house took our things in to dry, while we jumped into a closed carriage and drove back into Vienna, my friend with no shoes on his feet, and I without a hat on my head. Yet such was our good luck, that three hours later we were spinning down the river in the mended canoe; the sun was shining brightly, our things were dried, we had a new tent-pole, Vienna was out of sight below the horizon—and when we landed for camp the place was so lonely, that, on climbing the bank, I looked straight into the eyes of a great stag with branching antlers.

For two days at racing speed we journeyed through wild and lonely country towards the frontiers of Hungary. The river was like a wide lake—no houses, no boats, no token of man except the daily steamer between Vienna and Budapest. We passed signs of Roman days and Turkish occupancy strangely mingled; Carnuntum, where Marcus Aurelius is said to have written much of his philosophy; Theben, on a spur of the little Carpathians, with its rock-perched fortress destroyed by the Turks in 1683 when they swept on to besiege Vienna, and again by the French in 1809. At its very feet the March (the boundary between Austria and Hungary) comes sedately in, and the Danube received a new impetus as we passed below its shadow and into Hungary at last.

The Germans had been kind in a negative fashion, the Bavarians courteous, the Austrians obliging; but the hospitality of the Hungarians was positively aggressive. "Nothing is too much," they used to declare when we expostulated with them on the overwhelming nature of their attentions, "nothing is too good for Englishmen. Everybody will tell you the same in Hungary." Kossuth was the magical

word, and hatred of the Austrians the keynote of their emotions. We blessed the generation that had welcomed him in exile and went on our way rejoicing. The crowds no longer stood gaping; they helped without being asked. When we landed for provisions they ran down to hold the canoe, while others went into the villages to make our purchases more cheaply for us. Even their questions were intelligent. German is of uncertain value here, and we had carefully learned the Magyar words for the articles we most needed. "Now you begin to learn Magyar when it is too late," laughed the woman in a Pressburg shop where we bought milk and eggs and bacon; "but it's no matter; you can't starve in Hungary." The Hungarian name of the town is Pozsony. It was formerly the capital where the kings of the Hapsburg race were crowned. Below it the Danube branches into three arms, one of which makes a circuit of fifty miles and comes in again at Komorn. The main river is a couple of miles wide and full of islands, separated by rapids and falls. An officer assured us that we should get lost for days together unless we carefully kept to the main channel. The country is utterly deserted, save for the little black landing-stages of the steamers that appear every twenty miles or so, the villages lying far back and protected by high earthen banks. The loneliness and desolation of these vast reaches of turbulent river and low, willow-clad islands were impressive; in flood-time it must be grand.

The water escaped into so many side-channels and lagoons that the depth of the river was most variable. Gray shingle-beds appeared often in mid-stream, and over and over again we were swept into them before we could cross to deeper water. It was difficult to distinguish them in time from the muddy, foam-streaked river, until we learned that the cormorants invariably

used them for fishing-grounds; and then we took the black bodies in the distance as warning signals that saved us much dangerous wading. The velocity of the stream is so great that one almost expects to see the islands swept bodily away. Big gray hawks circled ever overhead and gray crows by the thousand lined the shores. That evening, after crossing and re-crossing the river, we found a sheltered camp on a sandy island where pollards and willows roared in the wind. As if to show the loneliness of the spot an otter, rolling over and over among the eddies, swam past us as we landed. About sunset the clouds broke up momentarily and let out a flood of crimson light all over the wild country. Against the gorgeous red sky a stream of dark clouds, in all shapes and kinds, hurried over the Carpathian mountains, and when we went to bed a full moon cast the queerest shadows through the tossing branches. We dined—prosaic detail!—off tongue, onions, potatoes, tea and dried prunes which we stewed and ate with quantities of beetroot sugar.

Next day the river grew wider, swifter and even more deserted. At Korteljes we landed to buy provisions, though only the watchman's hut was in sight. As we stepped on shore my hat blew off and floated down stream. At once the man (who spoke a little German) went into his hut and produced one of his own which he begged me to wear; it was a greasy, wide-brimmed felt, but I could not refuse it, and he seemed delighted. He directed us to a farm a mile inland for milk and eggs, and gave us the correct pronunciation of the necessary words. The farm stood on the broad plain in a grove of acacia trees, with snow-white walls and overhanging thatched roofs, forming a square within which were oxen, buffaloes, pigs, geese and romping children in brilliant skirts.

The older girls had yellow kerchiefs on their heads; one little girl in flaming colors, was chasing a chicken in and out among the trees and oxen; all stopped to stare as we approached, swinging an empty milk-can. Through the farmhouse door I got a glimpse into a spotless kitchen, and a most courteous woman with brilliant dark eyes sold us what we required very cheaply. I took off my new, greasy hat to them when we left, and the children followed us to the river, a motley escort.

On we went down the great rushing stream, ever flanked by a sea of silvery willows swaying and bending in the wind, reed beds, ten feet high, alternating with stretches of gray shingle. Between the wooded islands vistas opened in all directions; narrow glades where the river sent out new arms in patches of sunshine with the faint sound of water tumbling over distant shallows; while down some far blue reach, filled with the afternoon shadows, we could see immense herds of cattle, swine and flocks of geese, feeding in meadows lined with poplars and birch trees. Horses in vast quantities roamed along the banks, watched by herdsmen who wore cool white skirts instead of trousers. Often in the backwaters, oxen, horses, buffalo, pigs and geese were all crowded together trying to keep cool in the great heat.

At Komorn, rising with its fortress just above the dead level of the plain, we laid in provisions. The grocer was inquisitive: "Where have you come from? Where are you going to? How do you cook? Where do you sleep? Are you not afraid of grasshoppers and snakes? What an awful distance you have come—the source of the Danube, where is it? You are both quite young, aren't you? But you are so enormous,"—and so on, and so on.

From here we saw the blue mountains that encircle Budapest—not more



than forty miles away as a crow would fly it, but a splendid loop of sixty-five miles by the river. Budapest draws one like a magnet. There is a suggestion of delicious wildness about it born of I know not what. The very name seems set to some flying fragment of the wild national music—a bar of the *csardás*, or of the wailing Hungarian songs that thrill with such intense virility. The West, too, sinks lower on the horizon when Budapest is reached, and the Danube sweeps you on through the Iron Gates to Turkey and the Fekete Tengerig (Black Sea).

Willows, reeds and islands have all vanished now, and there were no sudden whirlpools in mid-stream. With majestic dignity that disguised the real speed, the mass of water, a mile to a mile and a half wide, swept steadily down under that fierce heat towards the mountains. We kept to mid-stream and were never tired of watching the banks slip by with their ever-changing pictures; open shore; fields with barley standing in sheaves; vineyards coming down to the water's edge; cottages with thick thatch and white walls; villages full of wild, over-grown gardens and groves of acacia trees of brilliant washed green. We landed for milk at a farmhouse on the right bank, and found that the proprietor spoke English and had travelled in England and Norway and studied in Vienna. "It's only twenty-six kilometers to Budapest," he told us. Later on we overtook some peasants in a boat full of vegetables, and kept pace with them for a little, while we chatted in German. "It's a little over forty kilometers to Pest," they said. Boats became frequent after this, broad, flat-bottomed, laden with farm-produce and rowed by men and women who took their hats off to us and asked many questions in bad German. All agreed on one thing—that the Austrians were a poor lot of people compared with the Hungarians;

and all differed on another thing—the distance to Budapest. It varied with every boat, and at length we became so confused with the arguments of the spokesman in German and the mocking chorus of the rest in Hungarian, that we almost expected to hear that we had already passed it, or were perhaps on the wrong river altogether.

To avoid calamities we increased our speed and left the string of boats behind. In the afternoon we came to Gran. The dome of its huge Italian basilica dominates for miles the plain we had just traversed, but looks like a round gleaming pebble beside the mountains that rise behind it. The charms of this quaint little town made us realize that time is after all but a form of thought; in other words we stayed too long. At half-past six we entered the wide, deep valley of these magical mountains hoping to find a camping-place so soon as we were beyond the town. The sun was hidden; the mountains stood outlined in purple against a wonderful sky, with long thin clouds just touching some of the higher peaks; the water glowed as though fires burned beneath the waves. Mile after mile we followed the windings of the valley, the hills folding up behind us, but opening ever in front again into new and darker distances. But no camping-place appeared; one side was too steep, the other treeless. The shadows lengthened and grew deeper; the hills changed from purple to black; the lights of villages twinkled across the river as across a wide lake. They fairly lined the base of the hills, and secluded camping-spots were evidently things of the past; there was not even an island.

Eight, nine o'clock passed; it became too dark to cross or recross with safety. We hugged the left bank, eagerly scanning the shore under the steep hills and waiting for the moon to rise. It was

ten o'clock when the moon topped the mountain of the other shore and filled the valley with silver. We found a level yard or two below some vineyards, unpleasantly close to the abode of the proprietor, and there made a small fire and dined late off eggs and cocoa. The scenery was more thrilling than the meal; the dim hills rising through the moonlight; the white river filling the space between as if the whole valley were sliding noiselessly past, the fragrant air, warm and still, shot here and there with fireflies—and Hungary—wild, musical, enchanted Hungary! The fire had died down and we were smoking at the mouth of the tent when sounds of music floated to our ears, and presently a barge of peasants towed by three men along the shore came slowly up the stream. Cymbals and violins were playing a national air and a few low voices were singing. The barge floated past as if no one had seen us, and the music died away in the distance.

And on the mere the wailing died away.

Several hours later the returning voices and violins woke us in the tent as the party went down again too far from shore to be visible to the eye.

A man fishing woke us early and asked if the *weinhiüter* (watchman of vineyards) had not disturbed us. Luckily he had not. "That's because it's Sunday and he's overslept himself." In spite of this warning we breakfasted, leisurely, and then paddling down stream in blazing sunshine landed a mile below at Visegrad on the opposite bank. This little town, with its ruined castle, and fortress destroyed by the Austrians, nestles among the mountains, and here the good folk of Budapest come in summer to their villas among the acacia trees. Everybody spoke to us, helped to pull up the canoe, told us what to see, where to get good coffee

or cooling drinks, described (with painful detail) the remaining twenty miles to Budapest, and showed themselves in all ways most courteous and obliging. Gypsy-music sounded everywhere among the trees, and the peasants in bright Sunday costumes lent color to the scene.

Below Visegrad, which we left with much reluctance, begins an island which stretches the whole twenty miles to Budapest. Taking the inner channel we paddled peacefully all day under blue mountains in a haze of delicious heat, past villages, ferries, churches, castles, private villas, acres of vineyards over the slopes of the hills and vast herds of horses and oxen standing in the water, till we camped at sunset on a treeless bit of plain at the extreme point of the island, only a mile from Budapest. It was like camping on the Brighton downs. With difficulty we collected scraps of wood enough to make a fire that would boil water. It was a windless night, and our candle stood tied to a stick in the open air with a motionless flame. The moon, rising late, showed rounded curves of bare hills behind us—and then, two figures approached us cautiously from the river. They came to the outside of the firelight circle and stopped; but at our invitation they came within and smoked the last of our *noblesse* cigars—poor fellows! Night-fishermen they were, short, thick-set, dark-faced Huns. They drank our cocoa and explained their strange-looking nets to us while waiting for the moon to rise higher. All night long they fished, and on their way home to bed at five next morning they looked in to give us a hearty good morning and the information that the cows were coming.

The thunder of hoofs confirmed this, and we got up in time to protect the tent from a herd of several hundred cattle. A herder followed them, a

dwarf-like creature, with a pole-axe as big as himself, and a badge which proclaimed him Government keeper of the plain (Crownland) where all men's cattle might feed on certain conditions. He spoke no German, but he understood the meaning of a plate of veal, and he finished our meat (two pounds) in about ten minutes. Then he drank some cocoa, asking, with a wry face, if it were *paprika* (Hungarian pepper).

It was piping hot on the treeless plain, and Budapest lay waiting for us.

We shaved and donned our town suits. The herder, grateful for his meal, helped to carry our things to the canoe, and, long after we were off, stood shading his eyes with his hand and staring after us. We drifted lazily down another mile of steaming hot river and landed at the wharf of the Hunnia Rowing Club on the right bank—nearly a thousand miles from the sleepy little village in the Black Forest where we had embarked six weeks before.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Algernon Blackwood.

#### FOUR EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

("Laus Veneris."—Asclepiades. B.C. 290; Samos, I, 2.)

Sweet to thirsty throats in summer is the draught of snow,  
Sweet to sailors after winter spring's first blossoms blow;  
Sweetest though when one cloak covers  
Two glad lovers.

("Love and the Scholar."—Marcus Argentarius, I, 4.)

As I read Hesiod one day  
Chloris came suddenly my way;  
I dropped the book and cried for glee—  
"Old Hesiod, that's enough for me!"

("Lover's Lips."—Plato, I, 5.)

Kissing Phyllis, all my soul  
To my lips once found its way,  
And eager to attain the goal  
Had very nearly passed away.

("Love the Runaway."—Meleager, I, 13.)

Stop the thief! Raise hue and cry!  
Love, wild Love, has fled;  
At the dawn I saw him fly  
Laughing from my bed.  
The boy is tearful, swift and shrill,  
A chatterbox and sly,  
Winged is he and has shafts to kill,  
There's boldness in his eye.

No father owns him; earth denies  
The rascal, sea and air

Disclaim him each. Where'er he flies  
All hate him everywhere;  
More snares for souls I fear he'll trace.  
See!—ambushed there he lies;  
The archer's made his lurking place  
In Myrrha's laughing eyes.

*G. Leveson Gower.*

*The Spectator.*

---

## A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

### VIII.

In my younger days there was a popular book called "Autumns on the Spey." Last year, Selina's brother, who is now the owner of The Sawpits, rudely said that we ought to bring out a companion volume and call it "Autumns on the Make." Selina was beyond measure incensed by this clumsy witticism, which has, indeed, led to a certain coolness between Tom Topham-Sawyer and ourselves; but for my own part I was constrained to confess that the gibe had something in it. When people make their home in London, the right disposal of the autumn becomes an urgent problem in their domestic economy.

In the early years of our married life, the "General Idea," as the strategists say, of our autumn manœuvres was something of the following kind. Towards July Selina used to pick a quarrel with the cook, which ended in that functionary arranging to leave about the beginning of August. The next move was to develop a vehement interest in the career of the "up-and-down maid," or "tweeny," as she is called in the advertisement columns of "The Lectern" (where Ritualistic footmen advertise that wages are not so much a consideration as Church privileges), and to

arrange for her to better herself by going to a place where she would be wholly "up" or wholly "down," and "a tweeny" no longer. By these methods we reduced our domestic establishment to three. The housemaid remained in London to take care of the house and the policeman. Selina's own attendant was

A maid whom there were none to  
praise,  
And very few to love.

but of those few the dingy retainer was one, and she and he, happy in one another's company, went forth with us to face the desperate chances of the autumn campaign. Our first "objective" was Bertha's native home—The Sawpits. Mr. Topham-Sawyer was then alive, and he was very well pleased to entertain his daughter and son-in-law during the tranquil month of August, when, to say the truth, he found it rather difficult to provide himself with society. Loamshire is not a grouse-producing country; and our amusements consisted of tennis-tournaments, picnics and boating-parties on the Slowwater. Not very lively, perhaps, but health-giving and, above all, inexpensive. From The Sawpits we moved at the beginning of the shooting-season to Proudflash Park, where Selina made herself agreeable

by pasting pictures on screens, and answering acrostics, and singing in the evening, when she was duly pressed and the audience was not too critical. I confess her performance sometimes reminded me of the occasion when "Miss Jessie Brown sang 'Jock o' Hazeldean' a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time out of time, by way of appearing to be so." This is quite the tone of *The Sawpits*. When at length the head of my family showed unmistakably that he had enjoyed quite enough of our society we pursued the even tenor of our way to the Barrow and the Dingle, the Abbey and the Manor; culminating at the Lord Lieutenant's dilapidated castle, and not disdaining a quiet Sunday with my Oxford friend, Sam Greenstole, at his comfortable vicarage, which fitted in very well between a week at the Wellbores' and three days with the De Trops. For the first few years of our married life this plan of campaign served admirably well. But time has brought its changes. My father-in-law reposes under, instead of in, the family pew, and Tom acts the head of the house with a frank and jovial rudeness which is all his own. We therefore rather avoid *The Sawpits*, and dear old Mrs. Topham-Sawyer's dower-house is not exactly the place which one would choose for a prolonged visit. At Proud-flesh Park a new generation is springing up, in which I find myself humiliatingly superannuated. The last time I played cricket with my young cousins against the local Band of Hope, my cut for one was greeted with derisive cheers of "Good old Bob!" "Stick to it, daddy!" and "By Jove! He's a stiff un!"

My bulk has increased considerably during the last few years, and my friends rather avoid giving me a mount. "I am sure I don't blame them," says Selina with characteristically imperfect

sympathy. "What with the oceans of champagne you drink whenever you have a chance, and your mania for greasy puddings, you are becoming a perfect object. Riding indeed! when I saw you on Bertha's hack I only wondered that the people on the road didn't tell you to get down and carry it. I hear that Lord Salisbury has taken to a tricycle, and I am sure you ought to get one. It's simply tempting Providence to trust yourself on a bicycle."

Thus cricket and riding have failed me, and I am not in much greater request for shooting parties. Indeed, I may say that I have now renounced all sports of the field, or been renounced by them. As Matthew Arnold wrote to his friend Wyndham Slade, "I shall never look along the deadly tube again; but this will be no great blessing for the brute creation, as I never used to hit them."

Thus the general outline of our autumn plans has been gradually modified, and for the last few years we have spent August with Mrs. Topham-Sawyer at Harrogate. The dear old lady pays for the flies, her maid does Selina's hair, and "The Granby's" charge for a private sitting-room, when divided between three, is quite supportable. But this year even that resource has failed us. Mrs. Topham-Sawyer has forsaken Harrogate for Bath, and Selina, who has been declaring all the summer that she wanted "tone," has flatly refused to be "boiled to death in that relaxing hole." After Tom's outrageous rudeness about "Autumns on the Make," she declines to propose herself at *The Sawpits*, and the cousins at Proud-flesh have significantly informed us that the youngest boy has brought back chicken-pox from Harrow. Hotels are expensive. Lodging-houses are undignified. We have a very good house over our head in Stuccovia. Bertha is paying a round of visits in Loamshire, so we are freed



from all necessity of amusing her; and Selina, after narrowly eyeing my pass-book, professed that as we have to pay rent and taxes in London, besides an unheard-of rate levied by the Borough Council, she could not see the fun of running up fresh bills at the sea-side.

So it has ended in our spending August and September at home, and, for my own part, I confess that I do not dislike the plan. I wear my oldest suit of tweed, smoke a pipe in the street, and divide Hyde Park (which looks its best when replanted for the autumn) with an eccentric gentleman who talks to himself, and of whom the parkkeeper tells me in confidence that he is a Hrish gent who lost his property along of old Gladstone's muddling, and in a manner of speaking, has never been the same man since. I practise my French on bewildered aliens who, misreading their Baedeker, have persuaded themselves that Buckingham Palace is the Tower of London. Both my clubs are closed for cleaning, and we are quartered on our neighbors; and this always introduces an agreeable element of novelty into one's social experience. At the Athenæum I hobnob with the Bishop of Barchester, who has just returned from Switzerland with his third wife and selections from the families of her two sainted predecessors. At the Guards' Club I try to imagine myself a soldier, and, regarding myself furtively in the glass, fancy that in my prime, I should have looked very well in a scarlet tunic and a bearskin. But as my aunt (from whom I had expectations) very properly observed when I was choosing my profession, "After all, there is always the risk of war," and I am sure it is a risk which nature never designed me to face. So things are best as they are.

Meanwhile Stuccovia is nearly deserted. The Barrington-Bounderleys are dogging the steps of an illustrious

Personage at Homburg, and the Cashingtons may be seen at Brighton urging their wild career from the Madeira Walk even to Medina Terrace, while their motor-car divides the honors of the sea-front and the admiration of the flymen with Mr. Winans's trotters. But, though our fashionable leaders have deserted us, old Lady Farringford, whom it is increasingly difficult to dislodge from her own fireside, still trundles up and down Cromwell Road in her pre-Adamite landau, and often gives Selina a convenient lift to Harrod's Stores or Gorrings's. Moreover, the Soulsbys always make a point of spending September in London.

I believe I have intimated in previous papers that Mr. Soulsby is passionately devoted to Nature. Like Mr. Witherden the Notary, he cultivates an equal love for "the mountainous Alps on the one hand and the humming-bird on the other." The first dandelion of spring awakens in him thoughts that lie too deep for tears, and after a choir-treat in the impervious shades of Epping he has been heard to declaim with contagious enthusiasm:

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun.

Spring-time in the Alps is a theme with which, in the Easter season, he frequently decorates his sermons, and even "the Master," as he calls Ruskin, was never more tenderly eloquent about the "taller gentians and the white narcissus," the "scented undulations" and "the waves of everlasting green." As a matter of fact, Mr. Soulsby is so weak a vessel at sea that he has only once attempted the passage of the Channel, and prefers to reciprocate the many-twinkling smile of Ocean from the cheerful security of Margate pier. He always takes his holiday immediately after Easter. The spiritual tension of the preceding six weeks, followed by its inevitable reaction,

has left him terribly unstrung, and it is necessary to recruit his nerves before he faces the responsibilities of the summer months, when nearly all the pews at St. Ursula's are occupied, and chairs are not seldom placed in the aisle. "London is too vast for me," he says plaintively. "I am like the child in St. Paul's, and feel inclined to say, 'Take me away. The church is so big and I am so little!'"

By September the responsibility is diminished. Stuccovia is abandoned to cats and caretakers. St. Ursula's congregation sinks to vanishing-point. Young Bumpstead goes off on his holiday, and while he is blazing away in the paternal stubbles, he "leaves," as he says, "the old Vic. to run the show on his own." Mr. Soulsby obtains help for Sundays from his friends of the Mystification, and on week-days refreshes his parched spirit by renewed contact with Nature. He "worships the Mighty Mother"—to use his own phrase—from the deck of a Thames steamer or on a secluded bench in Richmond Park; and from every scene and every incident he draws fresh and happy illustrations for his Advent sermons. "The gorgeous but melancholy beauty of the sunlit autumnal landscape" awakes the deepest echoes of his soul. A meditation in Kensington Gardens,

With sheddings of the pining umbrage tinged,

suggests innumerable lessons of Human Mutability. The sight of the pleasure-boats on the Thames inspired the famous passage in which he exhorted the young men of his congregation to row the perilous and exhausting race of life with their eyes fixed steadily on the goal.

But while Mr. Soulsby is thus congenially and profitably employed, Mrs. Soulsby is rather badly bored. She is,

as her husband sometimes tells us in confidence, a creature made for Society. "Like a sweet-toned canary from a golden cage, she flew, almost unawares, into my welcoming window. She gladdens my work with her song; but oh! she deserves a better audience." This being the case, even when Stuccovia is at its gayest, Mrs. Soulsby is extremely dull, and even, I fancy, a little peevish, in the solitude of August and September. To her, therefore, our determination to spend the autumn in London was distinctly a boon. She and Selina make little trips together. Sometimes they "do" the City churches with Mr. Hare's "Walks in London" for their guide. They spend a happy day at the Stores. They listen with unabated joy to "The Lost Chord" at the Promenade Concerts. On Sunday afternoons they desert St. Ursula's and make pilgrimages to hear Canon Gore at the Abbey or Canon Holland at St. Paul's. They look up long-forgotten friends in the remotest outskirts of Wimbledon or Tooting, disport themselves on suburban croquet-grounds, or drive away dull care with Ping-pong. But it is neither Croquet nor Ping-pong that, in this season of social depression, really sustains the flagging spirits of Selina and Mrs. Soulsby. Dr. Chalmers once spoke of the "Expulsive Power of a New Affection." The mild joys of "Squalls" and "Fish-Ponds" which satisfied us in our youth; the maturer excitements of Nap and Poker; have speedily and simultaneously been expelled by Bridge.

Privately I doubt whether Selina would ever have become a victim to this new distraction if she had been guided solely by its merits as a game; for she really doesn't care a jot for the best game that ever was invented. But these pages have been written in vain if my readers do not realize by this time that Selina's heart beats in harmony with the music of the highest

spheres. "Every one plays Bridge," and Selina must play it too. A rumor has reached her that the odious Mrs. Goldbug, who behaved so rudely to her at the Great County Sale, has climbed to the topmost rung of the social ladder by dint of her willingness to play Bridge all day long, and of the graceful alacrity with which she loses her money to Illustrious Personages. Even Selina's old cousin, Miss Welbeck,

A charred and wrinkled piece of womanhood

if ever there was one, a cardsharper from her youth, who had long been left high and dry by the receding wave of fashion, has acquired a sudden fame as the best female Bridge-player in London, and is called "Ponte Vecchia" in some of the smartest houses in Piccadilly.

This was enough, if indeed it was not too much for Selina, who threw herself into the study of Bridge with all the intensity of a singularly intense nature, and spent laborious days in consulting the lively oracles of "Slam" and "Boaz." She has clear views about the necessity of "playing," "calling," "passing" and "doubling to the score." She is severe on the weak player who declares no-trumps when he has a certainty in hearts, and is loud on "protective black suit declarations by the dealer." Like as a stage-struck damsel wanders about the garden, reciting the ravings of Ophelia, even so I hear my Selina murmuring to herself in secret places such cryptic precepts as these: "On a passed diamond call, a strengthening heart lead is advisable;" and "A good partner may often be given a doubtful no-trump heart or diamond declaration, when a weak one should only be entrusted with spades." My midnight dreams are haunted by a hollow voice which mournfully reiterates: "With a plain suit singleton and a single trump,

a lead for the ruff is quite justifiable." Now I confess that to me all this jargon is a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong. But I find to my astonishment that it conveys something to the mystic mind of Mr. Soulsby. Whether what it conveys to him bears any resemblance to what its author intended, I would not undertake to say; for our Vicar, like all his brethren of the Deep Church, is an adept in the art of reading his own more recondite ideas into any passage which he admires. His preaching is nothing if not topical; and the close attention which he bestows on the transactions of Selina's Bridge-table has led me to believe that he is contemplating some allusion to the game in one of his lectures at the Parochial Club. I have told already how he urged the young oarsmen of his congregation to row their races by a method which would certainly have landed their boat in difficulties; and the counsel was well meant, though obscured by the perverseness of technicalities. The moral lessons of cricket are more easily handled, and the Vicar, as President of the St. Ursula's Cricket Club, is eloquent on "the ready hand, the quick eye, the simultaneous action, the training for life's battle," which are engendered by our national pastime. On football he waxes even poetic, and last winter when our team, captained by Bumpstead, celebrated in a debauch of cocoa and buns its victory over the Amalgamated Cabdrivers' Orphanage, he electrified the party by declaiming the football-song which he had sung as a boy at Lycurgus House Academy, Peckham:

When you've had the toll and the  
struggle,  
The battle of ankle and shin,  
'Tis hard in the hour of triumph  
To pass it another to win;  
But that is the luck of the battle,  
And thick must be taken with thin.

They tell us the world is a struggle,  
 And life is a difficult run,  
 Where often a brother will finish  
 The victory we have begun.  
 What matter? We learned it at Peck-  
 ham,  
 And that was the way that we won.

Now, supposing that my surmise is  
 well founded, and that Mr. Soulsby in-  
 tends to add to this athletic trilogy a  
 lecture on the Game of Life as illus-  
 trated by the Laws of Bridge, I com-  
 mend to him these wise words from

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

the sporting column of "Classy Cut-  
 tings:"

"Judgment in Bridge is not limited  
 to the declaration of trumps; but (as  
 in life) consists in rightly estimating  
 the capacities and temperaments of  
 both your adversaries and partner, and  
 trusting them or not accordingly."

When I was at Oxford I had the ad-  
 vantage of attending the present Bish-  
 op of Rochester's lectures on Political  
 Science; and I hope I can still recog-  
 nize the commodity, even when I meet  
 it in the columns of a society journal.

---

## DARIEN.

A.D. 1513—A.D. 1901.

[The American Senate has ratified the isthmus treaty—(Washington Telegram.)]

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien,"  
 The Spanish steel red in his conquering hand,  
 While golden, green and gracious the vast land  
 Of that new world comes sudden into ken—  
 Stands Nuñez da Balboa. North and south  
 He sees at last the full Pacific roll  
 In blue and silver on each shelf and shoal,  
 And the white bar of the broad river's mouth,  
 And long, ranked palm trees. "Queen of Heaven," he cried,  
 "To-day thou giv'st me this for all my pain,  
 And I the glorious guerdon give to Spain,  
 A new earth and new sea to be her pride,  
 War ground and treasure house." And while he spoke  
 The world's heart knew a mighty dawn was broke.

---

"Silent, upon a peak in Darien"—  
 Four hundred years being fled, a Greater stood  
 On that same height; and did behold the flood  
 Of blue waves leaping; Mother of all men!  
 Wise Nature! And she spake, "The gift I gave  
 To Nuñez da Balboa could not keep  
 Spain from her sins; now must the ages sweep  
 To larger legend, though her own was brave.  
 Here on this ridge I do foresee fresh birth.

That which departed shall bring side by side,  
The sea shall sever what hills did divide;  
Shall link in love." And there was joy on earth;  
Whilst England and Columbia, quitting fear,  
Kissed—and let in the eager waters there.

The London Telegraph.

*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

---

### LI HUNG CHANG.

Voluminous comments in the press on the life and death of a Chinese public man prove the large place he filled in the history of our times; while the disjointed memoirs, largely made up of undigested scraps of conversation, and flavored here and there by the obvious disappointment of interviewers who came to shear and departed shorn, show that an interval of time must yet elapse before a coherent estimate can be formed of the man and the statesman, Li Hung Chang. If even good-natured caricatures leave on the mind an impression of something lacking to a complete portraiture, how much more a picture that is inimical by intention. For it is not through the medium of vituperation that a public character can be seen in its just proportions, whether his name be Li Hung Chang, Joseph Chamberlain, Alfred Milner or Paul Kruger. In the case of a statesman of a race which those who have the best means of knowing admit to be incomprehensible to outsiders, the application of our Western criteria is certain to mislead; and the facetious effort to follow that rule of contraries which is properly held to be the key of the Chinese enigma does not correct, but covers one error by another still greater. An impossible mixture of these two methods could only result

in such contradictory comments as those with which the daily papers have been so extensively supplied. Qualities, which would be applauded in a British statesman are held up to moral odium when exemplified in a Chinese, and an officious tribunal is set up which passes judgment without the least reserve on proceedings with which it can at best be only superficially acquainted. All this is in the day's work and apparently hurts nobody. "Apparently," only, for it may have an obscuring effect on our faculty for observing events which closely concern our own country's welfare. When, for instance, we are confidently assured that Li Hung Chang made himself the tool of Russia, and consequently the enemy of England, we are not only asked to believe a double proposition *à priori* improbable, but are led by a false scent away from our proper goal—viz., the historic truth which would be serviceable to us in the prosecution of our national interests. To flatter our optimistic self-love, and to cover our own egregious blunders, we are taught to believe that our impotence in the Far East has been due, not to indifference on the part of our own Government or to the incompetence of their agents, but to the Machiavellian intrigues of a solitary old



man with one foot in the grave. Were it true, such a confession might well make us despair of our country's fortunes; for never was there a more abject lament than the cry of defeat which we too frequently hear, and not alone in China—*Nous sommes trahis!* This is taking hold of the wrong end of the stick. Instead of whimpering over the unscrupulousness of our enemies, our business is to beat them; and if we cannot do that, self-respect should impose silence upon us. If the maintenance of our position in the world depended upon our being able to bring foreign statesmen, with their craft and strategy, into line with what we may from time to time consider to be our national interest, we should indeed be in a parlous state. Happily, we have only an objective concern with those outside forces. The safeguarding and well-being of our Empire depend not on the methods or character of aliens in either hemisphere, but solely on the spirit and the intelligence of our Government and people.

Without in any way presuming to anticipate the verdict of history on the part played by the deceased Chinese statesman in the evolution or revolution of the Chinese Empire, a few salient features in Li's career may not unprofitably engage our attention. Not the least remarkable of these was his indomitable industry; and here, if we are to apply Western standards at all, we should have to allow that the labors of European officials are but child's play as compared with those of the Chinese. Nor is it only the quantity but the infinite diversity of work, coupled with direct personal responsibility for all the consequences of errors, both of omission and commission, which weighs upon the Chinese official, and constantly paralyzes his action. He has no period of relaxation, no week-end, no summer holiday, no retirement except under dis-

grace or the plea of some insupportable malady, and the only place of rest to which he looks forward is the grave. Six months ago Li Hung Chang was anticipating this termination to his labors with calm and almost cheerful expectancy. No doubt much of the work undertaken by Li was self-imposed, and the task he set himself was so gigantic that a larger experience of the world would have shown him it was quite beyond his power, or indeed that of any mortal man. But whatever the inspiration, his labors were, without doubt, continued to the utmost limit of his physical endurance. There was no shirking, and in the midst of it all he made it a point to find time to see every stranger who could make out a decent pretext for an interview. Such interviews became a feature in his scheme of life; he used them as a means of education. Having a retentive memory, he was able to balance the sayings of one foreigner against another, in order to arrive at what he supposed was a residuum of uncolored fact. He was, of course, mistaken in this seemingly reasonable calculation, for he comprehended the European spirit as little as the best-informed European comprehends the Chinese, and thus he lacked the faculty of true assimilation where foreign matters were concerned. Moreover, among his streams of visitors there was seldom one who was concerned to tell him the simple truth; they had their several axes to grind, and plied that occupation to the best of their skill during the hour or more which was freely accorded to them, being much disconcerted when the great man turned their inquisitorial weapons upon themselves. It was characteristic of Li that, however busy he might be, he never allowed his visitor to perceive the least sign of preoccupation as long as he had anything to say. When I saw him in Peking six months ago—

while in the throes of an unequal contest with eleven claimant Powers, each demanding in tones louder than another, "your money or your life"—having compunctions about fatiguing him in his feeble state of health, after an hour and a half's talk I wished to take leave; but he begged me not to hurry away, assuring me that it was a positive relaxation to be able to converse freely with one who had no demands to make upon him. It is pleasant indeed to remember that I then saw the old man, humanly speaking, at his best, his rugged features softened into the calm of one who had fought the fight and was only waiting to lay down his weapons and be at peace. The feeling on both sides that it was for the last time lent a touch of pathos, and even solemnity, to the interview. Though I had been warned that his infirmities prevented him from standing up, he not only rose to receive me, but insisted upon escorting me to the door, with an *empressement* never shown by him before. I could not wish to take leave of any friend in a happier or more charitable frame of mind.

Of the subject-matter of Li's daily labors a fragmentary recapitulation will suffice to indicate their scope. He was not known to foreigners, and very little to Chinese, up to the age of forty, when, being an official in the province of Kiang-su, where the Taiping rebellion was raging at its hottest, he assumed an active part in its suppression. Having been previously a captive in the insurgent armies, during which time he saved his life by placing his pen at the disposal of the illiterate chiefs, he was better acquainted with the organization and methods of the insurgents than any of his official colleagues. The experience so gained, joined to his natural ability, soon brought him into prominence in the provincial government.

His military and civil administration

during those years, his campaign in different provinces in suppressing local rebellions, are among the best known of his achievements; and albeit the record as presented to English readers is obscured by a cloud of legendary fictions, which are constantly repeated, gathering, like Fame, strength in the process, yet the main outlines stand out tolerably clear. It is not, however, these exploits, although they placed him at the head of the executive officials of the empire, that specially distinguish Li Hung Chang from his contemporaries. It was rather the practical conclusion he drew from the proved impotence of the empire, as demonstrated by the foreign occupation of the capital. Other statesmen, no doubt, combining intelligence with patriotism, said to themselves, "This must not happen again," and to give effect to this resolution advocated the reorganization of the defences of the country. But the burden of this enterprise fell upon Li. He alone carried it into practical effect, according to the light that was in him, and made it in fact the main business of his life during his years of vigor. Having learned, as he naturally supposed, the secret of the foreigners' successful invasion of China, and the idea having taken complete possession of him, he set himself diligently to acquire the means by which the foreigners had shown themselves so powerful. His personal intercourse with General Gordon during the suppression of the Taiping rebellion afforded him real insight into foreign methods of warfare, while the example of Gordon himself applied the needful stimulus which set his plans in motion. He saw, in fact, that drill, discipline and modern weapons were the primary essentials of an army. He had also seen the ubiquitous foreign gunboat, and deduced therefrom the importance of floating batteries. Anti-

quated coast defences, having shown themselves useless, must also be reconstructed, extended and armed with the newest Western artillery. In short, the problem, as it presented itself to Li, was to build up an army, a navy and a chain of coast fortresses on the model of those possessed by foreign nations. But to accomplish all this among a people wholly indifferent to such matters, under a Government whose ignorance was worse than blank, in that their minds were pre-occupied with fantastic notions as to the outer world, and under the criticism of a whole army of literates whose knowledge of affairs was derived from semi-fabulous legends thousands of years old, was indeed a labor of Hercules. It would have been so even had the protagonist had a chorus at his back, whereas it is a singular feature of Li Hung Chang's career that he never had a party, and scarcely a friend, except among his own *protégés*. As to his family, it is questionable whether they were more of a help or a hindrance to him; in this he shared the common lot of his countrymen. Looked at askance as a revolutionary who was leading the country away from its ancient traditions into unknown paths, he never in fact, received any encouragement in his innovating policy except from the Empress-Dowager, the most enlightened of the Imperial family. Those professional critics, the Censors, whose fear-inspiring influence so often paralyzes the action of Chinese officials, had never aught but evil to say of Li. And it has been remarked as proof either of parsimony or indifference, that Li Hung Chang never "squared" these gentry, as is the custom of mandarins who have occasion to dread their denunciations. The attempt to reorganize the defences of the empire in the face of such opposing forces was really hopeless, the wonder being not that the

scheme should have aborted, but that even the preliminary steps should have been taken. Let us transfer the case to our own country, and imagine how many Boards of Admiralty, how many Boards of War, National Defence Leagues, Navy Leagues, Royal Commissions, etc., would be necessary to revolutionize our military and naval services, and then consider what chances the ablest man in a country like China could have fighting the battle single-handed with all these auxiliary organizations, and many other influences which could be named, arrayed against him. That Li Hung Chang's enterprise must have failed on general grounds is therefore certain enough; at what particular points it broke down and for what reasons I have myself faintly indicated, from time to time, in the pages of "Maga" and otherwise. At what epoch in his career the reformer himself became disillusioned it is impossible to say; probably the process was a gradual one, coinciding with the failure of physical strength.

The portion of Li's great schemes which came more directly under the eye of foreigners was of course the navy, built up on English lines, with an English instructor and officered by students in English schools. It is therefore in that department, that we naturally look for those causes of failure which come most easily within the range of Western apprehension. They reached a climax in 1890, in the cabal among the captains, which Li was either unable or unwilling to control, whereby the English instructor, Captain Lang, R.N., was intrigued out of the Chinese navy. That successful plot sealed the doom of the service, which thenceforth deteriorated rapidly until it became mere food for powder. When these things happened Li Hung Chang was told very plainly the fatal consequences which must ensue, and it is probable enough that he himself fore-

saw the collapse, and that the disheartening foresight caused him to relax in his endeavors to raise the fleet to a state of efficiency. But while the navy was neglected, great efforts continued to be made in the direction of fortifying the coast; there were motives at work there which did not apply with equal force to the ships. The ancillary services, such as the military and naval schools and the medical department, were also carried on with as much apparent zeal as they had ever been. The medical school, in particular, at Tien-tsin received a new impetus and was granted a full official status about the period when Captain Lang resigned his commission; and the manner of it threw an interesting sidelight on the Chinese, or at least Li's way of doing things, and in particular on the terms of easy intercourse which he maintained with the missionary bodies. The so-called "Viceroy's Hospital" had been "run" by Dr. Mackenzie of the London Missionary Society with most satisfactory results. On the sudden death of Dr. Mackenzie in 1888, the Viceroy appointed his own physician, Dr. Andrew Irwin, to superintend the hospital and the medical school, while the missionary Society appointed one of their own men. There was a deadlock; neither would yield; the whole hospital scheme had to be remodelled; and a question about the property not unnaturally followed between the Viceroy and the London Mission. The principals failing to come to an agreement, the case was referred to the arbitration of two Europeans, one being an English missionary, who made an award without calling in an umpire. The severance of the tie between Li Hung Chang and

the London Mission was thus effected in a way honorable to both parties.<sup>1</sup>

In addition to those labors which I have ventured to call self-imposed, because they were initiated solely by himself, Li Hung Chang, in his capacity of Superintendent of Trade, was kept incessantly occupied with commercial questions of all kinds affecting the northern ports of China, and it was this that brought him into constant contact with foreign officials and merchants. For this office Li was particularly well qualified, having a great capacity for business and a sympathy with traders, ship-owners, and so forth, quite different from the common run of Chinese officials. He himself was a trader in his way, having initiated a great native steamship company which is still in full activity on the coast and rivers of China; also a telegraph system, with ramifications which extend throughout the empire, the coal-mines of Tongshan and the pioneer railways of North China.

Of all these operations the Western public can form rational estimates; but a large part of the work and responsibility of Li Hung Chang was purely domestic and territorial, and therefore out of the purview of foreign observers. He was the Governor of the Metropolitan Province, containing a nominal population of 18,000,000, not all of the most law-abiding character. The functions of this office necessitated residence for a portion of the year at the provincial capital, Paoting-fu, far in the interior; but the fear of a rising during the winter months when the sea-communications were blocked by ice caused so much pressure to be put on the Viceroy, both by natives and by the foreign residents, that for a

<sup>1</sup> This, however, did not prevent the publication in a catchpenny album trading on the horrors of last year, containing views of China with appropriate letter-press, of a representation of "the Christian hospital at Tien-tsin, first patron-

ized and then confiscated by the heathen Viceroy." It is fair to the London Missionary Society to say that they emphatically repudiate the statements contained in that publication.

good many years he remained permanently in Tien-tsin while the territorial administration was carried on by his deputies at Paoting. But whether at the one place or the other, Li always took effective measures to keep the peace within his jurisdiction. During nearly a quarter of a century of the Viceroyalty of Chih-li, no rising against foreigners, whether missionaries or other, was allowed to take place; and considering the turbulent reputation of the populace, and the outrages of which they had previously been guilty, this fact attests the efficiency of Li Hung Chang's administration.

But, after all, it is chiefly in his political character that Li has made a figure in the world. His position in the state was quite anomalous, for while the diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers was carried on officially by the Board established for that purpose in Peking, of which Li Hung Chang was not even a member until after his disgrace, no decision was ever taken by the Tsung-li-Yamen without the approval of the Viceroy. His office of Superintendent of Trade conferred upon him direct authority on the questions which chiefly occupied the foreign consular and diplomatic bodies, in the treatment of which the action of the Peking Board was habitually evasive. This abnormal state of affairs was naturally irritating to the foreign Ministers, who were doomed to transact business with an irresponsible, or at all events an unresponsive, Board in Peking, while the real executive authority was wielded by provincial rulers, not only in the province of Chih-li, but also on the Yang-tze and in Canton. The position of Li Hung Chang in particular came to be very much resented by the foreign representatives in the capital—by none more so than by the British Ministers. Sir Harry Parkes, who stood up for strict ortho-

doxy in all things, kicked against the false position in which the diplomatic body was placed, and his life was cut short before he had time to effect any change. Meantime, more than one of his colleagues, seeking what was practical rather than what was legitimate, one after another paid their court to Li Hung Chang, and made visits also to the southern viceroys, which they seemed to find conducive to the furtherance of their business.

As the actual, though unofficial, adviser to the throne, Li Hung Chang has, not always unfairly, been held responsible for the acts of Government, especially in its relations to foreign countries, during a whole generation; and it is therefore an interesting subject of inquiry what that policy has been. It has seemed to pass through several phases, and it must be owned presents a confused picture to the observer. Li in particular has been held representative of all that is tortuous, wily, intriguing and so forth, while in point of fact if we regard his career in broad outline his central aim appears to be simple enough. He was a pilot whose business was to keep the ship off the rocks. In order to do so he had to *ménager* the captain, conciliate the crew and avoid collisions with other craft. It was really a humble rôle he had to play, and frequent humiliations attended it. Opportunism, the study of tides, winds and currents, the movements of other vessels which observed no rules of the road, were the necessary conditions of safety. To secure this, sacrifices had from time to time to be made, cargo had to be jettisoned, and the courses changed to avoid collision. Occasionally the situation was redeemed by bluff, but in a great majority of cases safety was purchased by concessions, graceful or otherwise. Thus Japan was bought off in 1874 by the payment of an indemnity. Again, in 1885, to avoid a



war which after all would probably not have taken place, Japan was admitted to a partnership with China in the control of Korea, always a fatal arrangement for the softer partner. About the same period peace with France was purchased by the cession of Tong-king. And in 1894 he would probably have surrendered China's interest in Korea, which was in reality only a profitless burden to her, as all the outlying territories were, had such a question ever assumed a definite shape. These concessions, however, though purchasing peace, were all steps in the downward course of China, logically leading up to the cession of Manchuria to the demands of Russia. Was it that Li Hung Chang had been successively pro-Japanese, pro-French and pro-Russian? Or was it that he, according to his lights, was simply pro-Chinese, seeking to save the essential by the sacrifice of the unessential? It might be argued that in her policy of concession China had no choice, and therefore bowed to the inevitable; but it is yet no less true that each concession served only to whet the appetite for more, and was consequently fatal to the ultimate integrity of the empire, even within the limits of the Great Wall.

Directly opposed to this theory of the action of China and of Li as its agent is the assertion, which continues to be made in quarters which might be better informed, that Li Hung Chang provoked war with Japan in 1894. A partisan would, of course, say anything; and if responsible Englishmen persist in saying that the British Government with malice aforethought made war upon the South African Republics, one need not wonder at a similar misreading of history in the Far East. The Japanese attack on China is well-known to have been organized by many years of active preparation, carried on with miraculous secrecy. China, on the other hand was as en-

tirely unprepared for conflict as were the British when the South African territories were invaded by the Boers. There was indeed a curious parallelism between the two cases; inferior weapons, defective intelligence, chaotic counsels, and more besides than is quite pleasant to contemplate. We paid heavily for our inefficiency; the Chinese paid more heavily for theirs. We, by immense sacrifices, recovered ourselves, because we were inured to war, and had a thousand years of military tradition behind us. The Chinese collapsed because they had no such reserve to fall back upon, such show of military and naval force as they possessed being as an exotic flower without a root, blown away by the first gust. That Li Hung Chang was aware of this state of things is absolutely certain, and he knew moreover that if war ensued with Japan, the burden of its conduct would fall upon himself. Most strenuously, therefore, did he oppose every measure out of which any pretext for hostilities could be extracted. For good or for evil the attack on China was deliberately planned by Japan—by one man in particular, as is well known—and her spokesmen have never to this day been able to assign a plausible provocation on the part of China. The despatch of about 2,000 troops to quell an insurrection in Southern Korea has been by an effort of special pleading alleged as a justification to the Japanese for sending an army of 10,000 to occupy the Korean capital, and make a captive of the king. The two Powers had agreed by the convention of 1885 that should occasion arise for either of them to despatch troops to keep order in Korea, notice of the intention to do so should be given by the one to the other, so that both Powers should have an opportunity of being represented by an equivalent force. Accordingly China gave notice of her intention to Japan,

who acted upon it so promptly that her army was landed at the capital where there was no disturbance or pretext for foreign intervention, simultaneously with the arrival of the Chinese at the scene of insurrection. But even that small initial expedition of China sent at the instance of the Korean king, was despatched in opposition to the remonstrances of Li Hung Chang. The influences which then guided the Court of Peking, the part played in the transaction by foreigners, are still veiled in mystery; but the one fact remains, that on that occasion at least the counsels of Li were overruled by the Court, and he was compelled to do in his executive capacity that which his judgment condemned. It is only in accordance with the world's ordinary justice, however, that he should be passed down to history as the author of the Japanese war—a calamity which he would have sacrificed almost anything to avoid.

Li's cherished design of making war on Japan has also been inferred from certain state papers translated by a Japanese and published in England a few years ago. These included a memorial to the throne against the Japanese by a well-known Chinese fire-eater, and a report on the memorial by Li Hung Chang, to whom it was referred in the ordinary course. Li in his comment did not waste words in traversing the thesis of the memorialist, but merely remarked that, though the idea was good, time must be carefully chosen for giving effect to it. The formula was equivalent to the motion made in our House of Commons that "the bill be read that day six months." It was the bucket of water into which

the hot iron was plunged.<sup>3</sup> And the act was in entire conformity with the policy and practice of the Viceroy throughout his political career, a policy which he has followed consistently till the day of his death. Set in its least favorable light, it may be called the policy of "peace-at-any-price," a principle which must prove destructive to any state which follows it.

Apart, however, from all successes and failures, the imposing personality of Li Hung Chang cannot be easily explained away. He has been the indispensable man. However frequently the Imperial Court has gone through the form of degrading him, every difficulty, every crisis, has brought him again to the front; he has had to defend breaches which he had no hand in making, and to patch up quarrels which he would never have allowed to reach the burning point. Not by strength of character alone, nor yet by purity of administration, for there have been during his time stronger and purer officials than he, yet there has never been any one who was in the least competent to fill his place as the international representative of China. This was clearly demonstrated during the Japanese troubles, when the Chinese Government did its best to avoid employing him after he had been deprived of his offices. He was, nevertheless, found to be the only man competent to negotiate. The Marquis Ito, who knew him well, exclaimed when an enterprising newsagent had reported his death, "Why, if that man dies, I shall have to bring him out of his grave to negotiate peace." And when the troubles of 1900 broke out, it was urged

<sup>3</sup> Curiously enough, while correcting the proof of this article, another similar misinterpretation—as I venture to consider it—has been fallen into by Mr. H. J. Whigham, the special correspondent of the "Morning Post," in his most interesting letter published in that journal on November 19. Verily, "the letter killeth." To read any Chinese official document literally, especially a memorial to the throne or the report on it, would often

lead to grave misconception. The case seems to be this: a collision is threatened; the locomotive cannot be arrested by a man standing in front of the wheel, but it may be switched off the line of danger. Such seems to be the true meaning of Li's habitual attitude towards the fire-eaters on the various occasions when he proposed delay instead of a direct negative to schemes which were after all without form and void.

with copious but misdirected anathema by the English press that Li should not be allowed any resumption of authority in Northern China. Futile clamors were set up for detaining him in Canton, for holding him as a hostage in Shanghai and for subjecting him to sundry personal indignities during his progress to Peking; yet, in spite of all, he was bound by the exhaustive process to be the only man capable of dealing with the emergency.

Something more is needed to account for the eminence of an old and friendless man than mere astuteness, evasion, venality, and so forth. Might not the secret rather be found in that side of his character which has received, so far, the least recognition from the world, which has envenomed the whole official hierarchy of China against him, and which earned for him the most odious epithet known to the Chinese vocabulary, "The friend of foreigners"? Had it been true the implied reproach would not have been a very unjust one, for patriotism must always come first. But though Li had a tolerably extensive acquaintance with foreigners of all nations and classes, and was on what is called friendly terms with not a few, he was never the friend of every country but his own, in the opprobrious sense in which his fellow-countrymen use the word. His respect for foreigners was rational, based on his clear perception of the superior power of the Western nations, and the consequent necessity for China, by some means or other, to borrow their methods if she would save herself from ruin. He was, moreover, at least in the earlier part of his career, favorably impressed with the character as well as the power of foreigners, of whom General Gordon stood to him as the prototype. Throwing over the historical Chinese prejudices, which up to that time had led to disastrous collisions with foreign nations,

Li frankly entered into a scheme for learning all that his quondam enemies had to teach, and for employing them freely in the work of reforming the defences of China, and purchasing their weapons and appliances. As a preliminary to this great enterprise, Li had to change many of the traditional usages of his order. The first step was to establish free intercourse with foreigners, whom his predecessors had spurned from their footstool, and he became accessible to all sorts and conditions of men. Such an innovation by a Chinese mandarin was unheard of. We have but to think of the superb arrogance of such representatives of the mandarin class as Commissioners Lin and Yeh, to appreciate the greatness of the change inaugurated by Li Hung Chang. He was the first Chinese official who claimed from the Imperial Government the amicable treatment of foreigners, who vindicated in memorials to the throne their equality, and even in some respects their superiority, to the Chinese.

This of itself was a daring venture, an unpardonable violation of the national tradition. Had it seemed feasible to shield China from all contact with outer nations, or to expel them by force or fraud, we cannot doubt that Li would have thrown himself heart and soul into that cause; but since that was entirely out of the question, the next best thing was to break the violence of the impact, and to establish a communication between China and other States which might be carried on without periodical recourse to arms. Such was the central idea which seems to have governed the policy of Li Hung Chang from the day when he first made the acquaintance of foreigners until the day of his death. In following it out he had recourse to many devices, of which the regeneration of the defences of the country was an essential one, for on the face of the thing it

was absurd to speak of equality in the relations between States armed to the teeth and one which was defenceless. Foreign critics who have never been backward in judging things Chinese strongly disapproved of the money spent on armaments, which they maintained ought to have been spent in internal reform. But recent developments seem to show that Sir Frederick Bruce was nearer the mark in saying, forty years ago, that it was the weakness, and not the strength, of China that was a danger to Europe. The assumption of superiority by China, coupled with her actual inferiority, was the anomaly which Li sought to put an end to by levelling down the hereditary and preposterous pretensions of the Chinese governing body on the one hand, and by levelling up their material strength on the other, so that China might be able to hold her own, peaceably and confidently, in the comity of nations. To this end he constituted in his own person the adaptable joint round which Chinese and foreign relations might revolve with smoothness and safety. In this conception of the true basis of international intercourse there is no evidence of Li Hung Chang having had a single sympathizer among his countrymen; and of course his solitary efforts were wholly inadequate to give effect to the idea. Nevertheless, it was a conception not unworthy of a patriot and a statesman, and it is not every statesman who, in the face of all but universal opprobrium, would be ready to stake life and reputation in the prosecution even of essential reforms.

Among the criticisms of the life of Li Hung Chang, it is said to his disparagement that he looked through Chinese spectacles—that his ideas, his prejudices and even his superstitions were Chinese. What else would the ingenuous critic expect of a graduate of the Hanlin College, an official who

never left his country till after seventy, and how would he describe his own prejudices? "In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations," Li could not help being one of that people who number on the earth's surface anything from 200 to 400 millions, according to the oral rotundity of the speaker. Notwithstanding his heredity and surroundings, however, Li Hung Chang throughout his career evinced a consistent appreciation of foreign manners and ideas. Not alone in the importation and construction of machinery, and the application of physical science, and in matters generally external to himself, was his belief in things foreign demonstrated; but where his own person was concerned his faith was no less robust. The public medical services which he inaugurated were in fact but an expansion of the treatment which he had embraced for himself and his family, or as many of them as were disposed to follow his lead. As during the last scenes in Peking, so in the only dangerous illness he had previously gone through just ten years ago, his half-enlightened family made strenuous efforts to dissuade him from employing a foreign doctor. But though prostrated, and almost in the article of death, his confidence in foreign medicine remained unshaken. "He will die if he continues the foreign treatment," was the lamentation daily and hourly howled at the bedside of the patient; and even the day of his death was fixed for the winter solstice, then only a few days distant, a day of omen for the sick in China, as the ebbing of the tide is amongst our coast population. As Dr. Frazer, a genial Ulsterman, entered, the sick man looked up and asked the one question, "Shall I die on the 22d?" A cheery "No-o-o!" reassured the patient, who began at once to take nourishment, and in a few days was transacting public business— from his bed.

On the personal character of Li Hung Chang, apart from his public record, it is not necessary to expatiate. For one thing, it does not particularly concern us, and then we know less about it than we do about the private life of our own public men. And as even in their case a decent reticence is usually observed over their open graves, a similar restraint might be observed towards the statesmen of distant countries, without defrauding the reading public of what they may conceive to be honestly due to them in the way of personal gossip. It is said that he was venal, which is no doubt true in the sense that no Chinese official can live upon his salary, and must therefore derive his income from commissions and donations of various kinds, all perfectly regulated and understood. The whole Chinese civil and military administration is based upon this barbarous system, for there is nothing in that country corresponding to our Western—and that only modern—economy. To contend that Li Hung Chang was untainted by a system so deep-rooted, consecrated by the usage of ages, or even to deny that avarice, the vice of the old, grew by what it fed upon, as it does throughout the world, would be absurd. Such, however, are the inequalities of human judgment that contemporaries of Li Hung Chang, whose successful covetousness by many times exceeded his, and whose hands were moreover stained by crimes which are insinuated, without a trifle of evidence or justification, against Li, are never mentioned by foreign critics except in terms of respect.

There is no kind of misdemeanor with which Li Hung Chang is not freely and effusively charged, without a scintilla of truth. Indeed, publicists permit themselves a degree of license in dealing with the private affairs of Chinese which they would not, for fear of the law of libel, venture to indulge

towards the most felonious of their fellow-countrymen. It is usually the same class of writers who are the loudest in complaining of the unfriendliness of their victims, without considering that friendship implies reciprocity, or bringing forward a single reason why the objects of their invective should be friendly. In answer to one at least of these loose charges, it may be sufficient to affirm that the domestic life of Li Hung Chang was exemplary. For the rest, though not wanting in what are commonly recognized as Chinese characteristics, yet from some of these Li was exceptionally free. Perhaps the most active passions of the Chinese official classes are envy, jealousy and malice. Under these impulses mandarins, high and low, engage in elaborate plots to undermine rivals and to pursue their enemies to the very death. Jealousy no doubt showed itself, and no great wonder, in Li's declining years; and envy was probably as constant with him as it is with the majority of men. But rancor seemed to have no lodgment in his mind; indeed, he probably carried placability to a fault, often condoning treacheries in subordinate officials which merited more drastic treatment. His turn of mind being constructive, he wasted no time in those pulling-down intrigues which occupy so much of the ingenuity of the ordinary Chinese. "Let them go on and see what they will make of it," represents his habitual attitude towards reformers, schemers and competitors for Imperial favor. It is well known that he had ruthless enemies in Peking pledged to his ruin; yet even towards those who were banded together to have him assassinated he remained philosophically complacent. Speaking last summer of the prospect of a peaceful ending to his life, he was asked whether he was not afraid of those implacable enemies of his, "Oh



no," he said, "those who sought my life are dead, executed at the behest of the Allies; let them rest." There was no trace of bitterness in his expression.

It must strike any one who has given attention to the course of events in China during the past generation, that a Chinese statesman so broad-minded and free from prejudice as Li Hung Chang, and so devoted to progress and reform, would have promoted these objects by a closer alliance with another representative of progress, the man who was, in fact, by his position, the embodiment of material reform in China, Sir Robert Hart. Such truth as there may be in this reflection is obvious on the surface; but it is not to be inferred from their keeping apart that the two men did not play powerfully into each other's hands. The institution presided over by the Inspector-General of Customs was, in fact, one of the fulcrums of the Viceroy's lever, while the influence of Li was the prop which has maintained the Customs administration intact. Jealousy undoubtedly existed between them—how could it be otherwise?—and if ever the Inspector-General aspired to the exercise of undue authority over Chinese administration, the Viceroy Li was prompt to frustrate his schemes. On the other hand, when a determined effort was made by a high Chinese official, in concert with certain foreigners, to supplant Sir Robert Hart in the control of the Customs, it was the same Viceroy who effectually intervened to suppress the conspiracy and to establish the Inspector-General more firmly in his seat.

For five years Li Hung Chang was out of office, for his embassy to Russia in 1896, his service in the Tsung-li-Yamén and his River Conservancy in Shantung, were but stop-gaps. A substantive appointment was, however, conferred upon him when he was sent

as Viceroy to the Two Kwang in 1900. The genesis of this move to the south would be interesting considering its nearness in point of time to the anti-foreign uprising of the summer before last. It was once claimed officially as a triumph of British diplomacy, that Li was sent away from the Tsung-li-Yamén in deference to the request of the British Minister—a preposterous idea, which only shows the readiness of British officials, Government, and people to take refuge in every fool's paradise that offers itself. How far the appointment to Canton was motivated by the desire of the reactionaries in Peking to get so inconvenient an opponent out of the way, and how far that desire co-operated with the wish on the Viceroy's own part to be as far away as possible from the coming trouble, may be open to debate. When asked whether he was aware of what was impending, the Viceroy said, "He did fear that a storm was brewing, but could not foresee the form it might assume, nor form the faintest conception of the extent to which it actually went." It is a reasonable probability, that had Li remained in Peking the storm which burst in June would have been averted. On the other hand, a weaker man at Canton during that very critical period might not have been able to check the rising which actually began there. Even as matters stood, the utmost vigor was called for to nip the southern insurrection in the bud. Some thousands of insurgents were arrested and executed, and in order to disseminate the message as widely as possible, these executions were ordered to take place not in any special locality, but in every part of the great city of Canton in succession. By these drastic measures confidence was soon restored to the peaceable population and Li's successor had an easy task in maintaining order. This saving of the situation in Southern China

was no less important a feat than that of the Yang-tze Viceroys, who saved the situation in the central provinces. But the fashion of the day is to overload the two with praise, perhaps more—coming as it does from foreign sources—than they altogether appreciate, while the action of the third Viceroy has been ignored, perhaps no less to his satisfaction. The commendation of an alien comes tainted with suspicion, is not always welcome and sometimes highly embarrassing. A Chinese official once begged a foreigner, believed to have some connection with the press, that his name might never be mentioned in any foreign newspaper, or, if mentioned at all, that it should be in terms of reprobation. "For that," said he, "may do me good, while praise from a foreigner would

damn me in the estimation of my countrymen."<sup>3</sup>

The termination of the extensive yet much restricted reign of Li Hung Chang leaves a great void in the Chinese world; how will it be filled up? There comes naturally a stage in the career of a reformer—if he lives long enough—when he slackens his efforts and becomes in his turn an obstacle to the more ardent spirits who are impatient to make their own mark. That period was reached, we believe, some time ago by Li, when he gradually assumed the rôle rather of a Conservative than a Progressive. Now the obstruction has been removed, and the younger men have free play for their schemes. Let us see, to use Li Hung Chang's words, what they will make of it.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Alexander Michie.

#### AT OXFORD.

You that fare to Oxford, tell me what you find;  
"Grayest courts and flow'riest gardens, streams that silver wind,  
Sweetbriar hedge of yesterdays,—Today's Rose sleeps behind!"

You that go from Oxford, tell me what goes too,  
"All the woman's soul of her a wandering son to woo;  
Not until you go from her will she come to you."

Folded is her body in a faerie rest,  
Whilst her dreams for banished men go seeking east and west;  
Till their dreams come back at call to find their mother's breast!

A. S. Cripps.

<sup>3</sup> The well-known Peking correspondent of the "Times," who has rendered such excellent service to that paper and to the public for some years past, has recently uttered a note of warning to the Foreign Office as to the publication of communications from Chinese officials, seeing that the Blue-Books are studied in all the yamens in

China. The hint might with advantage be taken by the newspapers also, which are no less eagerly scanned for matter which may be used offensively by one Chinese clique, or individual, against another, and for evidences of the hostile intentions of foreign nations.

## THE WHITE PERIL.

A little paper volume published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, containing "Letters from John Chinaman," merits more general attention than it has yet received. "John Chinaman" examines in these letters the question how far his fatherland will be improved by the introduction of modern industrialism; but even to persons not interested in the Far Eastern problem his remarkable pamphlet, written with an excellence of style fast disappearing from our literature, gives food for reflection on the value of the life which we ourselves lead in England, by comparing it with the life which we have all hitherto agreed in despising, the life even of the abhorred Chinese.

You are accustomed [he says] to regard us as barbarians, and not unnaturally, for it is only on the occasions when we murder your compatriots that your attention is powerfully drawn towards us. From such spasmodic outbreaks you are apt over-hastily to infer that we are a nation of cold-blooded assassins; a conclusion as reasonable as would be an inference from the present conduct of your troops in China to the general character of Western civilization.

Our civilization is the oldest in the world. It does not follow that it is the best; but neither, I submit, does it follow that it is the worst. On the contrary, such antiquity is, at any rate, a proof that our institutions have guaranteed to us a stability for which we search in vain among the nations of Europe. But not only is our civilization stable—it also embodies, as we think, a moral order; while in yours we detect only an economic chaos. Whether your religion be better than ours I do not at present dispute; but it is certain that it has less influence on your society.

... We measure the degree of civilization, not by accumulation of the

means of living, but by the character and value of the life lived. Where there are no humane and stable relations, no reverence for the past, no respect even for the present, but only a cupidinous ravishment of the future, there, we think, there is no true society.

... Admitting that we are not what you call a progressive people, we yet perceive that progress may be bought too dear.

After an exquisite picture of the great valleys where the millions of China dwell, he draws the deduction—

... beauty pressing in from without moulds the spirit and mind insensibly to harmony with herself. If in China we have manners, if we have art, if we have morals, the reason, to those who can see, is not far to seek. Nature has taught us.

... To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in Nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself a sufficient end. A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow of trees on the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar; these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away, with its freight of music and light, into the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature. This we have; this you cannot give us; but this you may so easily take away. Amid the roar of looms it cannot be heard; it cannot be seen in the smoke of factories; it is killed by the wear and whirl of Western life. And when I look at your business men, the men whom you most admire; when I see them hour after hour,

day after day, year after year, tolling in the mill of their forced and undelighted labors; when I see them importing the anxieties of the day into their scant and grudging leisure, and wearing themselves out less by toll than by carking and illiberal cares, I reflect, I confess, with satisfaction on the simpler routine of our ancient industry, and prize, above all your new and dangerous routes, the beaten track so familiar to our accustomed feet that we have leisure, even while we pace it, to turn our gaze up to the eternal stars.

A quotation from Sir Robert Hart, praising Chinese life, literature and morals, on the same grounds and with the same degree of enthusiasm, is introduced to prevent the untravelled reader from scornfully rejecting this picture as fanciful.

Yet it is not necessary, in order to call ourselves to judgment, to accept without qualification this wholly favorable view of Chinese life. Even if, trusting Sir Robert Hart's power of observation, we attribute morality, gentleness, artistic and literary sensibility to millions living within the Chinese Empire, we may wonder how much their morality is not custom, their gentleness weakness, and how far their artistic and literary sensibility may not have paled in the course of motionless centuries into a habit now scarcely conscious. At best China is the mild Heaven which the rebel angels rejected; at worst London is the Hell which they preferred. China is maintained by custom; Europe by force—that is, by the perpetual strife of new interests and greeds. Neither custom nor strife can lead man out of the brute; but strife can at least keep alive in him the active principle. Whenever that active principle, alive in the European, combines, as at times and places it has done, with the sense of beauty, or with the love of good, things far nobler have on such occasions been produced than any which China can

now supply. If "John Chinaman" were to stand in contemplative mood in the bosom of the Tuscan Apennines, under that forest of war-towers that rises from the winding streets of San Gimignano, he would read in their gray stones the history of civic blood feuds within those ancient walls, and of perpetual strife between the furious little city and the neighboring market towns; yet if he were to enter the churches and palaces that stand in the shadow of those same towers he would read on the painted walls, in the Franciscan legends, in the life of Dante, what manner of men and women that uneasy generation brought forth; and would learn what things come of activity and strife, as long as the surroundings of life are beautiful and as long as the age is not cut off from imagination. If he would try to compute the amount and the variety of human worth produced by the very instability of our English institutions in the seventeenth century, he could scarcely any longer maintain that custom, even hallowed custom, is the only source of what is most noble. Or if, again, he had known England as she was in the first half of the nineteenth century, when the countryside was still inhabited by a vigorous population of all classes, who knew nature in all the beauty that she puts on in our island; when commercial life in the towns not yet corrupted by overgrowth, seemed to serve as a foundation for morality, common sense and the things of the intellect; when our great men, poets, artists, men of science, men of letters, and even our statesmen, sent back across the ages a challenge to the great men of Italy and Greece; if he had known England then, he would see how a society undergoing rapid change may be far more excellent than China.

It is, indeed, only during the last generation that we have lost a national

character as strong as it was healthy, and a national culture as deep as it was broad. At the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851 England was in the highest sense of the word a very great country. But the sudden destruction of rural life, which never was more prosperous than it was fifty years ago; the substitution of life in "great cities" for life in large towns; the rapid diffusion of the vulgarity bred in those great cities into every corner of our island by locomotion and the cheap press, has destroyed all that was characteristic of Old England.

As long as we continue to believe the professional deceivers of our populace, when they tell us that we have the same national characteristics as we had in the days of the Stuarts, of Waterloo, or even of the Indian Mutiny, so long shall we misjudge every imperial, every political, every social, every educational question. How can a population living a wholly artificial life in great cities be the same as a population living in country cottages and small towns? How can a population in which every man daily soaks his mind in modern journalism be the same as a population of whom some read the Bible and a few sound books, and the rest nothing at all? Before the industrial revolution, the ordinary working of economic law left the majority of manual laborers unenlightened indeed, but natural in mind, habits and emotion; delighting in sports in which they themselves took part; and cheered by songs, ballads and stories of their own countryside that were never vulgar and often exquisite. Meanwhile that large minority, on whom education was then bestowed, had religion, imagination, intellect. But all seem to have possessed natural taste in arts and crafts (as all their surviving houses, furniture and utensils show). And these qualities, "in widest commonality spread," were

the general conditions that produced in individual cases the high triumphs of English literature. So long as man minded his business in cottage, farm, mansion and shop, English life was vigorous and beautiful. But how can it now be beautiful, and how even vigorous for anything except material ends? For it is the common sights and sounds of daily life which stimulate or deaden the imagination, awaken or stifle the æsthetic and the moral qualities. No one has ever attempted to deny this principle since Plato laid it down as the reason why the artists in his Republic should

... by the power of genius trace out the nature of the fair and the graceful, that our young men, dwelling as it were in a healthful region, may drink in good from every quarter, whence any emanation from noble works may strike upon their eye or their ear, like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, and win them imperceptibly from their earliest childhood into resemblance, love and harmony with the true beauty of reason.

What a ghastly satire are these old Athenian words on the sights and sounds that now pursue our distracted city race from "earliest childhood" through a life that is in its externals like one long journey by the Underground! The law that the surroundings of life mould the mind has been applied by our scientists and historians to every other civilization. Why, then, should we suppose that its operation will be suspended for our own benefit? Because we are the English, are we to suffer no change? are we alone to escape the action of eternal laws?

*Jactes et genus et nomen inutile.*

The inevitable result is thus described by "John Chinaman:"—

... Your triumphs in the mechanical arts are the obverse of your failure



in all that calls for spiritual insight. Machinery of every kind you can make and use to perfection; but you cannot build a house or write a poem or paint a picture; still less can you worship or aspire. Look at your streets. Row upon row of little boxes, one like another, lacking in all that is essential, loaded with all that is superfluous—this is what passes among you for architecture. Your literature is the daily press, with its stream of solemn fatuity, of anecdotes, puzzles, puns and police-court scandal. Your pictures are stories in paint, transcripts of all that is banal, clumsily botched by amateurs as devoid of tradition as of genius. Your outer sense as well as your inner is dead; you are blind and deaf. Ratiocination has taken the place of perception; and your whole life is an infinite syllogism from premises you have not examined, to conclusions you have not anticipated or willed. Everywhere means, nowhere an end! Society a huge engine, and that engine itself out of gear!

The type of average Englishman whom "John Chinaman" describes, without culture, without ideal, without personality, has but little in common with the puritan apprentice and yeoman of Cromwell's day, and scarcely more with the vigorous children of earth that peopled our island at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the men of Scott, Borrow, Dickens. Where is the modern novelist to find such individual types? The uniform modern man is born of his conditions, bred up either in the great cities themselves, or at best in districts that have lost their own character and draw their ideas from the manners and literature of the capital. Only in the few parts of the country and a few departments of life still more or less remote from this atmosphere, among sailors, hill-farmers, or in households still attached to old ideals of life, are the old English to be found. But we cannot put our trust in their survival. We

cannot go back. There is a way forward, out of our present life and culture worse than the old, into a state that may by taking thought be made better. By modern machinery mankind is moulded for good or for evil with a rapidity of change unknown at any previous epoch. In this sense "modern progress" has a meaning. But hitherto the progression, being left unguided in the hands of the great material interests, has been gravely for the worst. There will be no national effort to deflect its course, until it is recognized that we have deteriorated; until modern progress is judged not by trade returns and the quantity of victuals consumed per head, but by its results on the thoughts and characters of men.

Fifty years back, when Ruskin began to point out that modern city life was injurious to taste and imagination, our cheerful grandfathers, unwilling either on the one hand to confess themselves materialists, or on the other to entertain suspicions of the "progress of humanity," made reply to the prophet of evil: "Our houses, we regret to hear you say, are ugly; our streets, we can see for ourselves, are sordid; our occupations are mechanical; the outward appearance of our towns is stultifying. But it is only the appearance which is bad. We have in the printing-press an instrument by which the inner life of the mind can be ennobled, by which intellect and art can be diffused among classes that never knew them before." In those days this reply contained much truth. But since then a serious blow has been inflicted on the prospects of the human race. The printing-press itself has been carried over into the enemy's camp. The Philistines have captured the Ark of the Covenant and have learnt to work their own miracles through its power. "The pen," as our grandfathers optimistical-

ly observed, "is mightier than the sword." Mightier indeed, but, as we now have learnt, no whit more likely to be in good hands.

Fifty years ago the majority of those who could read were in some real sense educated. Therefore the press, following the law of supply and demand, was so used as to appeal to an educated public. Even those readers who were essentially vulgar, then read books and newspapers a little above their intellectual level, since these came most easily to hand. Now these conditions have been reversed. The number of people who can read is enormous; the proportion of those who are educated is small. The printing-press, following the law of supply and demand, now appeals to the uneducated mass of all classes. Many even of the educated, too lazy to observe that a book or a newspaper of 1900 does not mean the same thing as a book or a newspaper in 1850, join in the universal nettle-feast, and "know not eating death." Bad or indifferent literature is thrust into men's hands, the noise of it is dinned into their ears with a persistency, against which the fewest are proof. Not only does the vulgar read nothing but vulgarity, so sacrificing the chance of gradual improvement which he used to enjoy, but the man with better capabilities reads so constantly below the true level of his taste and intellect, that his ideals are gradually debased and he takes no pains to recommend good books and journals to his children. Until the reading of nonsense comes to be regarded by respectable families in the same light as dram-drinking, the press will do more universal harm than the public-house.

The effect of the book-world upon the intellectual and moral tone of an age depends chiefly on the quality of those contemporary books, which are most in the mouths of men, whose ap-

pearance is most eagerly expected and whose contents are most frequently discussed. Two generations back, the authors whose works answered to this description were Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, Browning, Dickens, Darwin, Mill, Tennyson, Thackeray, together with a host of men who, with less splendid literary powers, had much to say to their age, like Maurice, Martineau or Kingsley. Their names were household words, their doctrines were the staple of every debate. Through the clever, their ideas filtered through to the stupid. But even the stupidest was fed directly on wholesome stuff; the commonest of the books of the time were "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Martin Tupper;" but even such books as these, if they were written now, would rightly be regarded as exceptionally good in their influence. Tupper's poems on the Great Exhibition are nobler in tone than those of any English writer who is equally influential to-day. He popularized the ideas that education, domestic virtue, international peace, the things of the mind and of the spirit, were the ends for which society existed, the only reasons why material prosperity was to be valued. His dusty volumes standing on the shelf of some modest parlor next to Motley's "Dutch Republic," the relics of the grandfather's library, swamped by the garbage which the simple now have thrust upon them, are a melancholy monument of our educational progress. But while the simple were digesting Tupper, people capable of thought had constantly forced on to their consideration the ideals of the great writers of which we gave an incomplete list above.

To-day, largely owing to the different influence exerted by the book-world, men conceive very differently of the ends toward which individual and national life should be directed. The greatest writer of our age, who em-

bodies its spirit with no mean ingenuity, is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Whatever his own intentions may be, his works spread the doctrine that force is the only means, national wealth the only end, courage and application the only human virtues. Others, who by the pen set the intellectual standard and the moral tone of this generation, in no way superior to Tupper in literary power, surpass him by an impudence and a vulgarity of spirit which give the lie to the morality which their works sometimes pretend to inculcate. Our most popular writers preach one of two ideas—either materialism or sensational sentimentality.<sup>1</sup>

True, there is a highly educated public, whose taste, we are told, is improving. But, faster than their taste improves, their ability to produce good literature decays. The more exquisite they become, the more learned they make themselves, the smaller grows their power of influencing others. Works of learning and criticism may be on the increase, but works of true art and literature are on the decrease. It is art and literature, not learning, that can appeal to any besides the scholar. What good art and literature there is in England now is for the initiated, and appeals to ever narrowing circles. People who know what is good are beginning, here as in America, to stand aside from the fray, and make to themselves a garden of Epicurus.

In journalism the same causes have produced the same results as in literature.

The magazines and journals of fifty and twenty-five years back were written for an educated public, but had a large overflow sale among other classes, who thereby were beginning to develop the power

of thought. That process has now stopped. Our most typical and influential papers (the halfpenny journal, and that constant flow of thrice diluted anecdote which, under the name of "magazine" or "popular weekly paper," is everywhere hawked for a few pence) are indeed written for the uneducated, but are fast becoming the reading of the educated also. In consequence, the "respectable" dailies and weeklies are racing after their new rivals. Discussion is being abandoned for the accumulation of all facts, true or false, all arguments, good or bad, which will confirm people in their prejudices. It is largely because the papers have lost the power of looking at facts as they are that we are failing to recover from our errors in South Africa as we recovered from errors in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny.

Journals, magazines and the continued spawn of bad novels constitute our national culture, for it is on these that the vast majority of all classes employ their power of reading. How does it concern our culture that Shakespeare, Milton, Ruskin, in times gone by wrote in our language, if for all the countless weary ages to come the hordes that we breed and send out to swamp the world shall browse with ever-increasing appetite on the thin swollen stuff that commerce has now learnt to supply for England's spiritual and mental food? To what purpose, even, shall the good old books sometimes be dutifully read by generations that shall have lost all power to prefer them heartily to the bad products of their own time? What good is it that the door guarding the stores of knowledge is now left open to all, if the way to it is concealed by rubbish-heaps that in one generation have grown sky-high? The halls

of our age may be seen in Mr. Meredith's "Foresight and Patience," in his recent volume, "A Reading of Life."

<sup>1</sup> Yet men have we whom we revere,  
Now names, and men still housing here,  
veterans of the age gone by, true products of  
"old England." What they think of the spirit

of intellect are no longer locked and barred, but their vast corridors are empty of folk; so it was open to all to win Dante's heaven, but none the less hell was filled with

Le genti dolorose,  
Ch' hanno perduto 'l ben dell' intel-  
letto.<sup>3</sup>

What remedies can be adopted to avert the uprooting of taste and reason by the printing-press?

I. First, as a condition of all other remedies, the evil must be recognized as one of the gravest that has ever threatened the human race; it must be understood that it is the nature of this evil to go on increasing, owing to the assimilative power of modern machinery, unless that machinery gets into better hands and is used for other purposes besides making money by gigantic sales. Before anything can be done to effect this change, good people must cease to tell themselves the lazy, cowardly falsehood that "It does not really matter what the cheap press says; no one takes it seriously." Most people take their opinions from what they read, as they have little time and less zeal for discussion. But even those who do not take their opinions direct from leading articles have their intellectual standard and their power of reasoning colored by bad papers and worthless novels, especially if they look at nothing else. If a man reads every day nothing but nonsense or brutality, he ceases to be able to detect brutality and nonsense. If he sees nothing but what is ugly, and reads nothing but what is tasteless, he loses his sense of beauty and his taste. The refusal of educated people to believe that the state of the press is of any serious account still prevents united effort to save the mind of man from the

corruption that is advancing on it apace.

II. Secondly, if once the magnitude of the danger is recognized, people can take measures to save themselves and their children from the contagion. The best fortress against evil of all kinds has been and ever will be the home. Unfortunately "the spirit of ancient times," in which religious families of evangelicals, quakers or nonconformists used to protect themselves against outside influence, has broken down just at the moment when our new cheap press rendered that spirit more necessary than ever before. The lofty and stern duties of choice and rejection must be revived in new forms, not only against sin, which is as prevalent as ever, not only against luxury, which is far more prevalent and is no longer thought wrong, but also against an evil that previously did not exist, the mere fatuity and vulgarity of all the commonest reading. The change of conditions has scarcely been realized. In old days youth could with comparative safety have been invited to range at will through all printed matter, except what was indecent; but now that three-quarters of printed matter is vulgar or fatuous, such a law of freedom is fatal. No doubt actual prohibition is more difficult than of old, and may not itself be altogether good. But if boys and girls were brought up with the knowledge of the prime fact that most of what they see about them in the shops and stalls is nonsense, if nothing but what was worth reading was put into their hands, if as they grew up they were taught to regard the choice of books and of newspapers as one of the most important duties of life, future generations might yet preserve taste and understanding. We cannot indeed expect that in England we shall ever obtain a movement against levity and vulgarity, such as now in Wales prevents the inroad of worthless novels,

<sup>3</sup> The unhappy people,  
Who have lost the good of the intellect.

excludes betting, sporting and bad police news from the popular press, and induces the working men not only to use but even to endow by subscription their national universities. As a national movement, intellectual puritanism must be left to the despised Welsh, for the English as a race never cared about intellect and have now ceased to be Puritan. But there is no reason why many individual families in every class should not set up a standard of home reading to exclude much that is now wrongly considered innocuous—the unbroken year-long supply of bad new novels—the halfpenny paper, the fatuous magazine—the base literature whose art is snap-shot photography and whose theme is paltry anecdote. In the English language there are good books enough for the most voracious student, good novels enough for the greediest novel-reader, good fun enough for the most light-hearted. The frequent editions of our best classical authors are a sign of hope. But the sale of these books is kept down, and their good effect on the reader is in many cases expunged, by the constant perusal of modern rubbish, generally advertised in exactly inverse proportion to its merits. The movement towards good literature will certainly not make head against its noisier rival unless something of the old religious feeling is revived to protect the homes of rich and poor alike against vulgarity and inanity, as well as against sin.

So, too, the music hall and the musical farce are regarded as innocuous by respectable persons. But are they innocuous merely because they are not grossly indecent? Even if we lay aside the question of "double entendre" which is often an important element, nothing is more certain than that constant attendance at mere folly destroys the taste for what is higher, or even for what is more sensible, and gradually renders the mind incapable of response

to an appeal of reason or of real emotion. "The laughter of fools" is the most killing influence against which good feeling and good sense have to struggle. It is quite incompatible with a lofty or even a serious life.

The favorite entertainment of the modern English is vulgarity itself. Even a musical farce which is just passable in London becomes appalling as it is rendered in the provinces. These influences, previously confined to a few, are now being brought within reach of nearly all the inhabitants of the island; they are everywhere advertised, praised, discussed; they supply the sentiment and the songs of the nation. If it is true that a people's ballads are more important than its laws, on what road have we travelled from "Hearts of Oak" to the "Soldiers of the Queen," from the "Lover and his Lass" and "Tom Herchard's Wooing" to the "Belle of New York?" The influence of the music halls has spoilt not only English fun but English patriotism. The Union Jack, the rare sight of which once made the heart swell, has become an idle rag in our streets, the companion of the peacock feather. The old feeling against theatre-going, which kept our ancestors away from simpler and less vulgar performances, is fast dying out now that it is more needed. May it not be long before such a feeling revives among those who are incapable of choosing good entertainments and rejecting bad!

III. The third remedy for the evil of the press is more education. The mass of men have been taught to read without being educated. They are now setting the tone to those few who have enjoyed an education. Since we have given every one the key to the house of knowledge, we must show them the door. It is fatal to turn people out with the dangerous power of reading in such a welter of the waters as literature has now become if we leave



them wholly without guide. The chief task of education, more important even than technical education, is to train the mind to think, the eye to see, the judgment to choose, the spirit to be exalted. It is to this sort of education, imperfect and pedantic as it is in Germany, that the Germans attribute their recent commercial success, even more than to technical instruction. But beyond its use for material ends, the humanist education alone can save the world from barbarism of taste and materialism of spirit, more truly to be dreaded than anything from which man suffered when he lived on the bosom of nature, even in the most despised ages of faith, fable and imagination.

There are two parts of education, each of which will need to be very highly developed before human beings can be compensated for their separation from nature and the disruption of the old culture and traditions.

The first of these two is the instruction of youth; the real benefit which modern industrialism and labor-saving machines might confer on society would be that most men should have leisure to continue their education uninterrupted up to the threshold of manhood. Only so can industrialism undo the harm it has effected by divorcing the English from nature and spreading the cheap press. The second part of education consists not in the definite instruction of youth, but in the provision of facilities to men and women for good reading, good music, good theatres, good discussion. For this purpose, too, our industrial society and our command over nature afford new opportunities almost without limit. But will the State, will the municipality, will associations of patriotic individuals set their hands to the gigantic task of using these opportunities? If they will not, commercialism will continue, by natural working of the law of com-

petition and *laissez-faire*, to supply ever vaster quantities of stuff that will grow more squalid and inane as the public taste progressively deteriorates. Against the advertising power of the cheap press, of bad authors, of music halls and silly theatres, no private efforts or domestic resistance will in the end avail, without organized and common effort to make the good as presentable, as obvious, as cheap, as much in evidence as the bad is to-day. It is the spirit of *laissez-faire* that has permitted commercialism to buy up our press, our theatres, our culture. It is the spirit of private combination and State enterprise that alone can fight the gigantic organizations of evil.

IV. The last of the remedies is to apply the same kind of reconstruction to journalism. The principle of journalism is purely commercial; the object is to supply an article that will command the largest possible market. It is regarded as fatal to admit into the paper anything better than what the average man is supposed to want, to argue against his prejudices, or to refuse him the sensational stuff which he is supposed to like best. A few papers are resisting this tendency. One particular evening paper, endeavoring first to be a good paper, and, secondly, by every right means to be popular, has proved two important facts. First, that it is possible now to have a paper as good as any paper in the past. Secondly, that a good paper can get a large public. But when will these principles be applied to the morning journals, and more especially to the all-powerful morning halfpenny paper? The politics and the culture of England alike depend, in the long run, on the press. Will our daily instruction fall with increasing rapidity into the hands of commercialism, that has no object but to force a sale or to uphold corrupt interests? Or will good men of different parties, opinions and

types of mind be energetic enough to establish a rival popular press whose aim is good?

The material aspects of decadence in great cities—drink, housing, health—are at least recognized as problems to which statesmen know that it is their duty to attend, although they everlastingly put off the performance of that duty with fine words. Local bodies meanwhile are actually doing something in these matters, here a little and there a little. Whether such efforts will be made on a large scale early enough to check physical degeneration now that country life has been destroyed, yet remains to be seen. But the object of the present article is to point out that, side by side with these recognized material evils, are unrecognized evils of an equally serious nature. In the last generation intellectual, moral and spiritual degeneration has set in, due to causes in the world of thought analogous and even related to those corresponding causes of physical degeneration, such as overcrowding, drink and want of country air and exercise. Neither the physical nor the mental problem will mend itself if left to time. Both require active measures on a large scale to change conditions and to set up new standards. State, or at least municipal, assistance will eventually be necessary; but till that day comes, and in order that it may come, individual effort and private combination require a stimulus at this moment. That the rising generation should recognize its danger and cease to be contented with purely material and economic ends, is the first condition of such a movement.

Men talk of the Yellow Peril. It is impossible yet to tell whether that danger exists, whether Europe's provocations will, indeed, "civilize" the Chinese, and "awaken their activities," not to devise new thought, new religion, new art, but to come against the

white man armed with his own weapons, in hordes more numerous but as cruel as the armies of civilization who lately in the plains of Peking violated their women and murdered their infants. But the more certain, the more terrible peril is another. It is the White Peril.

Into every corner of our island, into every corner of the world, ugliness, vulgarity, materialism, the insipid negation of everything that has been accounted good in the past history of man, "post o'er land and ocean without rest," armed with powers to destroy the old and propagate the new, far more powerful than the means of destruction and assimilation with which the Greek colonist, the Elizabethan adventurer and the religious refugee went forth across the seas in the days of old. All that is good in the world is threatened. Art, literature, religious leadership, political commonsense, have in our island gone down before the tide in one generation. Material luxury alone seems likely to survive the general wreck, and the relation that luxury bears to the higher efforts of mind and spirit is inverse.

We are mortgaging the whole future of mankind. Such is the problem of the age. But how is it being met? It is not even regarded as a problem at all. The energy, the money, the public attention, the combined and individual effort, the State assistance which alone can check the grand destruction, are all turned to the furious competition of nations, brought closer than ever to each other's doors by locomotion, and stirred up to hatred more fierce and general than ever by a press that in every country finds "nationalism" the easiest tune to play. In rabid competition for new markets, of which modern industrialism, howling on for more, demands a new supply from the governments every few years, all politics are directed by the great interests to-

wards that one end of satiating the insatiable, all objects save material prosperity have been banished from the national ideals. Even education can plead for itself only as a business training, and even so pleads to the State in vain. Where nothing more is sought by the community, nothing more will, under the new economy, be found.

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

For, divorced from the healthy influences of nature and of a simple economy, nothing can reclaim us now but machinery, organization, definite intention, common effort, directed not merely to force expansion at the extremes, but to check corruption at the core—not solely to accumulate means or living, but to restore a value to life.

*G. M. Trevelyan.*

### LORD ROSEBERY AND POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION.

Lord Rosebery has completed for his part the work which he has pursued on parallel lines with Mr. Chamberlain of destroying every distinction of principle in English political life. Between them they have thrown into the melting-pot the whole metal of all that was definite and different in party convictions. Toryism, as it knew itself before the arch-Radical and detested demagogue of its last days became "the spokesman of our party" upon domestic questions, is as dead as Lord Eldon. For the man who was recognized in these pages exactly three years ago as the "Disraeli of Liberalism," an appreciation which proves to have touched something in the truth, Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstonian spirit in Imperial affairs, foreign relations and Irish policy, are at least equally extinct. In the era of Midlothian "who could have dreamt that times would come like these?" Lord Salisbury has repudiated the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield and accepted the domestic doctrines of Jack Cade. Mr Chamberlain in his turn has reversed Majuba, and effected the next best thing to Imperial Federation by raising the Colonial Office into one of the three or four greatest departments of the State. Lord Rosebery, in

the climax of this strange series of transformations, has returned to public life to urge a Unionist policy upon the Liberal party with the object of displacing a Unionist Government—as the Colonial Secretary forced Radical measures upon Conservative Ministers in order to prevent a Radical Government.

With the abandonment of "the Irish alliance and its consequences," Liberal Imperialism becomes precisely the same thing in essence as Liberal Unionism. The Imperial and social gospels of Chesterfield and Birmingham are mere variants of one another. When Lord Rosebery speaks he gives finer eloquence and deeper vision to the Colonial Secretary's main principles. When Mr. Chamberlain addresses the nation upon the work of the future he brings the sense of a closer grasp and a more practical energy to the advocacy of the ex-Premier's very ideas. In short, it is clearer since the Chesterfield speech than ever before that the two men with whom the Empire has henceforth to reckon most, agree in everything except in their opinion of each other. Between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain there may be alternation in office, but no antagonism except an unwholesome one of personal prejudices such as the Empire is little

<sup>1</sup> "Fortnightly Review," January, 1898.

in the mood to tolerate. There can be no genuine and patriotic separation between them, no true political Opposition. In the vital characteristics of the statesmanship at which they both aspire they are as much alike as a pair of gloves. The thumbs may be on different sides, but that is all. Both these men desire above all things to renew and perpetuate the greatness of England, to replace once for all the insular by the Imperial conception of the State, and to supplement the new spirit by the definite and powerful organization which alone can give the widest and most splendid ambition ever entertained by any people the slightest chance of permanency in the modern world. But if that is the purpose at which the two protagonists of the political future aim by instinct the methods by which they propose to realize it are identical in principle.

Is the cause of the Empire assured and supreme in all our politics? It was the action of the Colonial Secretary and his friends, in 1886, which made it so. At the parting of the ways they swung the country into the right road when Lord Rosebery and his party took the disastrous path they now abandon. Does the ex-Premier declare that freedom from the "Irish alliance and its consequences" is the indispensable preliminary of any attempt of Liberalism to regain the confidence of the country? It is what the Colonial Secretary has been preaching to his old associates for the half a generation that has elapsed since the great schism upon Home Rule.

Was Lord Rosebery the earliest advocate of drawing the colonies more closely to the Mother Country? Mr. Chamberlain has done the work—he has done more than all the other statesmen of his time to draw the great over-sea States of the Empire as closely to the Mother Country as they ever can be drawn unless by the adoption of

some federal band, and he has a hold upon the confidence of the colonies such as no other man possesses. Where is the personality by whom he would be fully replaced at the Colonial office in any cast of an "alternative Government?" The seer of Chesterfield has moments of second-sight such as come to no other man in public life. That is the suggestive and disturbing gift, invaluable under present circumstances, in which the nation feels that no one approaches him. His prophetic instinct was never more remarkable than in the passage from the speech at Melbourne eighteen years ago, when in disagreement with a contrary opinion endorsed by Mr. John Morley, he declared his belief that "the connection of loyalty between Australia and the Mother Country *would* survive a war." But it is under Mr. Chamberlain's tenure of the Colonial Office and in respect of "Mr. Chamberlain's war," that Lord Rosebery's opinion in 1884 has been vindicated. The ex-Premier justly ridicules the religious devotion of rigid Radicalism to the obsolete. Nothing is truer in his analysis of the condition of his old party than his description of the Opposition Toryism which, in complete unconsciousness of its own character is as deep as that of the Carlton Club. There is a school of the Liberal party including the majority of its members over fifty, who believe that the principles of Liberal consistency were eternally settled—under Mr. Gladstone—and that when consistency was consummated with Home Rule, nothing more could be added or subtracted without profanity. The more obstinate difficulty in the way of the Renaissance of Liberalism is not the "Stop the War" party, but the "Stop the Clock" party. Lord Rosebery, therefore, recommends for the future a more modern and accommodating mind. He is quite right, but Mr. Chamberlain is by far the most stimulating example of

evolution and adaptability upon whose career a progressive Opposition could attempt to shape its plastic future. Upon the Queen's speech in 1893, with all its heroic list of impossible promises—inserted not necessarily for legislation but as a guarantee of good faith, to borrow from the language of other notes to correspondents—Lord Rosebery pours mockery which recalls the very accents of Mr. Chamberlain in denouncing that Queen's Speech at the time.

But it is the same with every other main article of the Chesterfield policy. Lord Rosebery adjures all good men to come over and help him in returning to office, though of course, as every one will agree, not for office. He appeals not to a party but to the nation, which means, if words have meaning, an appeal for a National Party. But that idea, above all, really must be recognized as the Colonial Secretary's own original and undoubted invention. It has been his favorite Utopia as unquestionably as Imperial Federation has been the ex-Premier's Utopia. If Lord Rosebery is in favor of a business Cabinet, is not Mr. Chamberlain himself the most complete example of the business man in politics that has yet been seen in the public life of this or perhaps of any other country? Of business-like address, for instance, in Parliament, one of the prime essentials to the modernization of that institution, the Colonial Secretary is much the most perfect model we have ever had. If Lord Rosebery is in favor of efficiency so is Mr. Chamberlain, and with an equal opportunity would assuredly go much the straighter way to work to get it. Lord Rosebery cannot monopolize the gospel of efficiency. It is absolutely the one word in politics that no man can monopolize, nor shall any be found at the ford who will be unable to say "Shibboleth." But neither can the

ex-Premier monopolize any other definite article in his program. If he believes in education, in the housing of the poor, in temperance reform, so does Mr. Chamberlain. He believes in all these things, and he would know how to secure them—could that born Executive Minister have his way with his reluctant and nerveless colleagues and a singularly aimless party and bring his own personal driving power to bear upon the whole machine.

No; the fundamental matter in connection with the Chesterfield speech is that a Liberal Imperialist who repudiates Home Rule becomes a Liberal Unionist, and that the Liberal Unionists, by the very essence of their contention, were only the first Liberal Imperialists. Between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain there is no longer any substantial difference of convictions or of aims. Neither of them, as has been said, can form a true political Opposition against the other. That Lord Rosebery is the advocate of "efficiency" is the last reason in the world for putting Mr. Chamberlain out of office. That the ex-Premier abandons Home Rule is a much better reason why he himself should be in office upon the Unionist side. What is at least certain is that in all the previous history of English politics statesmen agreeing to the extent to which Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain are in agreement, have always worked together. And these are the two statesmen, above all others, who have emulated each other in undermining all the party principles, Radical and Tory alike, which existed before them, and who genuinely believe that a national party is required to execute a national policy and to grapple with the tasks of Empire. If they are, nevertheless, to work against each other and to compete for office upon personal grounds, then we have something which promises us not the highest motives of the



party system, but the least respectable, and not its most efficient, but its most wasteful and demoralizing action. This is a situation which has never existed before in England, and it is from this point of view that Lord Rosebery's position and prospects after the Chesterfield speech must be closely compared with those of the Unionist party.

The most curious and unexpected thing is the doubt which still envelops the intentions of Lord Rosebery himself. Where nothing else was certain in the issue of the crucial ordeal it was assumed that for ill or well it must pluck out the heart of this man's mystery. It has done nothing of the sort. Again we have heard the voice of leadership, if a leader, as Mr. Disraeli wrote, is one who succeeds in saying what everybody feels. And again we are left to wonder whether in this case it is but voice and nothing more. Are these the accents of the distinguished amateur? Is the real promise of managing statesmanship in them? Is there a particle of hard resolution and definite method behind these eloquent generalities which do not make a great executive minister any more necessarily than a lucid exposition of the principles of double entry will make a man a millionaire? We know what the ex-Premier would like to happen. Whether he has made up his mind as to what he, for his part, means to do whatever happens, is precisely what we do not know. In circumstances where the feat seemed impossible he has again baffled our final decision upon him with almost superhuman art, uniting by one and the same performance half the Unionists and half the pro-Boers in his praise. Fascinating and unsatisfying as he was before the Chesterfield meeting, unsatisfying and fascinating he remains. And yet this is in itself an extraordinary achievement. The reappearance upon that strange stage—the railway-

shed in the middle of the snow, with all the world waiting for the ring of the bell, and the rise of the curtain—to speak effectual words to the Opposition without alienating either of its sections, and to attack the Government without breaking the spell he casts over so many of its supporters—this was a situation that no negligible nature could have survived for an hour. Final failure seemed probable, success hopeless. Yet the ex-Premier calculated by instinct exactly the maximum of success that was possible and secured it by employing all that is histrionic in his art with all that is most sincere and impassioned in his convictions. "What I can do to further this policy I will do," were the words which roused the meeting at Chesterfield to a wild ovation. Such words to such an audience ought to have had no meaning but that Lord Rosebery had returned to public life with the purpose of endeavoring to place himself at the head of his party. But they were followed by the characteristic and incorrigible spirit of qualification, and the orator's final warning was that he appealed to no party, but to public opinion. The only way of appealing to public opinion in this country is through some definite party, but whether that is what Lord Rosebery means is what no one knows.

The Chesterfield meeting has done some things that were not expected, but has not done the one thing most expected. Lord Rosebery has neither wholly found himself nor has the country shaken him off. All now depends upon his action in the immediate future. If Lord Rosebery has quitted retirement and is out for action once for all, he will assuredly satisfy the Empire that he is a man for whom it must find a use. If he fails in a determined attempt to make himself master of one party, the nation will demand a great place for him in the

other, with which his principles and temperament are now in almost absolute agreement. But if Lord Rosebery's pledge to "do what he can" proves to mean that he is merely prepared to declaim from time to time by invitation upon the general principles of imperial politics, we shall not now have long to wait for his complete removal from serious consideration. For most men decision upon that matter will be a matter of weeks only. Lord Rosebery has contrived once again to postpone the moment which will either establish or extinguish him. But he has brought it very near.

But upon the assumption that Lord Rosebery means to be heard and to be heard constantly in the accents that speak the inward soul of Sir Edward Grey, let us examine what he has achieved by the Chesterfield speech. Where does it leave him, in the first place, with respect to his party, and in the second with respect to the nation?

The ex-Premier has repudiated Gladstonian Home Rule, the National Liberal Federation, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the policy of those who demanded either the supersession of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, or the despatch of a Special Commissioner to negotiate a peace over their heads. He agrees that to offer terms would be a fatal sign of weakness. In all these things Lord Rosebery has shown the courage and consistency which have been so often denied him. In all these things he has rendered valuable service in strengthening the immediate position of the Government. In all these things no man could seem to speak more expressly. But the surprising fact is that this process of sponging the whole slate should have been received with such faint and embarrassed protest, even from the portion of the Liberal party which was certain not to like it, and should have

been hailed with all the transports of apparent rapture in quarters of democratic Radicalism which might have been thought equally certain not to like it.

What was astonishing in the Chesterfield speech was not his dismissal of Home Rule, but the way in which he dismissed it. It has been one of the most momentous controversies which ever convulsed political life. It has shattered one party and transformed the other. It has been deeply connected with the development of national consciousness and the Imperial feeling in this country. The Irish members still number eighty-five in the Imperial Parliament, and the House of Commons must shortly engage with them in what ought to be a death-grapple upon the question of a revision of procedure. It has been the fatal influence upon Lord Rosebery's own career, which has ever since been shadowed by the memory of his futile Ministry. Here was a case for a great epilogue to a great argument. Lord Rosebery waved it all away forever in a few syllables of a two-hours' speech. That was strangely below the importance of this farewell, and the solemn levity of such a last word upon the Gladstonian phase of the Irish question, was a psychological revelation upon which no thoughtful man can reflect with easy feelings. But no objection of that kind has been made from any important Radical quarter, and the form of the Chesterfield declaration is so far justified. Some prudent heads, indeed, warn the Liberal party that it may prove impossible to come back to office against the Irish vote, and, although "the Irish alliance and its consequences" are at an end, they would by no means exclude the possibility of a new alliance and a fresh compact. But that contingency is now too remote a speculation to concern the politics of the present,

and it is quite plain that Lord Rosebery would have no real difficulty with any obstinate fidelity in the Liberal party to the memory of Mr. Gladstone's last cause. Upon the program of the future the course is still clearer. Education, housing, temperance, are the three greatest questions to which the Liberalism of the Opposition can address itself, and if these three definite aims of legislation, and these three only, are to appear in future upon the cleaned slate, they will be a sufficient substitute for anything which has been sponged away. The Liberal party can have no monopoly of principle upon these questions, but it may be able, under circumstances which we may consider at a further point, to make a very strong representation to the country that if it wants thorough method upon the fundamental questions of social reform, it must call in the Liberal party.

Most striking of all, however, is the effect upon the Opposition of Lord Rosebery's references to the war. We are not to offer terms. The "incorporation" of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State with the Empire is an irreversible decree. But if Mr. Kruger will submit to that condition, then there is nothing he can ask which we shall refuse to consider. In any case, we are to lavish sympathy and treasure upon the Boer population, and to take the risk of granting a universal amnesty without listening to those who suggest that Lord Rosebery has not bottomed his Boer, and that there may be such a thing as the breaking of political as well as of military parole. It comes to this and to nothing but this, that by comparison with the copious source of the milk of human kindness in the breast of the ex-Premier, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner appear hard men. There may indeed be something real in that contrast. The important thing is to find

the vast mass of the Liberal party deciding that there is something in it. It is as plain as anything need be that Lord Rosebery's peace policy, such as it is, has superseded the peace policy of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Derby meeting of the National Liberal Federation, and has become the peace policy of the Liberal party. The pro-Boers, if Lord Rosebery is in the field for good to fight upon the lines of the Chesterfield speech, are clearly going to prove a far slighter obstacle than was thought. In a word, he has a better prospect than he could for a moment have imagined before his reappearance of re-uniting the Liberal party, for they recognize in his leadership a real, and the only real, possibility of returning to office, and that is the consideration that invariably overcomes every other under the party system.

In this respect he has succeeded to the utmost extent possible to any man where his task seemed hopeless. Upon the other hand he has done somewhat less well where he would have been thought likely to do far better, and that is in his appeal to the nation as a whole. It approves the sweeping aside of the Gladstonian tradition upon the Irish question. It approves the gospel of efficiency, though believing that every one wants it, and that no one can get it by talking at large about it without any positive suggestion of methods. As regards the war, there being not the least prospect of Lord Rosebery being charged with the conduct of any peace negotiations, his views are rather a help than a hindrance, because they dispose of the cry about methods of barbarism and of the demand for the dismissal of the Colonial Secretary and the High Commissioner. What the country as a whole seeks in Lord Rosebery's suggestions upon these and many other points are revelations of mind and character to assist it in deciding whether it ought to trust Lord

Rosebery or not, and so far as it finds them it is not content. It begins to fear that the ex-Premier is the great sentimentalist of politics, and that what may give him power over popular emotion is precisely what may make him perilous in office. The country is bent with a sound instinct upon beating the Boers, and would prefer that there should be no talk of amnesty till afterwards. Otherwise, why should not the Cape Dutch turn rebel even now, with the full knowledge that at the worst there will be amnesty and all the fat of compensation?

But there were other and more disquieting indications of the exaggerated workings of Lord Rosebery's mind. The present Government is in no sense equal to the situation in which the Empire finds itself, and the country regards it with infinite distaste. But Lord Rosebery's attack upon it was a passage of theatrical display, and not the surgical work of intellectual criticism. As no man could possibly be so wise as Daniel Webster looked, no Government could possibly be so bad as Lord Rosebery tries to make Lord Salisbury's administration appear. The result has recalled Talleyrand's maxim that "everything which is exaggerated is insignificant," and the tremendous apostrophe to earth and heaven which made the railway shed ring, has distinctly forced the ordinary fair citizen, least bound by party ties, into the reflection that Ministers are not so imbecile as Lord Rosebery thinks them. The fair citizen wonders whether he also may not have done some injustice to Ministers. The indignation against the inimitable party-cry by which Mr. Chamberlain a little vulgarized the last General Election was preposterously over-wrought at Chesterfield. The importance assigned in a speech upon the state of the Empire to Lord Kitchener's use of the word "bag" was inexpressibly trivial.

It tempts to the retort that Rosamond Vincy's mind was not big enough for little things to look small in.

Nor is the country satisfied with Lord Rosebery's references to foreign opinion. Mr. Chamberlain's remarks upon European precedents for severity in war would have been better left unsaid. Put any show of justifying German jingoism upon that subject had much better been left unsaid in the mouths of British statesmen. Twice recently during the debates in the Reichstag, once upon the Tariff Bill, and again upon the Polish interpellation, Count von Bülow has taken a very different tone. There were passages in Lord Rosebery's farewell address upon the Armenian question which showed a similarly exaggerated apprehension upon the subject of foreign susceptibilities. To make this important matter clearer, therefore, it may be well to quote the virile accents of the German Chancellor in the debates of the last few weeks. Upon the Tariff Bill, in reply to the arguments of the Radical leader, Eugen Richter, Count von Bülow spoke as follows:—

We have no need to be more nervous than other States. By the utterances of foreign powers we shall not be induced to swerve by a hair's breadth from the path prescribed to us by our rights and interests. The attacks of the foreign press therefore do not trouble me further, on the contrary, it would give me cause for serious reflection if the tariff were praised by the foreign press. I certainly do not doubt the patriotism of Herr Richter, or of any other member. But to threaten us eternally with the anger of other countries, as has been done for some time now in our press, the absolutely denunciatory manner with which it attempts to blacken the government of its own country in the face of other governments, that is most unworthy. How naïve it is to be always threatening a government with the foreign Sir Rupert. I envy MM. my colleagues in



other countries the zeal with which German newspapers set themselves to do their business for them. From a German standpoint it is unpatriotic out of motives of mere domestic party tactics to increase foreign egotism, which without that is in so many cases already strong enough. We desire to maintain with all Powers the very best relations . . . but by foreign censure, foreign attacks and foreign measures, we are not to be influenced.

Count von Bülow may be right or wrong, as may Mr. Chamberlain, but they are more in harmony with each other in the sharp ring of their accents than is Lord Rosebery with either of them. But again, let us listen to the German Chancellor as he spoke upon December 10th last upon the Polish demonstrations:—

I cannot close without giving expression to my astonishment that the proposer of the motion could for an instant believe that foreign judgments upon our internal affairs could impress us in any way. Foreign opinions, tendencies and demonstrations can produce not the slightest influence upon the course of our policy or the attitude of its responsible statesmen. For me the sole governing motive can only be reasons of State, and of the duty towards the German idea. From the fulfilment of this duty I shall not allow myself to be restrained.

This is Mr. Chamberlain's own dialect, and the nation would be exceedingly glad if Lord Rosebery, even on foreign affairs, would learn the note of that manner. If the Colonial Secretary believes that the best parry is always the "cut," it was one of the favorite maxims of Bismarck. Lord Rosebery is under a strange hallucination when he imagines that his Government in 1896 left this country in the halcyon enjoyment of peace with honor so far as concerned the popular sentiment of the peoples of Europe in our regard. Does he suppose that the com-

bustible material which burst into the open flame of hatred at the time of the Venezuela message and the Jameson Raid was all accumulated in the six months after a Liberal Government quitted office? The truth is that things underwent no change, and the Venezuela message and the Jameson Raid simply enabled us to see what foreign feeling towards us really was. In Germany, above all, by the revulsion against everything English encouraged by the Iron Chancellor for perfectly definite and important purposes, the mine had long been laid, and the Kruger telegram simply fired it. Since then Lord Salisbury has removed what was, at that time, the most imminent danger of our foreign relations by the series of settlements with France, which have left us free, as we had not been since Palmerston's time, to revise with advantage the whole adjustment of our international policy. Has the ex-Premier nothing to say about the improvement in our relations with America, by far the best and greatest result of British diplomacy in our time, and has he no word in recognition of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has stood in front of all other men in advocacy of that cause? As a matter of fact, it is notorious that since Mr. Chamberlain's speech there has been the most remarkable change for the better in the tone of the Continental press, and especially in that of Germany. France and Russia together are more reasonably disposed towards us on the whole than was the case at any time when Lord Rosebery was in office. In undiplomatic phraseology, not in itself to be commended, the Colonial Secretary managed to remind the foreign hostility which Lord Rosebery laments, that there was a point beyond which it could not indulge itself with impunity. In that he did well. The practical effect has been good. Lord Rosebery does ill to use words



which can only weaken that practical effect by increasing, as Count von Bülow would say, "the foreign egotism which without that is already strong enough."

Yet with all this the vindication of the honor of the army and the Government with regard to the severities of the campaign was a passage of the Chesterfield speech which no Englishman could read without a movement of pride. The upshot of the analysis of Lord Rosebery's position with the mass of the nation outside his own party seems to the writer to be this. Its admiration of his qualities and its perception of his weaknesses are alike increased. The country feels that it wants him, and yet feels that it needs security for him. It knows that there can be no complete conversion of his party from the heart upon Imperial questions. If he gets to office at the head of it, the country is not sure whether he will master his party at last, or whether his party will again master him. The constituencies will need some further inducement before they make up their mind to trust the ex-Premier alone.

The next move lies with the Unionists, and if they make a mistake in it they will throw the game into Lord Rosebery's hands. There is no question that their position is imperilled. They are called upon if not to "clean their slate" at least to revise their slate. Their monopoly of Unionism is gone, and though their work is done there is no gratitude in politics. That mine is worked out, and they have had besides the full political profit of it. They have much to apologize for in the past, and they cannot offer a more attractive program for the future than Lord Rosebery's. What the country hates is the temperament of the Cabinet. It is convinced that there is vital work before the nation, and that upon the competent discharge

of that work in the time upon which we are now entering will depend whether England is to remain great.

The stress of economic competition will be fiercer than ever we have felt it. We shall have to fight in earnest against America for the supremacy of our shipping, which is as essential to the Empire as that of our navy. In Germany the chemical and electrical industries in which we have been far outstripped and the latter of which will become of more and more immense importance, are simply the ultimate product of the schools. Education is a supreme issue for us, and no one believes that the Government, as at present constituted, can be brought to deal adequately with it. It is on this question that the Tory residue in the Ministry tells, and must continue to tell against reform. Housing and temperance are questions of industrial and Imperial efficiency quite as much as are the army and the fleet. The financial strain will imperatively demand the revision of our entire fiscal system. Upon all these things the country craves for the vision which Lord Rosebery possesses, and for the executive grasp and energy which not he but Mr. Chamberlain possesses.

The present Prime Minister's frame of mind under present circumstances is the despair of the nation. It will not be content with Mr. Balfour in his place. It does not believe that the Leader of the House is either of the powerful personality or the forward mind indispensable to a man at the head of the Government, for business of national reform and Imperial consolidation that might tax as much force and ability as were in the Cabinet of 1868. After sixteen years of an unexampled ascendancy the country desires to break the Cecilian tradition altogether, and it is for the Unionist party to consider what it means to do after Lord Salisbury's retirement. If Mr.

Balfour is to be Prime Minister that will not be stimulating to the party or the nation. It would be impossible under such an arrangement for the powers of Mr. Chamberlain to have full play, and yet for all popular purposes the prestige and fighting power of an administration under Mr. Balfour would absolutely depend upon the Colonial Secretary.

Of Lord Rosebery's program of administrative efficiency and social reform, not Lord Rosebery but Mr. Chamberlain is the born executor. If the Unionist party have the courage to recognize him once for all as the man above all others in their ranks entitled to the name and office of leadership; if they accept him, in despite of all the intelligible reluctance that would have to be overcome, as Mr. Disraeli was accepted, then the Unionist party will be in little danger from—the other Unionist party! But if Mr. Balfour's premiership is to continue the sense of a slack, unsure, uncompact administration, then Lord Rosebery's chances are most excellent.

If Mr. Chamberlain is not to be Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery will be. But alone he is not of the giant calibre for the program he formulates. And the country's perplexity is that the ex-Premier is a Unionist Liberal, while Mr. Chamberlain is a Liberal Unionist; that they are both the exponents of the Imperialist spirit, both the advocates of National parties; that there is no honest difference of principle between them, and that much will be lost to the Empire if they are to work apart, and much gained if they can by any method

be induced to work together. What the nation wants is not Mr. Chamberlain alone or Lord Rosebery alone—though it would prefer the former alternative if compelled to choose. It wants both these statesmen, the seer and the executor; and it wants them in the custody of each other. There was never a combination in politics to which a certain apologue was more applicable. The blind man with the sturdy legs heard, as he stumbled forward, the voice that came out of the ditch from the man who could see but could not walk. When the latter was carried upon the back of the former both were well sped. Lord Rosebery desires ardently to work for the Empire in office, and otherwise cares nothing for anything that is peculiar to the Liberal party. The country wishes to see the ex-Premier in office, but to have the Colonial Secretary out of office is the last thing it desires. The conjunction is prevented by nothing but a personal asperity between two statesmen whose gifts in no way compete, but are curiously complementary. If the Duke of Devonshire were sent for by His Majesty upon Lord Salisbury's retirement, why should not Lord Rosebery become his Foreign Minister and Mr. Chamberlain his Leader of the House? Whether the two Liberal Imperialists, now agreeing in everything essential except their opinion of each other, are to work together to the gain of the Empire or against each other to the loss of the Empire, there is but one exalted intervention which can determine. It is that of the King!

*Calchas.*

## THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

Horace Walpole reminds us that a hundred and twenty years ago M. Santos-Dumont had his predecessors both in daring and in popular favor. "I smile," he wrote in 1784, "at the adoration paid to these aerial Quixotes; and reflect that, as formerly, men were admired for their courage in risking their lives in order to destroy others; now they are worshipped for venturing their necks *en pure perte*,—much more commendably I do allow; yet fame is the equal object of both." It is true that we no longer regard the experiments of those who aim at the conquest of the air, like M. Santos-Dumont, as a waste of courage or intelligence. Walpole himself had some saving doubts on the subject. He pictured "fights in the air with wind-guns and bows and arrows," and foresaw "all downs (but the Downs) arising into dockyards for aerial vessels,"—quite in the style of Mr. H. G. Wells. "How Posterity will laugh at us," he wrote, "one way or other! If half a dozen break their necks, and Balloonism is exploded, we shall be called fools for having imagined it could be brought to use: if it should be turned to account, we shall be ridiculed for having doubted." Accidents did happen,—Pilate de Rozier, whose monument is still to be seen by curious travellers on the cliffs near Boulogne, where he came whirling through the air from disastrous height, was but the first of the noble army of martyrs on whose list the names of Lillenthal and Pilcher are the latest. But "balloonism" is far from being exploded, as the honor which London has paid to the plucky young Brazilian aeronaut this week shows. At the dinner given in his honor on Monday Lord Dundonald said that the success of M. Santos-Dumont in steering his naviga-

ble balloon, or rather his aerial automobile, from St. Cloud round the Eiffel Tower and back within the half-hour "marked a milestone on the onward march of the world." It has been so excessively praised—though hardly more than the coolness and ingenuity of the aeronaut deserve—that few people seem to remember that as much has been done before. M. Santos-Dumont is not the first. Henri Giffard, whose experiments were specially mentioned by Lord Dundonald, was too far in advance of his times to hope for success. But it is sixteen years since MM. Renard and Krebs made no less a sensation by the success with which they handled their navigable balloon "La France." In five out of seven ascents made in 1884-85, these aeronauts were able to return to the point of departure. That, of course, is the one certain test of a navigable balloon's efficiency. If it can go out in any weather, make its trip and come back to its starting-point, it has solved the problem of flight on one side—though not the most important. Why, it will be asked, has no more been heard of MM. Renard and Krebs's balloon? The answer is that these aeronauts belonged to the French Army, and that any improvements which they and their followers may since have made have been veiled under that impenetrable mist of secrecy which military governments endeavor to spread over their novel weapons. Startling rumors have occasionally been heard as to the surprises in the way of military balloons that both France and Russia may spring upon an enemy when they next go to war, but it is obviously impossible to check these; only it is rational to suppose that the experiments initiated by the public success of "La

France" have not been allowed to drop.

M. Santos-Dumont, however, has achieved the most spectacular and stirring success that has fallen to the lot of a private experimenter in flight since Lunardi electrified the gazing world. All credit is due to the courage and perseverance with which he has worked out his daring idea. He definitely promised on Monday to reward his English admirers by taking flight over London next year. Before that, he proposes to put his machine to a test which at any rate testifies to his own entire confidence in its powers. He has explained to a "Daily News" interviewer that he intends to utilize his winter residence at Monaco—where the Prince, always ready to combine the advancement of science with a new attraction for his Armida's Garden, has built him an "aerodrome"—by preparing for a flight across the Mediterranean to Corsica. In point of mere distance, this is but a trifling feat. It is only about one hundred and twenty miles, and more than sixty years ago the "Nassau" balloon flew from Dover to Weilburg, nearly five times as far. Since then balloons have traversed almost the whole length of Europe with favorable gales, and there is no particular reason, except the risk, why an attempt should not be made to fulfil the Atlantic passage of Poe's brilliant balloon-hoax. But the risk inseparable from the fact that a balloon is simply the sport of the winds, and has to go where they choose to carry it, has hitherto prevented any serious enterprise of the kind, though only the premature bursting of his balloon prevented an American aeronaut from setting out for our shores in 1873. M. Santos-Dumont has taken a bold step, and one well calculated to display the powers of his invention, in proposing to fly from Monaco to Corsica. It will need considerable accuracy

of steering to hit that "isle of unrest," and if the new balloon which he is making achieves that feat when there is not an absolute calm, the Governments of the world will have to reckon with the Brazilian inventor as a very important factor in the next war. We do not see why the trip should not prove a success, and if the French Government allows the sea between Monaco and Corsica to be patrolled by a dozen of its fastest torpedo-boats an accident to the balloon need not prove fatal to its brave navigator. He tells his interviewer that he proposes to fly forty miles an hour, and that no cruiser could keep up with him, so that he scouts the idea of such a precaution. But if a torpedo-boat were told off to every ten miles, and instructed to keep as near the balloon as it could, it would be quite possible to pick up the aeronaut within ten minutes of a fall—and for that space of time a life-belt would easily keep him afloat. We hope that the precaution will not be neglected, for the whole world is interested in M. Santos-Dumont, and there is no doubt that in starting to cross one hundred and twenty miles of sea in his frail engine he will accept a risk which demands the triple brass of the first sailor to arm the heart that would affront it lightly.

Although M. Santos-Dumont has already performed a feat for which there are few precedents, it must be remembered that he is only on the threshold of his investigation. The difficulty with which he succeeded in the comparatively simple feat of flying less than four miles and back within half-an-hour when all the meteorological conditions were in his favor, and the numerous breakdowns which he experienced, only adumbrate the obstacles. His trip to Corsica will be a crucial experiment, especially if he is able to return through the air within a reasonable time. It is obvious, of course, that

his navigable balloon can never be more than the toy of the sportsman and a possible weapon in war unless it shows itself capable of much greater speeds than it has yet attained. It will be said that M. Santos-Dumont's previous machines have only been models compared with the big one which he is going to build at Monaco; but the engineer knows that many inventions work well on a small scale which break down when it is desired to put them to practical use. A high authority on the problems of flight has declared that navigable balloons are necessarily unable to become practical—they will never carry mails or passengers, but must remain at best the racing yacht and the torpedo-boat of the air. His demonstration is simple, but not altogether convincing. Any flying machine which is to be of practical use must be able to travel at a speed of at least sixty miles an hour, if it is not to be kept in port by a moderate gale. For, unlike the ship, the balloon is part and parcel of the air in which it floats. Such a flying machine as the balloon in which M. Santos-Dumont proposes to go to Corsica can apparently only contend with unfavorable winds up to forty miles an hour—in which last case it would be like Alice in "Through the Looking-Glass," who found that it took all the running she could do to keep in one place. In other words, the navigable balloon which is to compete with a fast steamer—not to say a railway train—must be capable of at least sixty miles an hour in still air. With a favoring gale it can stop its engines and fly on the wings of the wind; in a calm half-power may be sufficient; but when there is a head-wind of even thirty miles an hour its engines will need to drive it through the air at sixty miles in order to produce an actual speed of thirty. Now at sixty miles an hour the wind-pressure becomes very considera-

ble, as any one who has tried to look out of the window of an express can imagine. It is asserted that no balloon will stand this pressure, and what we know of the behavior of a captive balloon in a gale certainly tends to confirm that view. On the other hand, M. Santos-Dumont is confident that his balloon will stand the test—"going through the air fast does not crush in the end," he says simply. Perhaps the objection is not so grave as it seems. The pressure of air moving at sixty miles an hour is reckoned at eighteen pounds to the square foot. That is only a hundred-and-twentieth part of the normal pressure of the atmosphere, and it ought to be possible to get a sufficiently light envelope which would allow a slight compression of the hydrogen within it to counterbalance this deforming effect; the fabric with which cycle tires are lined will stand pressure several hundred times as great. An ounce of practice, however, is worth a ton of theory in such a question. This is the only really serious objection that has been made to the development of M. Santos-Dumont's aerial automobile into a really practical navigable balloon, and if it proves to be, as he thinks, unfounded, we may be, after all, on the verge of the conquest of the air. At any rate, it is hardly possible that his work should not exert a considerable influence on war, where—as the history of torpedo-boats and forlorn-hopes shows—men are always to be found who will incur the risk of almost certain death to inflict far less damage and demoralization on the enemy than the successful flight over an army or a fortress of one or two navigable balloons well loaded up with dynamite would do. It will be curious to see if the Hague Convention succeeds in limiting the uses of M. Santos-Dumont's invention to mere scouting.



## ON EGOISM.

"I have come to the conclusion that nothing can be accomplished without egoism," began Mrs. Blamour. "It was brought home to me forcibly this morning."

I asked permission to praise the excellent coffee I was at that moment sipping, and also inquired what had led to her conclusion; Laugula was balancing a teaspoon on the edge of his cup and regarding it with his usual profound, inscrutable gaze.

Mrs. Blamour, rendered nervous by his near proximity, laughed feebly.

"I shall have to take you many degrees down the social scale," she said; "it was my cook who so impressed me with the significance of egoism. It reaches almost a majestic point in her, I assure you."

"She is the best cook we ever had," interjected Dr. Blamour. "I don't care what 'ism' she professes."

"When she has any dinner of importance," resumed his wife, addressing Laugula, "she allows nothing to interfere with her; I am sure Jane might cut her finger, or I might fall downstairs, and she would say she could not be troubled; some one else must attend to us."

"What a self-engrossed woman!" cried Miss Allthorpe. "I really should manufacture little accidents to rouse her."

Miss Allthorpe was a lady whose delicate features had acquired a certain sharpness beyond what was warranted by her years. She bore on those thin shoulders the burden of an amiable mother, a sister who lacked robustness, and a spendthrift brother. Her voice was high and her enunciation eager.

"I am sure all the other servants

must hate such a selfish creature," she continued.

"To be engrossed in your art is hardly to be confused with selfishness," replied Laugula, slowly. "On the whole, I think the words selfishness and egoism are somewhat abused in their employment."

"I have always understood that self-sacrifice is the watchword of Christianity," said Mr. Willoughby, authoritatively.

"Doubtless it is and has been," replied Laugula; "but you must remember, my dear sir, that the human exponents of Christianity have many evils to answer for, and a good deal of case-hardened ignorance to combat in themselves before their claim to be the champions of all that is good can be admitted."

"Sir, it is the fashion of the times to abuse religion," rejoined Mr. Willoughby; "the fashion of the times to exalt the evil and abase the good; you will tell us next that the selfish people are more noble than the unselfish."

"I lay no claim to be an apostle of any doctrine," protested Laugula, smiling; "I desire only to hear, and perhaps also, being not free from vanity, to air an opinion."

"Ah! but one really gets so carried away nowadays," complained Mrs. Willoughby, settling a large bracelet at her wrist; "one gets so carried away that one is thankful, positively thankful, to find a rock on which to feel secure. Unselfishness is a rock, I think, and of course it is beyond dispute that any love of self is bad, unconditionally bad."

"You step perilously near the monastic pitfall in that dictum, Mrs. Willoughby," said Laugula, with the sus-

picion of a smile on his thin lips. This puzzled the good lady into silence, which was best; for to attempt to carry on an argument with Mrs. Willoughby is like fighting with sand; she slips through all logical conclusions with a more than ordinary feminine, slipshod conventionality.

"I thought an absolute abnegation of self was the highest point attainable in human ethics," averred Miss Allthorpe. I fancied I could detect in her voice a tinge of anxious sadness, and perceive her thin bosom heave with a sigh beneath her old black frock.

Mrs. Latimer, who is a fair-faced widow, smiled kindly at Miss Allthorpe.

"All we women think that at one time of our life, my dear," she said gently.

Laugula altered his position and looked at her.

"Men of mark, men we are accustomed to call great," I said, "have certainly all been egoists."

"Not the saints, Mr. Ogden, not the saints!" cried Mrs. Willoughby.

Miss Allthorpe brightened.

"I would not even except the saints," was my reply; "certainly not all of them."

"The saints selfish! Oh, my dear Mr. Ogden," exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby; and Mrs. Blamour regarded me with uplifted eyebrows above her pretty eyes.

"We have grown to confuse the meaning of the words egoism and self-interest," affirmed Laugula; "they are now used wholly in a condemnatory sense, which is going too far; egoism should properly imply a recognition of one's self as a unit; you will find that the men of mark of the Bible records were egoists in this respect. I do not include the Church's saints, for many of them were reckoned so only from their developing an exaggerated form

of the monastic idea. Elijah was fully convinced of his call, and he carried it out, regardless, so far as we can see, of any other calls that might have stood in his way—they do, as a rule, stand in the way of any one with human relationships."

The widow's eyes were lowered, she seemed regarding the two soft white hands that lay in her lap.

"One should be sure of the call first," she pleaded; "is there no danger of mistaking an earthly call and fancying it a heavenly?"

"Great danger, the greatest," replied Laugula, curtly; "numbers of persons sacrifice themselves on family altars because they conceive absolute altruism to be the only true nobility."

"Why, yes, I see that every day," assented Dr. Blamour; "but I must say I admire them for doing it, all the same."

"They would doubtless be grateful to Mr. Laugula for advocating selfishness," said Mr. Willoughby; "it would set many good women free to follow their own bent; and I trust that time is still a long way off."

"I advocate a proper regard for self, and not selfishness," Laugula maintained; "you would not praise the lily in your garden that, in spite of your utmost care, persisted in withering and shrivelling up out of an altruistic desire that the Michaelmas daisy at its side should flourish."

Our cleric laughed indulgently, and, turning to Dr. Blamour, began to talk with him about a parishioner and patient in whom both were interested. Mrs. Willoughby followed her husband. Miss Allthorpe and the widow looked thoughtful, and Mrs. Blamour interested.

I have noticed often that women are more ready than men to absorb a new idea; the conceit of a man, who is not liberally minded or keenly intellectual, will close his mind against the recep-

tion of any notion outside his own experience.

"Let me see," said Mrs. Blamour, losing her usual slight nervousness, "you and Mr. Ogden mean that each person should perfect himself, not narrow his own nature, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied; "we must not forget, too, that there is no virtue in pandering to a fellow-creature's faults; we recognize that in weighty matters, but ignore it in the case of selfishness."

"That is true, I am sure," assented Mrs. Blamour. "I know many women who are really spoiling their husbands' natures by what we call unselfishness."

"You see," said Laugula, and his face and voice were tinged with sadness, "we cannot escape the knowledge that no love, no hate, no intercourse however intimate, can annul the ego. Units we are and must remain, so long as this present environment continues, and it is only when each unit is perfect that the whole can be perfect also."

"That is such a lonely creed," Mrs. Latimer protested, gently; "can there be no case in which two may really feel and act as one?"

"Mrs. Latimer clings to the 'two hearts that beat as one,' and all the pretty sentiment that has grown up round that notion," said I sardonically, as becomes 'an old bachelor. Mrs. Latimer smiled, but Mrs. Blamour shivered slightly.

"No," she said, "one is a unit always, and more or less lonely as the case may be."

Miss Allthorpe's cheeks were flushed and her voice was higher than usual.

"What should we do in the Sunday-school, Mr. Willoughby?" she asked, as he rejoined us. "I am sure one's self often rebels against Sunday after Sunday spent with those perverse little people; and to turn out on a winter's afternoon and leave a comfortable fire is really downright suffering."

"Suffering is the keynote of righteousness," said Mr. Willoughby. "We may ignore it, shrink from it, if we will, but there is no greatness apart from it."

"My dear sir," cried Laugula, "you are confusing two distinct characteristics. To have a keen sense of the value of self is not to be physically self-indulgent. All pampering of the body may be bad; but a great genius who strains every nerve to bring his genius to perfection, is not pampering his body; so far from that, he endures as much bodily hardship as does the man in a monastic cell consumed with his one idea. Greatness, righteousness, call it what you will, is not negative, does not consist only in not pampering the body."

The ladies looked rather alarmed; Mr. Willoughby stared.

"Dear, dear, Mr. Laugula, you are getting us into quite a heated argument," he said. "But, of course, you know that all your conclusions can at once be refuted and dispersed by reference to the Bible; as I said before, 'Deny thyself' is the watchword of Christianity."

"On the contrary, Mr. Willoughby," replied Laugula, "I must here agree to differ from you. We have used the word egoism until it has become a scarecrow. I contend that altruism is not unmixed with evil. Jealousy, which is a phase of egoism, is everywhere represented as an attribute of the Most High, and rightly; 'My glory will I not give to another,' and there are allusions throughout the accepted revelation of God to this quality, that will at once occur to you."

Mr. Willoughby's face was a study. Dr. Blamour was showing Mrs. Willoughby some old china he had purchased, but I could see that lady turn anxious eyebrows towards her husband.

"Sir," said he, "I must refuse to go

any further in an argument that to me savors of irreverence."

The ladies here, except Mrs. Blamour, looked subdued and oppressed, but Mrs. Blamour has, I suspect, a naughty spirit of her own. She said:

"Still I do think we are told not to do ill that good may come; we cannot be meant to do good that ill may come, can we?"

"And what does Mrs. Blamour mean?" asked Mr. Willoughby in his most paternal manner.

"Why, Mr. Willoughby, if your wife is encouraging you to be lazy in her daily self-sacrifice, or increasing your bad temper by her extreme submission, she cannot be doing right."

I was fain to turn my face aside at this to hide a smile, Mr. Willoughby looked so astonished, and his wife so unfeignedly alarmed.

"Mr. Willoughby bad-tempered!" she exclaimed, leaving the doctor and his china; "my husband lazy?"

"No, no; Mrs. Blamour only stated a hypothesis," interposed Laugula.

"I presumed so, sir," asserted Mr. Willoughby in deep chest tones, "I certainly presumed so; but it does not meet the case. Let me assure you, Mrs. Blamour, that no self-denial on the part of Mrs. Willoughby would encourage laziness in me or lead me to indulge in temper; far from it, far from it, I assure you."

Little Mrs. Blamour looked somewhat discomfited.

"In your case, Mr. Willoughby," I said pointedly, "that is true, no doubt, but in numberless others Mrs. Blamour's supposition would hold good; a man's enemies are those of his own household in more ways than one. A mother who gives up everything to her son is certainly to blame when he turns out selfish, idle, a useless member of society. I suppose women are the worst offenders in this praiseworthy wrong-doing; a daughter will

obliterate herself for a parent, perhaps, or a sister for a brother."

I paused suddenly; Miss Allthorpe's bright eyes seemed fixed upon me; no one would come to my assistance. I hoped I had not hurt the poor lady's feelings.

Mrs. Latimer rose from her chair.

"Women are in their infancy still," she observed. "You should remember that devotion, submission, sacrifice, have been their watchwords for countless generations; they have been trained somewhat after the manner of the faithful dog tribe; they will long continue to sin in this respect, I fear."

"Long may they do so, Mrs. Latimer, long may they do so," ejaculated Mr. Willoughby.

But Laugula shook his head and met the eyes of the lady bent on his.

"We have had enough of the dog-like following," he said; "we look for fellowship now."

I thought the widow's fair face flushed slightly, but my attention was distracted by the opening of the door and the announcement, "Mrs. Latimer's carriage." Miss Allthorpe was talking with some lack of her usual eagerness to Mrs. Blamour and the doctor. Mrs. Latimer turned towards her:—

"You will let me drive you home, Miss Allthorpe?" she said. I was glad Miss Allthorpe consented; she looked so eager and thin and cold in her scanty black dress. They went off together.

Mr. Willoughby and his wife were the next to go, Mr. Willoughby remarking blandly, and with some rubbing of his hands together, that he hoped Mrs. Willoughby had ordered the hot-water bottle to be put inside the carriage, it being a bitter night. This caused Mrs. Willoughby great distress; she had forgotten to order it, and George was so careless he would

never have remembered it. George, I gathered, was the footman. Mr. Willoughby shook hands with an air of patient resignation, and refused, with touching meekness, Mrs. Blamour's offer of a bottle on loan.

When they had departed, we four stood musing for a space. Remembering a former evening, I observed:—

"I hope Mrs. Willoughby has not forgotten the corks for cramp, and the peacocks' feathers for neuralgia, as well as the hot bottle for her husband's feet; by-the-bye, has Mrs. Willoughby any feet?"

Mrs. Blamour laughed. Dr. Blamour stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze; he was a man who paid very

little attention to what was passing. "That man," he said, "is a confirmed valetudinarian, and his wife fosters it in him to an absurd extent."

"Just the point we were discussing, John," said Mrs. Blamour.

"Eh? what? Oh! something you were all talking about. I didn't take much notice—I was showing Mrs. Willoughby my china; but she was wool-gathering over hot bottles or something, and admired all the worst pieces!"

We all laughed, and a few minutes later Laugula and I drove away together, our cigarettes gleaming like two large glow-worms in the darkness.

Arthur Hood.

Temple Bar.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A volume of ordination addresses by Dr. Stubbs, the late Bishop of Oxford, is in the press of Longmans, Green & Co.

The Harper announcements for the coming year are specially rich and varied in fiction. They include new novels by Mark Twain, Mr. Howells, Robert W. Chambers, Henry Seton Merriman, S. R. Crockett and many other writers of reputation.

The authorship of "Truth Dexter" is certainly one of the best kept secrets of the season. Not only has the identity of "Sidney McCall" escaped detection, but conjectures are about evenly divided as to whether the name conceals a man or a woman.

Three books are already announced relating to the recent tour of the Prince

of Wales, written by newspaper correspondents who accompanied the royal party. The official narrative is to be written by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, and by reason of its official character, it may be safely predicted that it will be the dullest of all.

The assimilation of the Filipinos should be assisted by the publication of a Tagalog grammar for Americans, and a complete English-Tagalog and Tagalog-English dictionary, which have been prepared by Dr. J. H. T. Stempel, who lived in Manila as a tutor when it was under Spanish rule.

Mr. Hugh Clifford, the British Resident at Selangor, in the Malay Peninsula, who is agreeably known to the readers of this magazine as the author of interesting studies of native character, is engaged upon a novel called



"A Free Lance of To-day," the scene of which is laid in Acheen.

People who enjoy low bookcases, with their tops adorned with bric-à-brac, will be interested to know that in one of Professor Lanciani's discoveries, a genuine Roman library of the fourth century was found, the books in which were arranged in low cases, while above them were placed cameos and busts of famous authors.

The Pushkin Prize, which is given by the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg every second year, has been awarded. It is given for excellence in translation as well as in original work. The full prize of 1,000 roubles was voted this year for a translation of Shakespeare, upon which the translator had been engaged for nearly thirty years.

Apropos of the announcement of a new edition of the writings of Charles Reade, "The New York Evening Post" remarks that the man who takes up to-day "The Cloister and the Hearth" may well doubt whether a better historical novel has been written in the last four decades, and may find reason to assert that, in comparison the "brilliant successes" of the last few years are, as George the Third said of Shakespeare, "sad stuff."

The "unit system" of publishing, long familiar in Germany, is being experimented with in England. It consists in fixing the price of a book by the number of pages it contains. It is proposed to publish a number of standard books on this system. The unit is twenty-five pages, and the price per unit is one half-penny. The paper cover will cost one penny in addition to the total number of units. The cloth binding will be five pence additional. This will bring the cost of a cloth-bound

volume of three hundred pages to only eleven pence. A preliminary list of a hundred books, which are to be included in the series, has already been issued.

Numbers of friends both old and new will welcome in "Captain Bluit" the return of Max Adeler (Charles Heber Clark), after an absence of twenty years, to the field of humor in which he was so successful a generation ago. Captain Bluit and his neighbors in Old Turley discuss with delightful drollery, politics, women's clubs, class distinctions, the marriage question and other topics of unfailing freshness. The narrative interest is secondary. Henry T. Coates & Co.

"The Debatable Land" of a maiden's fancy is the theme with which Arthur Colton closes Harper & Bros.' American Novel Series. The scene of the story is laid among the battlefields of the Civil War, where the rival claims of the two lovers are tested. The writer's cleverness is undeniable, but it is misdirected, and, instead of live characters and a credible plot, we have a wearisome amount of epigrammatic, artificial dialogue, and a narrative as unreal as the puppets who play their parts in it.

Maxime Gorky has already reached the highest distinction in literary life in Russia, that, namely, of being an object of suspicion to the government. Recently, when it became known that he was on his way to Moscow, where a reception had been arranged for him by his student admirers, the authorities sent some gendarmes to an intermediate station, with orders to uncouple the coach in which M. Gorky was travelling. This was done, and when the train reached Moscow, the students found, instead of the object of their admiration, a posse of policemen to dis-

perse them. It is said that M. Gorky's carriage was attached to another engine, and taken off in the direction of the Caucasus.

There should be no lack of material for gossip in Paris during the next generation. The Bibliothèque Nationale has the diaries and correspondence of Edmond de Goncourt, which are not to be opened until twenty years after his death. The same institution possesses also the papers and manuscripts of Edgar Quinet, which are held back until 1910; the love letters of de Musset, written to a lady who had promised to destroy them, but failed to do so when it came to the point; and some bulky parcels containing the correspondence and other unpublished papers of Renan and Thiers. De Musset's letters will be unsealed in nine years' time, Renan's in 1920, and Thiers's ten years after the death of the lady who has presented them. There are also fourteen volumes of unpublished letters from Louis Philippe, his son, several European monarchs and distinguished politicians and men of letters.

The substantial volume of five hundred pages, edited by J. B. Larned and entitled "A Multitude of Counsellors," contains extracts of sufficient length to be of real service to the reader who wishes to learn something of the ethical development of the race as shown in its wisdom literature, as well as to refresh and re-inforce his own spirit and purpose. Egyptian, Hebrew, Hindu, Chinese, Greek, Roman, Persian and Christian civilizations are represented here by selections carefully made from such sources as the Precepts of Ptah-Hotep, the Hebrew Scriptures, the Buddhist Beatitudes, the Dhammapada, the Maha-Bharata, the Precepts of Confucius, the Sermon on the Mount, and the writings of Aris-

totle, Seneca, Epictetus, Zoroaster, Wyclif, Erasmus, Bacon, Shakespeare, Quarles, Descartes, Fuller, Locke, Penn, Swift, Burns, Richter, Wordsworth, Zschokke, Schopenhauer, Carlyle, Emerson and Thoreau. The omission of the Koran will be noted. There is a full index of subjects as well as sources. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Literature" scoffs good-humoredly at the following instructions as to "How to open a new book," which it finds in a slip in a book received from an American publisher:—

In order to open a new book so that its back will not be broken, the following instructions will be of value:—The book should be held with its back on a smooth table, then the front board cover should be let down, the leaves being held in one hand. Next, the other board cover should be let down. Following this operation a few leaves should be opened at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections until the centre of the volume is reached. The best results will be obtained if this is done two or three times. If the book is violently or carelessly opened in any one place, the back will very likely be broken.

"Literature" remarks that this seems to combine the chief features of a conjuring trick, a scientific experiment and a religious ceremonial, and adds that after a reviewer has performed this ceremony with a book and cut its pages he will probably have just time to write the review of it. Perhaps the process described does exact too much of reviewers. Probably it is not intended for them. But if it were generally followed, real lovers of books would be saved from witnessing the agonizing spectacle of the ruin of a binding by a careless stretching back of the covers.

Those who like a story in the Rider-Haggard style will enjoy the "Romance of the Polar Pit," which Henry Holt & Co. publish, with its tremendous chasms and mountains of precious stones, its land-and-sea monsters of species extinct in milder climes, its Rune-folk, Thorlings and dwerger, its fur-robed blonde beauties, and its dragon-deity Orm, behind whose yawning obsidian jaws lies a secret passage-way that leads to freedom. "Thyra" is an unusually good specimen of its kind. Robert Ames Bennett is the writer.

Readers of the "Living Age" will remember pleasantly the clever poem by Mr. Owen Seaman, printed in that magazine for March 9, 1901, in which the departure of a shipload of schoolmasters on a holiday tour among the isles of Greece was celebrated, and it was predicted that, on their return:—

'Twill be among their purest joys  
To work it off upon the boys.

The leader of the party, the headmaster of Dover College, has promptly fulfilled Mr. Seaman's playful prophecy. His new edition of the 6th book of Thucydides contains the following, among other edifying notes:—"The position taken up by the Athenians may be fairly well made out on the spot. . . ." "One who visits Syracuse after reading his Grote, etc." . . . And then the crushing remark, "Professor Jowett never visited Syracuse and is no guide on points of topography."

At the furthest remove from those exquisite sketches of country folk which won Alice Brown her standing among contemporary novelists is "Margaret Warrener," a brilliant, overcrowded picture of that complex city-life in which art, business and society blend so bewilderingly. The "other woman," by name Laura Neale, a newspaper reporter, beguiles the read-

er's interest through the first half of the book, as she does Landaff Warrener's, and her portrait remains the most distinct to the end—a powerful, repulsive study in effective, uncompromising egotism. But Margaret herself is finely drawn, in spite of her failure to take first place, and her story is a notable contribution to the fiction which is accumulating around the modern "marriage question." The scene is laid in Boston, and the local color adds to the interest. The minor characters, too, are remarkably well done. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of exceptional value not only to teachers and students, but to all who appreciate the nice use of words, is the four-hundred page volume, on "Words and their Ways in English Speech," which bears on its title-page the well-known names of James Bradstreet Greenough, professor of Latin, and George Lyman Kittredge, professor of English, in Harvard University. Beginning with a general discussion of the origin of language, its relation to symbolism and poetry, and its assimilation of learned words and popular words, technical terms and slang, the collaborators then turn to the historical development of the English language, its peculiar debt to the Latin, and the unity and complexity of its present form. The chapters on the derivation and composition of words are of especial interest from the philological point of view; those on degeneration, euphemism and exaggeration will attract even the superficial reader; while those on words from the names of animals, persons and places, are full of curious bits of learning that connect themselves fascinatingly with everyday life. Two admirable indexes complete the serviceableness of a book which, in both matter and arrangement, shows itself the product of practical scholarship. The Macmillan Co.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

VOL. CXXXVIII.  
THIRD SERIES. VOL. VII. No. 4.

THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE  
OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

APRIL, 1902.

CONTENTS.

I. Anglophobia in Germany. BY PATRIAE QVIS EXUL	
	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 421
II. A Hare in the Snow. BY H. A. BRYDEN.....	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> 429
III. Robert Louis Stevenson. BY LESLIE STEPHEN.....	<i>National Review</i> 435
IV. The Children's Bread. BY G. F. C.....	<i>Punch</i> 449
V. The Great Duchess. BY G. S. STREET.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 451
VI. The Elizabethan Rostands.....	<i>Academy</i> 454
VII. Life by Time-Table.....	<i>Spectator</i> 457
VIII. Edward FitzGerald.....	<i>London Times</i> 460
IX. Sketches in a Northern Town. BY MABEL C. BIRCHENOUGH	
	<i>Nineteenth Century and After</i> 463
X. The Old and the New Prodigal. BY C. J. CORNISH	
	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 472
XI. The Poet and Fate. BY GEORGE BARLOW.....	478
XII. Biography. BY H. H. ASQUITH.....	<i>National Review</i> 479
XIII. The Art of Friendship. BY J. G. L.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 489
XIV. Aubrey de Vere. BY EDMUND GOSSE.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> 494
XV. Village Superstitions.....	<i>Spectator</i> 495
XVI. Schoolroom Classics in Fiction — a Survey.....	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> 498
XVII. A Cradle-Song. BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.....	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> 514
XVIII. The Anglo-Saxon Society Woman.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 515
XIX. A Londoner's Log-Book IX.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> 525
XX. A Century of Literary Gossip.....	<i>Academy</i> 531
XXI. Lullaby. BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.....	535
XXII. Indian Conjuring Explained. BY PROFESSOR HOFFMANN	
	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> 535
XXIII. Where the Bee Sucks.....	<i>Saturday Review</i> 540
XXIV. The Fountain. BY EDWARD UPPINGTON VALENTINE .....	543
XXV. The Revival of a Language. BY STEPHEN GWYNN	
	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> 544
XXVI. Sonnet. BY RONSARD.....	553
XXVII. Pasteur. BY G. C. FRANKLAND.....	<i>Nature</i> 554
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.....	558

Address :

THE LIVING AGE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Terms: Single Numbers, 25 Cents.

Yearly Subscription, \$3.00.

Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter

# Splendid Magazine Offers!

Whoever has access to the marvellously rich periodical literature of the present age is possessed of larger aids to culture than was Plato or Aristotle. Never have the popular magazines been so cheap as at present. When they can be had in such remarkable combinations and at such unheard-of prices as those named below no one should fail to have a goodly supply upon his table. Often a single article in a single number will prove of more worth than the price asked for a combined list for a whole year.

By special arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to make the following irresistible offers:

## FOR \$4.00

	Regular Price
EDUCATION (New)	\$3.00
Review of Reviews (New)	2.50
Success	1.00
For only \$4.00	Total, \$6.50

## FOR \$6.00

	Regular Price
EDUCATION (New)	\$3.00
Review of Review (New)	2.50
Success	1.00
North American Review (New)	5.00
For only \$6.00	Total, \$11.50

In either of above offers the New England Magazine, \$3.00, or Current Literature (new), \$3.00, may be substituted for Review of Reviews.

## FOR \$3.85

### Combination Offer of Educational Journals

EDUCATION, Relating to Theory (New)	Regular Price, \$3.00
Popular Educator, Relating to Methods	1.00
New England Journal of Education, Relating to Current Events	2.50
For only \$3.85	Total, \$6.50

In this offer the Teachers' World, \$1.00, Journal of School Geography, \$1.00, or Primary Education, \$1.00, may be substituted for Popular Educator.

Renewal subscriptions to EDUCATION will be accepted in either of above lists at 50 cents additional.

## THE MAGAZINE, EDUCATION

Supt. RICHARD G. BOONE, Editor

*Records the carefully-prepared utterances of many of the ablest educators*

It is the oldest of the high-class, educational monthly magazines. Fully up to date. It should be within reach of every teacher who recognizes the fact that teaching is a great profession and not a mere "makeshift" to get a living. Librarians should include EDUCATION in their lists for the benefit of teachers and of others who would keep abreast of the best educational thought. Universally commended by the highest educational authorities.

**\$3.00 a year, 35 cents a copy. Sample Copy for six 2-cent stamps**

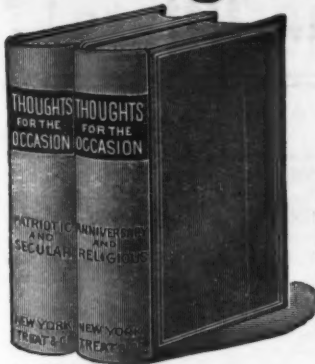
N. B. We only publish EDUCATION. Sample copies for six two-cent stamps. Do not send to us for samples of other publications, but send direct to publishers. The above periodicals are well-known to our readers. These offers are exceptionally attractive. Send us your magazine money.

## THE PALMER COMPANY

50 Bromfield Street - - Boston, Mass.



# Thoughts for the Occasion



## I. PATRIOTIC AND SECULAR

## II. ANNIVERSARY AND RELIGIOUS

**I. THE PATRIOTIC AND SECULAR** volume is a Repository of Historical Data and Facts, Golden Thoughts, and Words of Wisdom, which can only be found elsewhere by elaborate research. Helpful in suggesting Themes, and in Outlining and Arranging Addresses and Programs for the Observance of our Fifteen Holiday Occasions, called for by our Secular Calendar Year.

**ARBOR DAY.**

**COLUMBUS DAY.**

**FLAG RAISING DAY.**

**LIBERTY DAY.**

**INDEPENDENCE DAY.**

**ORANGEMEN'S DAY.**

**GRANT'S BIRTHDAY.**

**TEMPERANCE SERVICE.**

**DECORATION DAY.**

**EMANCIPATION DAY.**

**FOREFATHERS' DAY.**

**LABOR DAY.**

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY.**

**WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.**

**LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.**

**Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.** President New York Central R.R., writes:—"Your book happily meets a want frequently felt by speakers who are called upon to address an audience upon all sorts of occasions and have little time to look up the literature bearing upon the subject. The book presents in condensed form suggestions which would indicate to an orator in a few minutes the spirit of many of our important celebrations."

"It is a fresh and intelligent compilation of sentiments for various celebrations. The compiler has mined unworked veins, such as a wide range of periodical literature both religious and secular, and contemporary speakers and writers. A speaker with an address to prepare for such occasions will find the book helpful, and the school boy will find it a treasure house of fresh and interesting pieces for declamation."—**Chicago Advance.**

**12mo. 576 Pages. Cloth Binding, \$1.75.**

**II. THE ANNIVERSARY AND RELIGIOUS** volume is an Epitome of Historical Outlines, Beautiful Thoughts, and Words of Wisdom, Suggesting Themes, Helpful in the Timely Observance of various Anniversary or other Occasions. Collated for the convenience of Schools, the general reader and the student of the forensic art.

**NEW-YEAR'S DAY.**

**FAST-DAY—GOOD FRIDAY.**

**EASTER THOUGHTS.**

**CHILDREN'S DAY.**

**RALLYING DAY.**

**THANKSGIVING SERVICE.**

**CHRISTMAS-DAY SERVICE.**

**COMMUNION SERVICE.**

**CORNER-STONE LAYING.**

**DEDICATION SERVICES.**

**INSTALLATION SERVICE.**

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICES.**

**HARVEST HOME.**

**CLOSING-YEAR SERVICE.**

"This volume is a collection of utterances made on various anniversary and other public occasions that may well inspire the would-be orator to think anew when thought has refused to flow. It is of the *omnium gatherum* order, but edited with brains, and the result is a treasure of prose and poetry, much of it suitable for public recital; all of it calculated to stir the flow of one's own mind."—**N. Y. Observer.**

"This book must prove very helpful to ministers, leaders of young people's services, and public speakers of all kinds. They will also find it to be a great aid in the way of suggesting themes and in outlining addresses for the observance of timely occasions and special days indicated by our Christian year. The number of authors quoted is very large and various, and the selections are excellent."—**Religious Telescope.**

**12mo. 516 Pages. Cloth Binding, \$1.75.**

**Other Vols. of the "THOUGHTS FOR THE OCCASION" Series.**

**MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.** Funeral Addresses and Sermons, for all ages and conditions. Best thoughts from eminent Divines. An aid for Pastors. Introduction by JOHN HALL, D.D. 12mo, 500 pp. **\$1.75**

**THE BOW IN THE CLOUD; or, Words of Comfort for the Sorrowing.** Over 200 contributors, in poetry and prose. Introduction by Wm. M. TAYLOR, D.D. 472 pages, square 12mo. **\$1.75**

**REVIVALS. How to Secure Them.** As taught and exemplified by the most successful clergymen. A helpful volume to all commissioned to "Go and Preach." Edited by Rev. W. P. DOW, 443 pp. **\$1.75**

**CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE.** (10,000) Prize Questions: Scripture, Persons, Places, and Things, with key; Bible Studies and Readings. By a New York S. S. Supt. Illustrated. 610 pp. **\$2.00**

**E. B. TREAT & CO., 241-243 West 23d Street, NEW YORK.**

**By Mary Hartwell Catherwood**



## **THE STORY OF TONTY**

**JUST READY—A new, enlarged edition, with a new Preface, of this picturesque and absorbing romance of the Cavalier de la Salle and the French exploration of Illinois.**

**On Sale at all Bookstores  
\$1.25**

**A.C. McClurg & Co., Publishers  
Chicago**